

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5¢ a copy

June 23, 1928

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS



**"The Law
Beaters"**
a short story by
**Richard
Connell**

**"The
Marines
Take Wings"**

Major Brainard's story of
brilliant air fighting in **Nicaragua**

Alan

128 X
36147
C
12 17
2Y

JOHN DUNCAN
313 SOUTH ST
IOLA
KANS 64229

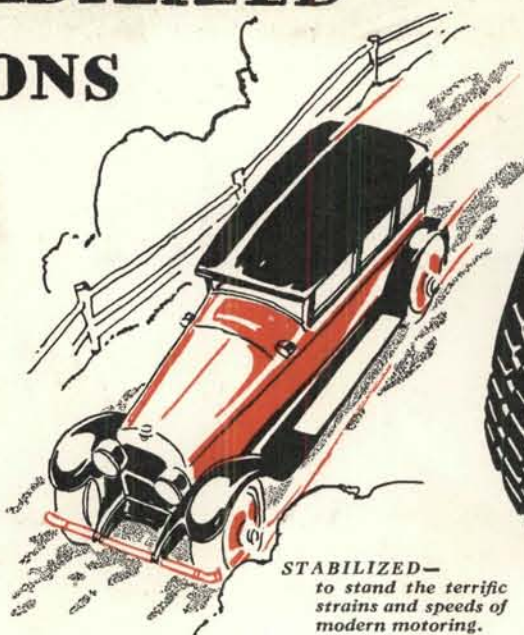
Don't tolerate tires that *handicap* your car

*Go where you like, as
fast as you like—on*
**DAYTON STABILIZED
BALLOONS**

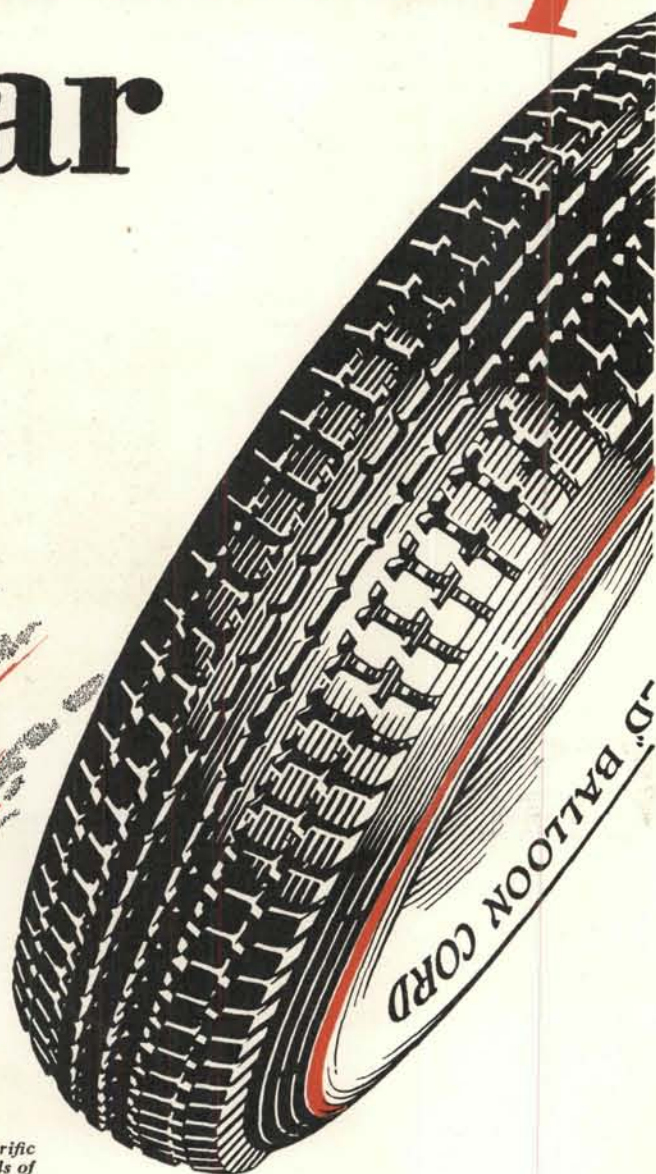
QUICK starts—grueling miles at head-
long speeds—sudden stops! That's
what you expect of the car you buy. But
your tires must be able to stand the strain
as well as your car. They will if they are
Dayton Stabilized Balloons.

Dayton Stabilized Balloons are built to
take punishment—built with the rugged
toughness—the stubborn resistance to
puncture and blow-out that will give you
a new confidence in your car.

While they give mileage far greater than
ordinary tires, they should be bought with
this thought: that while mileage is im-
portant, freedom from tire trouble is even
more so, *and safety is essential above all.*
That's why you should buy Dayton Sta-
bilized Balloons even though you trade in



STABILIZED—
to stand the terrific
strains and speeds of
modern motoring.



your car long before your tires have served
their usefulness. The extra thousands of
miles built into them—whether you use
them or not—justify their presence. The
extra sturdiness protects you against the
multiplied dangers of modern driving.

Equip your car with Dayton Stabilized
Balloons today. Get the thrill of driving
on them. You will find them a revelation.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
Dayton, Ohio

Dayton

STABILIZED

BALLOONS



Makers of Dayton Thoro-
bred Extra-ply Cords for
large diameter wheels,
the pioneer low air pres-
sure tires of America. Also
makers of famous Dayton
Maximaire Fan Belts,
chosen by 85% of Amer-
ica's automobile and truck
manufacturers as origi-
nal equipment.

Dayton Thorobred Tubes
—famous companions to
Dayton Tires.

**What has
tooth paste
to do with
stockings?**

QUITE A LITTLE

You can, for instance, get an extra pair or two with that \$3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25c a large tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy.



Gleaming, Tartar-Free Teeth

With a Minimum of Brushing

THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50c—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25c—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Believing this to be a sound price, we created Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c for a *large tube*. It is the result of more than fifty years' study of tooth and mouth troubles.

Now it is sweeping the country. Everywhere it is supplanting older and costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Due to the presence of an amazing new and gentle polishing agent, it keeps teeth gleaming white with almost no brushing. Included in it are certain ingredients we have found most ideal in keeping the mouth and gums fresh and healthy.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge it by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

*Large
tube
& 25*

LISTERINE

TOOTH PASTE

**A Radiotron
for every purpose**

RADIOTRON UX-201-A
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UV-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WD-11
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WX-12
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-200-A
Detector Only

RADIOTRON UX-120
*Power Amplifier Last
Audio Stage Only*

RADIOTRON UX-222
*Screen Grid Radio
Frequency Amplifier*

RADIOTRON UX-112-A
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-171-A
*Power Amplifier Last
Audio Stage Only*

RADIOTRON UX-210
Power Amplifier Oscillator

RADIOTRON UX-240
*Detector Amplifier for
Resistance-coupled
Amplification*

RADIOTRON UX-250
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-226
A.C. Filament

RADIOTRON UY-227
A.C. Heater

RADIOTRON UX-280
Full-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-281
Half-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-874
Voltage Regulator Tube

RADIOTRON UV-876
Ballast Tube

RADIOTRON UV-886
Ballast Tube

*The standard by
which other vacuum
tubes are rated*



There are 20 types of RCA Radiotrons, each especially designed for a particular purpose. For each use the designated RCA Radiotron is recognized as the standard of performance by radio experts and manufacturers of quality receiving sets.

Every Radiotron is inspected and tested in 41 different ways before it leaves the great laboratory-factories where it is made by the engineers of RCA, Westinghouse and General Electric—the experts who made modern broadcasting possible. Equip your set with RCA Radiotrons. Never use new tubes with old ones that have been in use a year or more. See that your set is completely equipped with RCA Radiotrons once a year at least.



*Look for this mark
on every Radiotron*

RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIO LA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO



Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y.; New York, N. Y.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Galesburg, Ill., and Chicago, Ill.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Published weekly by P. F. Collier & Son Company at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. London: 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. 2. Copyright, 1928, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

Volume Eighty-one
Number Twenty-five

June 23, 1928

Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.00 a year in the United States and Canada; \$4.00 a year in foreign countries

The Law Beaters

By RICHARD CONNELL

Two clever men "get away with a couple of fast ones where the law goes around begging to be beaten"

Illustrated by
CORNELIUS
HICKS



"PASS over that bottle, Repton," the small man said. "Pass it over here before you drink it all."

The big man took the bottle from his lips. His great, flat, white face, like a pillow with eyes, twitched in a wry grimace.

"Vile stuff," he grunted. "Worse than the first bottle, even."

The small man took a long drink.

"Ugh!" he sputtered. "Molten pig iron! Still—it has a kick, and a kick is what we're after tonight, eh, Repton?"

"Yes, a kick is what we're after," agreed the big man and spat out a sharp oath.

"He charged me thirty bucks a bottle for this varnish," he growled. "The dirty, cheap thief. I hate a petty grafter."

"Who doesn't?" said the small man. "But why kick? He might have turned us down cold, you know. Looking at it one way, we're lucky to have even this rat poison."

"Oh, stop being philosophic, Shreve,"

the big man said, "and give me another drink."

"It's bucked me up some," said Shreve, handing back the bottle. "Here's a toast for you, Repton: 'To the law of the land!'"

REPTON laughed a jarring laugh. "The law!" he cried. "That's rich, that is. The law! We've got a lot of jokes in this funny country of ours,

Shreve, but the law is the biggest laugh of any of them, I know."

"Lawyer, aren't you?"

"Yes," Repton answered, "and a good one. Say, this stuff is beginning to warm me up."

"Good," said Shreve. "You were pretty low a while ago."

"I don't exactly feel like doing a song and dance now," Repton said, "but I do feel better." He suddenly chuckled without mirth. "In my time, Shreve," he said, his voice growing thicker, "I've got away with a few things."

"I'll bet you have," said Shreve. "Some fast ones."

"Why not?" said Repton. "Everybody does. Why, in this enlightened country of ours the law goes around begging to be beaten."

"Yes, I know," said Shreve. "I know all about that. But sometimes a fellow's foot slips, and they get him." "His fault. Stupidity."

"I lit the long fuse and tossed the firecracker through Vogel's bathroom window"

"Or just plain bad luck," said Shreve. "In very few cases, yes," Repton agreed. "But mostly the man who gets caught is just dumb. Anybody, with even a slight trace of brains, should be able to out-smart the police. Ever know any cops?"

"A few," said Shreve.

"Intellectual giants, weren't they?"

"Not exactly."

"Of course not," said Repton. "If a man had brains enough to be a really good policeman, he'd be something else. Who but a thick turkey would flatten his feet on a beat for thirty a week—or maybe forty—if he lives that long? And American detectives! What a fine lot of stumblebums they are! Too old or fat to pound the pavements. They couldn't follow an elephant up a one-way alley."

"Well," remarked Shreve, "maybe you're right—but somehow the jails manage to keep pretty well filled."

"What with?" demanded Repton. "Green kids. Amateurs. Feeble old-timers. Where are the real, high-class professional crooks in America today? In cells? Not they. They're sitting around in white linen knickers on the porches of respectable country clubs, as free as air, planning new puzzles for the police to stub their two-by-four minds on."

Shreve laughed.

"You're a lawyer. You ought to know," he said. "Still and all, the criminal courts always have plenty of work to do."

"THE courts!" said Repton. "Comic supplements, they are. The real big-timers who break the law aren't afraid of the courts. To them a trial is just a minor nuisance, like having a tooth filled. Take an instance: Suppose some burglar gets careless, and as he is leaving the scene of the crime bumps into a policeman and wakes him up and gets arrested. The newspaper boys play it up as a marvelous piece of scientific crime detection. It's the old army game. A column when the cops happen to bag a man; half an inch when he gets away. Well, anyhow, luck is against our friend the burglar, and he's been caught with the diamonds in his vest pocket. Then what?"

"Another job for the lawyers!"

"Just that. The wheels of justice begin to grind. Believe me, Shreve, the rattle-trap windmill we call justice is a mighty creaky and old-fashioned machine, with a lot of loose bolts and nuts. It doesn't take a very big monkey wrench, properly thrown, to wreck it."

"I've seen it done," put in Shreve.

"Well," went on Repton, "they may finally bring our burglar to trial. Chances are the district attorney is blown right out of court, or his case is so riddled with holes and punctured with technicalities that it won't hold water when it's appealed. Well, at last, with the jolly taxpayer footing the bill, the trial is over and the jury gets the case. And what's a jury?"

"I can't tell you without using bad language," said Shreve.

"A jury," said Repton, "consists of a dozen bright citizens who don't read the newspapers or discuss what is going on, and who haven't any opinions and whose opinions wouldn't be worth anything if they did have some. A lawyer, with a tongue in his head, can persuade 'em

Table of contents will be found on page 53

that cows fly. The unanimous-verdict idea is a great help too. Take any twelve men, and one of 'em is sure to be a Judas. I mean a fellow who will listen to reason and who will force a disagreement and a new trial. Especially in a small town."

"Sure," said Shreve. "You're right. You've got to know what side your toast is buttered on."

"I did," said Repton. "I was born with my eyes open. I played it right. Say—I'm getting a bit woozy from all this hooch."

"So am I," said Shreve. "But what does it matter?"

"It doesn't," said Repton. "Here—give me another shot."

As the big man drank Shreve paced up and down, his gait slightly unsteady.

"Yes," he broke out, "the law's a laugh. It's a

"In a speak-easy I spotted a man who was in the business. I made a date to meet him that night"



humpty-dumpty thing, all right. I found that out."

"By the way, Shreve," Repton said, "what's your profession?"

"Live by my wits," answered Shreve.

"Meaning, I suppose, by other people's lack of them."

Shreve grinned.

"Put it that way if you like," he said. "After all, the world is divided into the hawks and sparrows—so you might as well be a hawk. Anyhow, I always have had plenty of gravy."

"From New York, aren't you?"

"Yes. The biggest hick town. You know all about me, I expect."

"Oh, I've heard a few things about you," said Repton. "You're not exactly a total stranger, you know. We were sort of expecting you. Of course, the accounts I have had of you may be a bit garbled. I'd like to get the straight facts. Might as well tell them to me. I'm not apt to broadcast them."

A HALF grin creased Shreve's narrow face.

"I guess I can trust you all right," he said. "Anyhow, booze always did make me trusting. That's my weakness."

Shreve poured a drink down his throat, gagged and shivered.

"I'll tell you," he said. "Why not? I was with a mob—at first. After they chucked me out of college, and my dad threw me out, I had to do something.

My specialty was steering college sports to a poker game. I had a liberal education in all the rackets—from gold brick to badger. Then I went into business on my own. I always like to work alone. I don't believe in splitting profits or secrets. I did a bit in the oilless oil stock line, until a federal dick almost landed me in the big stone house—but not quite." Shreve sniggered. "After that," he said, "I never got into trouble. I piled up some jack and some pull, and I snapped my fingers at the cops and the courts. I worked a lot of games—some old, some new. Of course I didn't go at things bull-headed. I worked my plans out to the smallest detail. That's the only way."

Repton nodded.

"Yes," he said, "that's the only way."

"That's what I did in the biggest job I ever pulled," Shreve said. "When I found I had to do it, I figured every angle. It wasn't in my line, but it had to be done."

"I know," said Repton. "When you get in a tight corner, you've got to get out—no matter how."

"Yes, it had to be done," repeated Shreve. "I was working an old dodge. Funny how simple-minded some successful merchants are, isn't it? I'd call up one of the biggest jewelry stores on Fifth Avenue, and putting on my society voice would say, 'This is Mrs. Roger Rogers' secretary speaking. Mrs. Rogers wants to select a diamond bracelet for her daughter's birthday, but she cannot come to your store, as she is ill in bed, so will you kindly send a selection of your best bracelets to her home on Park Avenue at three this afternoon?'"

"Well, I guess you've heard of Mrs. Rogers. She's all coin and blue blood—and, what's more, she pays her bills promptly, so naturally the jeweler sent up a dozen of his most expensive bracelets by special messenger. Her house

has a sort of vestibule, and when the messenger got there, who should meet him in the vestibule but yours truly, J. Burton Shreve, all dolled up in a cutaway coat, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, a monocle in his eye, and no hat—as if I'd just stepped out the front door to meet him. I gave my best imitation of a snooty social secretary and said I'd sign for the package, as Mrs. Rogers was asleep. Of course he fell for it. He went away with the receipt, and as soon as he had turned the corner I went the other way with the package."

SHREVE paused and frowned. "It was a lot my fault what happened," he said. "But I'm a sociable sort of fellow, and I liked Lannin. He moved into the quiet apartment hotel where I lived in West Forty-seventh Street—right next door to me. We got to chatting about dogs, and pretty soon we were pals. He was a stranger in town—from Los Angeles—and he liked a good time and had plenty of the stuff that good times are made of, so I showed him the town. I was taking a vacation at the time. We played the race tracks and cabarets and hide-aways together. Lannin was the best company in the world. We'd been hanging out together for a couple of months before Lannin got confidential, being well oiled at the moment, and sort of let it slip out that he had come east because he and the Coast cops had been playing tag and he was tired of being 'it.' He gave me a fairly strong hint that he was an expert rubber-check passer. Of course that made the bond between us all the closer. He spoke my language, as the saying goes. I came across with a few interesting facts about myself and even went so far as to propose that he and I should do a job together. He said that would suit him fine. I was a fool, but this fifteen-minute-old

rye loosens up a man's tongue."

"It does that," said Repton. "Give me another drag on that bottle."

"A couple of days later," said Shreve, "I ran into 'Count' Giraldi, who makes his sugar playing cards on the big liners. He'd been one of my mob years before. 'Say,' he said to me, 'have you turned foolish, or what ails you?' 'Come again,' I said. 'Who was the handsome stranger I saw you with in Tony's last night?' he said. 'A regular from the Coast,' I said. 'Lannin—Harry Lannin. Why?'"

"Lannin?" said the Count. "Lannin, my eye! Vogel's his name—Jason Vogel—and the last time I saw him he was making it nasty for a little friend of mine who tried to bring some diamonds into the country in her hot-water bag." "You mean he's a dick?" I said. "A damn clever one," said the Count. "He's his own agency, see. Always works alone. Mostly for the big jewelers' protective association. If you're not sticking on the sunny side of the law, look out for him." "You must have him wrong," I said, feeling pretty sick. "But thanks for the tip."

"I went straight back to my flat. I didn't want to believe that Lannin was a double-crosser, but I had to check up on him in a hurry. I sat down and did two hours' worth of thinking in ten minutes. Then I jumped into my studs and Tux and went and knocked on Lannin's door. I pretended to be as friendly as a wet setter. 'Listen, Harry,' I said, 'I'm taking you to a party tonight—something damp and lively. A couple of show girls I know are inviting the gang to their

apartment, and we won't go home till morning, if then. So climb into your boiled shirt. I'll wait here while you dress. No great rush. You'll have plenty of time to bathe and shave."

"I figured he'd do what he did do, which was to leave his clothes in the room with me while he was in the bathroom. I gave his coat a quick frisk. Sure enough, sewed inside one of the pockets was his private detective license, made out to Jason Vogel. Also I found a little black notebook in which he had written down all the dope I had been simple enough to spill—and a few other facts I hadn't told him but he had found out by rummaging through my rooms while I was out. I'm businesslike, you see, and I'd kept a record of my operations, with names, places, dates, everything. Also he'd spotted a couple of diamond-and-ruby brooches I had salted away in a cache in my room, against a rainy day."

"He had me and had me right. It was more evidence than I cared to buck. I felt sure I could beat the charge, but it would cost me important money to do it."

"What did you do?" Repton asked.

"I PUT back the little black notebook," I said Shreve, "turned on the radio, and sat there, thinking fast, till Vogel came out of his tub. Then I waited till he was all dressed for the party. Then I shot him square through the heart with a .32 automatic, with a silencer on it, that I'd kept in my room for seven years, as a protection against burglars."

"Hmnn!" exclaimed Repton. "That was a crazy thing to do."

"Was it?" said Shreve. "Listen. Do you think I hadn't a plan all worked out? First I made sure he was dead. Then I got hold of the little black notebook and burned it to ashes in the fireplace and scattered the ashes out of the window. Then I unscrewed the silencer from the gun (Continued on page 36)

\$25,000 a Shot

Illustrated by
L. T.
HOLTON



By
GRANTLAND RICE

The United States open golf championship is the Death Valley of Sportdom. There are gold mines in it. But most of the world's greatest golfers get lost in the sand

GENE SARAZEN, the stocky, swarthy young Italian-American, had just played his second shot to the home green at Oakmont last June in the third round of the United States open golf championship. Sarazen was in the thick of the running and a 4 on this 18th hole meant that he would be the most feared man in the field. The pin was on the left side of the green, only a few yards from a trap guarding the left borderline.

I was sure Sarazen would have a putt left for a 3. But at the last half second the ball caught the top bank of the trap, dropped into a ridge close against the rampart and before the young professional had hacked his way out and sunk his final putt he had taken 7 in place of 4.

Three hours later Sarazen finished just one stroke behind Armour and Cooper, who tied for the top.

Just 8 or 10 inches more on that high, firmly hit approach sailing for the pin would have saved Sarazen 3 strokes, and more than likely would have made him open champion, where the ensuing rewards frequently run from \$25,000 to \$30,000.

Tough? What about Tommy Armour?

Armour had come to the 9th green on the last round with the championship in his finger grip. He was at the edge of the green in 2 and was leading the field with something to spare. He failed to get quite close, and there was a rush and flurry from the crowd as he started to hole a short putt and he missed that one too, taking a 6.

As he stood on the 10th tee an enthusiastic lady photographer snapped a

camera in his face just as he started to hit the ball and the drive flew wide to a deep trap, costing either a 6 or a 7 at the most vital moment of his march.

What about Harry Cooper? Coming to the 17th green in the last round Cooper needed two 4's to win, no matter what anyone did this side of a triple miracle.

His tee shot was just 5 yards off the green's edge, a mighty wallop dead on the line. His short chip ran 6 feet by the cup. And all he needed here was a 4. His putt for a 3 ran over the edge of the tin and dribbled two or three feet on the downhill route. His putt for a 4 came up to the edge of the cup, wobbled on the precipice for a half breath, and then stayed out!

And upon each of these strokes there was a matter of \$25,000 or more riding along with destiny.

These are a few of the details, all developed in the presence of thundering and stampeding crowds.

No Six-Year Golf Kings

THE drama of a ball game lasts less than two hours. The drama of a Kentucky Derby is over in less than three minutes. The drama of a big fight, even if it is a good one, won't outlast the hour. But an open golf championship begins its thrills the first day and increases them the second.

It gathers new momentum on the morning of the third, and then the entire afternoon is one series after another of fluttering nerves and dramatic rallies or equally dramatic explosions.

I have seen as many as twelve star golfers who still had a chance to win with only 5 or 6 holes to play.

There are three main factors that decide an open golf championship of the United States where the survivors from over a thousand entries, the best in the world, face turf, water and sand, wind, nerves and rushing crowds:

1. Golf skill—the most important of the lot.

2. The touch or timing that comes and goes.

3. The luck of the play.

Take the bunch that meets at Olympia Fields, Chicago, this month to battle for the main crown of golf. Bobby

Jones, Walter Hagen, Harry Cooper, Johnny Farrell, Tommy Armour, Mac Smith, Abe Mitchell, George Duncan, Archie Compston, Bobby Cruickshank, Leo Diegel, Bill Mehlhorn, Gene Sarazen, George Von Elm, and a flock of young professionals who have been working their way forward. There will be at least twenty men at Olympia Fields with the skill, the experience and the nerve control needed to win an open.

Last June at Oakmont most of the crowd gossip concerned the chances of Bobby Jones, Hagen, Mac Smith and Johnny Farrell. They were the favor-

ites. But Armour and Cooper tied, Armour won and Sarazen finished just a stroke behind.

There is little question when it comes to all-around skill that Bobby Jones, the Georgia genius, is in front of the parade.

But golf is a different game from tennis. No Tilden of golf could win a championship six years in a row, as Tilden did in tennis. No golfer has been good enough to win a U. S. open twice in succession since 1911 and 1912, when Jack McDermott doubled up.

That was sixteen years ago. It is nine years since Walter Hagen won the U. S. open, yet in these nine years he has beaten most of the stars and has won the professional championship at match play four years running.

Bobby Jones proved his greatness by finishing 1-2 from 1922 to 1927, but last summer, over one of his favorite courses, Oakmont, he had to make way for several others.

Winning the U. S. open is a killing assignment. It is one of the hardest peaks in the field of sport to scale. Such phenomenal golfers as Johnny Farrell and Mac Smith have yet to win their first.

Last summer Johnny Farrell won eight successive tournaments against the best professionals in golf. But when the time came to march in the open he found his timing and his touch were missing in just enough places to pull him down.

Jones Again? It's a Gamble

NO GOLF brain has ever been able to figure out timing and touch. They come and go without any reason known to the mortal mind. You have it—and then it is gone. You haven't it—and suddenly here it is.

In 1904, at Sandwich, Walter J.

Travis had been putting miserably for a week or more. His touch on the greens had vanished completely. The day before the championship he tried a new center-shafted putter and without any warning he suddenly ran into a marvelous putting vein that lasted all the week.

In 1924, at Oakland Hills, Cyril Walker had been playing his best golf. On the afternoon before the championship his iron play cracked without any advance tip. Late that afternoon he started in to practice again. He worked for an hour, with Paddy Doyle and Leo Diegel helping out. He had no timing left. He was desperate, with night coming on and the championship due next day. Just at the finish he struck off two or three fine shots in a row and caught the feel again. Walker won that championship by 3 strokes, with Bobby Jones second.

When Hagen went across to meet Compston in the big challenge match at 72 holes, Compston was not only 18 up with the match over at 55 holes, but he was also 21 strokes in front of Hagen. Compston had 133 against Hagen's 149 for the first two rounds. Yet just a week later, with a

week's play and practice under his golfing belt, Hagen was back in his championship stride, while Compston was many strokes away from the form he had shown just a week before.

The factor of golf temperament is a big matter. Hagen is the most remarkable figure golf has known, with the possible exception of John Ball. He can keep relaxed and at ease in the heaviest emergencies.

Bobby Jones is another who has a rare faculty for concentration. He will be the favorite again at Olympia Fields. When it comes to bunker play, chip shots from off the green and putting he has no equal in golf—and that includes Hagen.

When Jones and Hagen start their march it will take the National Guard to hold back the mobs, and there will be a parade of others pursuing Gene Sarazen, Johnny Farrell, Mac Smith, Abe Mitchell and Archie Compston, to name only a few.

And more than one star will sit back at the finish to recall just one stroke that cost him \$25,000 as he came pounding down the stretch.

The Marines Take

Lieut. Schilt (left) was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery under fire in rescuing by airplane the wounded Marines in Quilali



Official Photo
U. S. M. C.

Official Photo
U. S. M. C.

THE Marines landed—ankle deep in Nicaraguan mud. The situation therefore was far, far from being well in hand. Sandino and his wild men promptly took to the mountains to laugh at the floundering white man and shoot him as he floundered. But then the Marine aviators took the air to fight unsupported. The rain was almost as forbidding as the mud. But something new in aviation happened—the planes unassisted lifted a siege and blasted an enemy's fortress. And here the story is told, for the first time, by Major Brainard, officer in charge of Marine Corps aviation.

COMBAT airplanes were not precisely novelties in Nicaragua. For some months before the United States Marines landed upon the bedeviled republic with a thousand foot soldiers and six more or less adequate planes, two American soldiers of fortune who held life (their own in particular) in exceedingly small esteem had been flying for the conservative Federals against the Liberal General Moncada.

They were particularly happy warriors, Messrs. Mason and Brooks, about whose previous history I know entirely too little. From somewhere in the States they had come to fly two ancient Swallow planes, on which they had mounted antique machine guns, and to

The Marine Barrack at Ocotal as it looked after being used as a fortress during the siege by the Sandinistas

make frequent raids upon the oncoming Moncada troops. Just young adventurers who enjoyed the life and pursued it without rancor toward anyone.

They manufactured their own bombs, and the menace was all theirs. Judging by the execution their bombs accomplished it was clear that in flying with such infernal machines in their laps they were in far greater danger of destruction than the Moncadistas who had come to hold little respect for airplanes as military adjuncts.

But these two lads staggered us at first with their nonchalant courage and airy triflings with what seemed certain suicide. When we saw them first they were sitting on the ground in their flying field at Managua making up the bombs that they planned to deliver upon the heads of the Liberal army the next day. This was in February, 1927; and doubtless the cool carelessness of Mason and Brooks about the natural and man-made dangers of flying over the forests, mountains, valleys and matted jungles of Nicaragua imparted to us a certain inspiration.

They Made Their Own Bombs

IF THESE young fellows, in their bullet-riddled and dilapidated Swallows, could fare forth with such insouciance, how easy it should be for us, with our more modern equipment!

To manufacture their bombs they took oil cans into which they stuffed

sticks of dynamite and metal slugs of whatever character they could command at the moment of manufacture. Then they would seal the cans with more or less care and insert a short fuse. The bomb was ready for service.

And into their creaking planes they would clamber and light their cigarettes. Their native mechanics, never wholly dependable, would gingerly lay a couple of the bombs in their laps, and the intrepid lads would be off for a day's work.

Lying in their laps the bombs were cushioned a bit and less liable to be exploded by the rough going or by stray bullets from the Liberals, which were forever piercing the two Swallows in spite of the atrocious marksmanship of the Nicaraguans. It is not conceivable that anyone could have missed those planes at the low altitude at which Mason and Brooks flew; and they had to fly low to get any service at all out of their short-fused oil cans.

That Mason and Brooks (both majors in the Nicaraguan army, by the way) were not blown to kingdom come by their own bombs was good reason for being continually amazed. With fine abandon they would swoop down upon the Moncadistas, lift a bomb with their right hands, touch the brief fuse to their cigarettes and drop the cans over the side, hoping for the worst.

And then they'd return to Managua

to eat heartily, smoke numerous cigarettes, speculate upon the proximity of pay day, envy us Marines our equipment, and start to work on another day's bombs.

The first Marine aviation unit arrived at Corinto, the only port on the west coast of Nicaragua with railroad facilities, in February, 1927. We established ourselves upon the field at Managua, enlarging and improving the facilities Mason and Brooks had contrived for themselves.

The Liberals Were Victorious

FOR weeks thereafter we had to be content to be fired upon by the Liberals but to withhold replies because we were in Central America only as protectors of foreign interests. We got our fighting vicariously in watching Mason and Brooks and making mental bets with ourselves on the probability of their surviving the day.

To get a view of the situation, you must understand that a civil war was tearing poor Nicaragua apart. Moncada's Liberals, greatly outnumbering the conservative Federals as well as being more inspired and better trained, were victorious at almost every meeting; yet they were not getting anywhere in particular.

Almost at once the Marines incurred Moncada's wrath by establishing neu-

Wings

By Major E. H. BRAINARD, U. S. M. C.

tral zones. These neutral zones surrounded foreign concessions and the homes of foreigners. They were so plotted that, inasmuch as it was decreed that the troops of neither side could enter them, the Liberal advance was impeded. So General Moncada was irate, although he hated the Federals with hotter fire than he disliked us.

Because our planes did not return his fire, Moncada refused to take us more seriously than he had Mason and Brooks, whose faulty equipment reduced their menace to a minimum.

The Marines, holding strategic points in the so-called neutral zones, were widely scattered, of course, and the garrisons were meager. Our planes were used merely to maintain communication between boats, to carry provisions and medical supplies. Such telegraph and telephone lines as Nicaraguans had be-

planes had been punctured at least twice that the order to receive the rifle fire of the Nicaraguans without reprisal was rescinded. And by that time communication between our outposts was impossible except by airplane. The rainy season had set in.

Were Their Troubles Over?

A PLANE could reach an isolated post one hundred miles from Managua in an hour and a half, whereas, such was the condition of the flooded trails, a bull-cart required thirty days to make the journey. I have in mind one bull-cart train which made such a trip in thirty days; and when it arrived at the outpost the expedition had consumed all of the provisions it had started with and threw itself upon the generosity of the Marines, who were

A Liberal victory had been inevitable anyway, and the Conservatives were rather glad to get out of the mess so easily.

One after another Moncada's leaders came in with their men and departed unarmed.

But one of them remained in the mountains—Sandino.

We did not take Sandino seriously at first. It was variously explained that he was holding out for larger financial inducement, that he had grudges of a more personal nature to pay off, that he was a more sincere radical than his fellow dissenters from the old conservative rule.

At any rate, we held him far too cheaply, because to his banner flocked many of the Moncadistas who had surrendered and gone back to what we hoped would be peaceful pursuits; and he began raiding the province of Nuevo Segovia.

The orders were simple: Find Sandino; fetch him in. Simple!

The mountain and river trails were impassable. Scattered over an area of more than seven thousand square miles were a thousand Marines in thin garrisons. On foot, with pack animals to carry stores, a column of soldiers did well to travel five miles a day—when they could move at all. And Sandino was perhaps a hundred miles or two hundred miles away! There was no way of gauging the distance accurately. We did not know where Sandino was.

From somewhere we got word that he had established himself in a mountain stronghold, a town called El Chipote. But there was no such town on any map, and the name El Chipote meant A Myth!

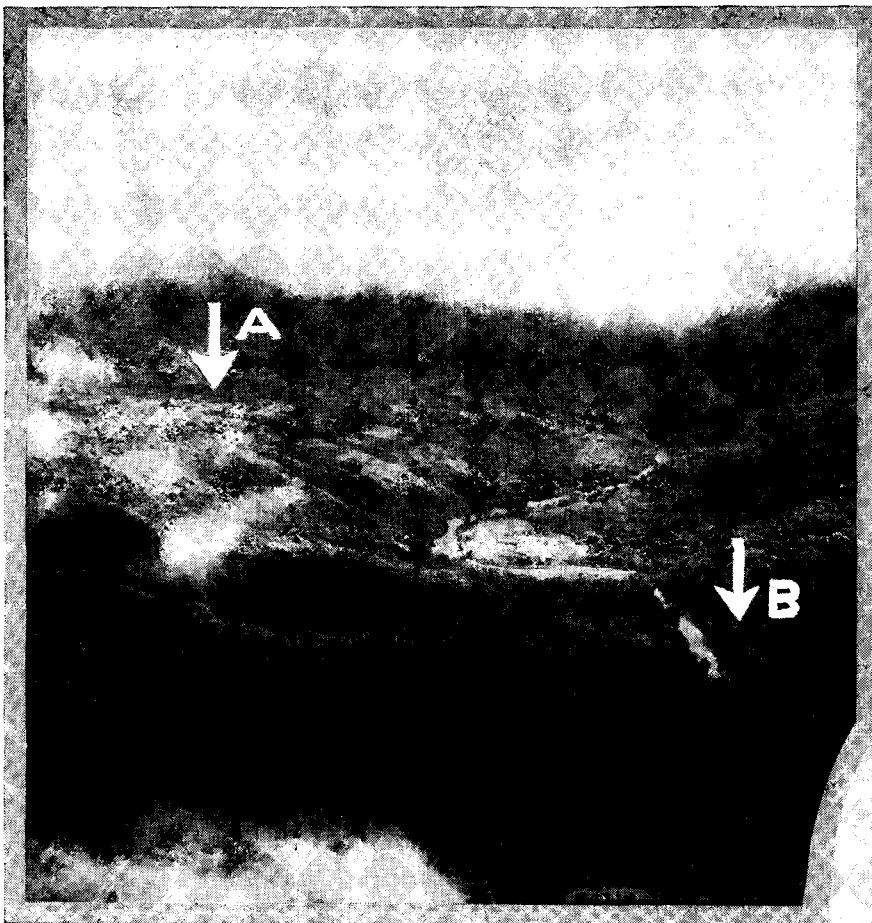
For six weeks the column struggled along what had been poor mountain trails even in the dry season. Above their heads we flew, surveying the ground ahead, taking numerous photographs, trying by various devices to draw the fire of the Sandinistas that we might locate them. And for six weeks the Marine column fought Nature at her tropical worst. Old man Malaria was doing a thriving business at the expense of the bogged white man, and morale was not helped thereby. Sandino, the former mine clerk, was laughing at us from his mountain, wherever it was, and raiding village after village, while he lived off the land.

The Goal is in Sight

AND he was growing stronger in men and munitions. Where he got the arms he was always ready to supply recruits was a question worth considering, if we had had the time. We knew that he got his dynamite from mines he was raiding.

But more disconcerting was his threat to the far-flung outposts where the garrisons of Marines were so meager as to be incapable of long defense.

The planes were able to feed these little outposts and keep them supplied with medicines. But there were sick Marines to be evacuated. Malaria was raging and Nicaragua had a thousand and one insects to carry poison to the white man. From headquarters came orders to abandon, for the time being, the hunt for Sandino and El Chipote, to hold what (Continued on page 44)



Official Photos U. S. M. C.

Two columns of men and pack animals to attack Sandino's stronghold were to meet at Quilali (A) but Sandino struck quickly, attacking Capt. Livingston's column at a twist in the trail (B)

fore they had started fighting amongst themselves had long since been destroyed.

Practically all of these Marine outposts were surrounded by Moncadistas, and as it was necessary that we fly low above the outposts, or even land, to deliver messages and supplies, we were forever being fired upon by the Liberals.

The Rainy Season Sets In

WHAT with the sudden storms which blasted the valleys, and the blinding rains which fell without warning, and the knowledge that a forced landing was quite likely to be one's last landing, flying was an unpleasant business. Add to that the constant firing of the Liberal troops, and our own inability, because of orders, to return the fire, and it may occur to you that the men's nerves did not improve with the weeks.

It was not until every one of our

themselves short of food.

In May, 1927, after much palaver and innumerable conferences, Henry L. Stimson, sent to Nicaragua by President Coolidge to do what he could to bring the discordant elements together, accomplished an agreement by which Moncada's men were to turn in all their rifles and machine guns, and receive ten dollars in gold for each weapon surrendered in good working order.

It seemed that our troubles were over, for a while at least. Even the Nicaraguans were a bit fed up with the fighting. The musical clink of money sounded good to them, and in encouraging numbers the Liberal troops came in to trade their weapons for cash. The Federal troops had agreed to lay down their arms too, but they received no money for doing it.

Sandino's men made this ingenious dynamite bomb out of a beer bottle



Van Dyke Portrait

Major E. H. Brainard was in charge of the Nicaraguan air fighting



Daniel Henry McDowell, whose vocabulary is a delight to all ears

Servin' and Observin'

By WALTER DAVENPORT



Drawing by
HARRY
BURNE

AT THE oaken doors of the National Press Club in Washington sits huge Daniel Henry McDowell in the gold and purple of an emperor on show. In eighty-six years of living he has learned tolerance, understanding and unselfishness. Hear him:

"Too much restin'," says he simply, "is disintegratin' to the soul. Resentin' and cantankerin' demolish time which is useful in progressin'. Stand up whilst you can, and after that the sittin' down won't be injurin' to the conscience. Yes, suh. Res' your coat and hat, suh, and administer slowly forward."

Daniel Henry is sittin' magnificent, thank you.

"I MADE my first pilgrimage to'ds the North in March, 1865," said Daniel Henry McDowell. "It was a outstandin' failure. Some time later on, Lexington offerin' no inducin' comforts, I tried it again and, suh, by adherin' to a life of deprivation coupled with thinkin'—well, suh, you see me just as I am—comf'table but not gaudy. Eighty-six years old and exceptin' for a occasional smotherin' in the chest and an ailin' in the feet I am aimin' to proceed through those pearly gates standin' erect."

Daniel Henry McDowell lumbered hugely to his feet in the shining parlor of his home in Tenth Street, Southeast, Washington, and demonstrated how he purposed to enter heaven.

He was born a slave on the estate of Samuel McDowell Moore, attorney general of Virginia, at Lexington. He "partook of religion" in General Stonewall Jackson's Sunday-school class, which he attended with "humilitude." He learned the finer points of serving in famous eating places and homes of Washington. Renowned statesmen quarreled for his attention. From Congress' mighty orators—Silver Dick Bland, Fire Alarm Foraker, John G. Carlisle, John C. Spooner and others "too numerical to mention"—he gathered a vocabulary which is the delight of ears white and black.

The years rest rather lightly on Mac. He is still a gentle black giant with the simplicity and deep dignity of a child.

"This first pilgrimage to'ds the North I was revealin'," sighed Mac, "come to pass without premeditation. The war was on the point of ceasin' and General Lee was considerin' leadin' his army west through Buffalo Gap and sequesterin' such in the mountains.

"General Jubal Early, a big, tall, precipitatin' man, was holdin' Lexington, and I was servin' General Moore, an old man unfit for fightin', and his daughter, Miss Sally. That furnishes

you with a panorama of the scene of my endeavors at the moment.

"You behold me, suh, a-standin' on the piazza. At my side you behold Miss Sally. We were contemplatin'."

"Where was her father, General Moore?"

"Out back, suh, deliberatin'. The outlook was right discouragin'. Suddenly and without unnecessary warnin' the cadet corps of the Virginia Military Institute approaches, with Colonel Shipp a-leadin' them."

"Daniel," said Miss Sally severely, 'do you see those infants? They are marchin' up the valley to the relief of New Market.'

"Along to'ds the conclusion of the cadet corps we behold a boy totin' his knapsack and his rifle. Likewise he is out of step to a distressin' degree. In my judgment he is about in his thirteenth year and a bigger boy is a-thrustin' him back like without fallin' out of precision to do so.

"But that boy is filled with conviction, and the dire thrustin' back of the bigger boy is unavainin'. He is just makin' a place for himself in line where there is no open vacancy.

"Oh," implored Miss Sally to me, 'somebody ought to be there taking care of that infant.'

"Well, suh, I needed no further admonitionin'. I took my leave of Miss Sally Moore and proceeded north slightly behind that cadet corps, which fetches us to the beginnin' of our narration.

"Practically the First to Retreat"

"I PROGRESSED to the extent of forty miles, which appeared to irritate the Yankees, suh, to a belligerency it is difficult to comprehend. Yes, suh. The ground was willfully agitated with cannon balls, and one of these took occasion to explode in the vicinity I was occupyin'.

"There are folks who could be plunged

"Ladies," cried General Early, "good-by. I am about through hereabouts"

deep in ponderin' on what I did, but to me it came as natural as the homeward wingin' of a bluejay. In other words, suh, I run. Yes, suh, I was practically the first to retreat that evenin'. There was a certain amount of white folks runnin', but it was inconsiderable as to quality. I hastened, suh."

"What did Miss Sally say, Mac?"

"Well, suh, Miss Sally Moore was still standin' on the piazza when I concluded my destination, and the spirit of the moment was such as to distract from me the scrutiny which might have been fixed on me in times which lacked the parlousness of the occasion. Suh, my feet served me adequately that evenin', although I must say they were damaged beyond subsequent control.

"The retreatin', which I do not mind recordin' as leadin', had become universal. I resumed my position on the piazza back of Miss Sally, and some other ladies joined our group.

"Suddenly, without a word from anybody vested in authority, General Jubal Early, appearin' taller than ever on account of the smallishness of the little red horse he was a-ridin', come whirlin' by.

"Ladies," exclaimed he, brandishin' his hat, 'good-by. Ladies, fare you well. I am departin' with acceleration, as you see inasmuch as the Yanks will be in our midst before my shadder is clear of the corner of that mansion yonder. I am about through accomplishin' hereabouts.'

"With that, suh, General Jubal Early disintegrated and was quite a piece down the road before General Hunter and his Yankee cavalry came to a terminus in front of the piazza where

Miss Sally and the ladies and I were restin'.

"There was practically no ruthlessness exceptin' one Yankee soldier par-took of one whole barrel of flour from the stores General Moore had garnered in the years of plenty as against the years of famine, so to speak. This one Yankee soldier elicited from the house with the barrel on his shoulders, remarkin' that the bill was to be sent to a gentleman in New York who was owin' him ten dollars for some years to come.

"Beholden to No Man"

"OTHERWISE there was no devastatin' exceptin' to the grass back of the house. General Hunter bowed to General Moore and expressed a desire to make the house his abode.

"I am anguished, General, to accommodate myself to the vicissitudes of war in this manner," said General Hunter, 'but such is the case of necessity.'

"I am a Southerner, as you can imagine, suh," said General Moore, 'but I must add to that that I am not in sympathy with war.'

"Yes, suh," sighed Daniel Henry, 'old General Moore was a politician.'

On the wall in Daniel Henry McDowell's parlor is a picture of Stonewall Jackson, who, (Continued on page 52)



Vera's visitors heard touching things about Michael. He was not all dinner jacket and patent-leather feet

ANYTHING Russian is considered to be either romantic or fetid, though to the well-washed world of today the Muscovite suggests a hairiness and the oil of a Semitic culture.

Rostov was neither romantic nor hairy. He was a tall, dark, slightly built young man, with a narrow face and an interesting pallor and enigmatic eyes. Kind old ladies and impressionable young ones liked to think that he had suffered indescribable horrors and privations. As a matter of fact, he had suffered them, but he did not talk about his experiences.

He was shaving himself at the fourth-floor window of one of those flat white Mediterranean houses. He used an old-fashioned razor. He held the tip of his nose between the first finger and thumb of his left hand. And below him Cap d'Or arranged itself in white splendor upon its headland and along the blue rim of the Anse des Fleurs. Flags floated: the Tricolor, the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack. The three white cupolas of the Hotel Cosmopolis carried each flag.

Michael Rostov was employed at the Cosmopolis.

A pair of trousers hung over the back of a chair. Rostov possessed two pairs of morning trousers and a morning coat. He had to be very careful

with his trousers; he kept them creased under the mattress. The Cosmopolis expected a well-creased leg.

Rostov's wife had just come into the room and had taken off her hat. She was a little out of breath after climbing four flights of stairs; she looked dark and delicate, for she never had quite enough to eat, and she spent some eight hours each day serving in a lace and fancy shop in the Rue du Gare. It was a tiresome shop; the proprietress was greedy, and you had to be so persuasive trying to make idle people buy perfectly unnecessary articles—embroidered coats,

vivid jumpers, little luxuries in lace, hand bags, or leather work. Vera Rostov ended most days with shadows under her eyes.

She sat down and looked at her husband, who was washing the remains of the lather from his face. She both loved her husband and was afraid of him: afraid that some day he might suddenly realize that she was an encumbrance, and wish to be free. Life would be so much easier for a man like Michael if he were free.

For Cap d'Or did not know that Vera was Rostov's wife. She was supposed to

be his sister, and even as his sister she remained very much veiled. These unfortunate Russians were—of course—very interesting, but then

Cap d'Or was predominantly feminine, and Michael danced so exquisitely. He was supposed to be a prince disguised as a lounge lizard. As a matter of fact, he had been a prince.

Rostov was wiping his face. He turned to look at his wife. She was tired. She had come back from the shop during the midday closing hour to prepare and share déjeuner with him. And as Rostov looked at her he remembered his first interview with the polished person who managed the Cosmopolis.

"Married?"

"Yes."

"You can't be married for this job. It isn't à la mode."

"Very well; I'm not married. I have a sister."

FOR the Rostovs had been very hungry in those days, and hunger is a powerful persuader. And Michael loved Vera, though the how and why of it were beyond him; especially so in an age when it is becoming more and more unseemly and lowbrow for a man to love anything. But Vera was gentle. Moreover, they had passed through the great tragedy together, and been hungry and

Precious Stones

By WARWICK DEEPING

Illustrated by R. F. JAMES

*He was supposed to be a prince in disguise.
And as a matter of fact he was a prince*

frightened together; and a man may be modern and a Russian and yet retain elements of decency.

He said, "Sit still. I'm waiter today. I haven't been standing in a shop."

And Vera knew that he had been sitting at a table writing. He wrote, in French, tales, articles, plays, in the hope of getting something accepted and of making money. He stayed at home in the mornings to write when he had no dancing lesson to give, for staying at home saved clothes, and clothes were precious.

"What's the menu?"

HE GLANCED at her quizzically as he turned down his shirt sleeves and fastened the links. Vera was different from other women, or she affected him differently. He saw so much of women, multitudinous women of all ages and looks who had the right to order him to dance with them: flirtatious women, sentimental women, silly women, frankly adventurous women. He had had a surfeit of women; they bored him; he was like a boy compelled to eat two or three pounds of sweets daily in a patisserie shop. But Vera was different. She was delicate and gentle and underfed and tired and courageous, and somehow his compassion stood over and beside her in all the flurry of a silly, pornographic, sensational, get-rich-quick world. He could not help being a cynic, but toward his wife he never felt cynical. She had reality.

He could be playful, though the world saw him as an interestingly melancholy and rather silent man with enigmatic eyes.

"What's this? Herring à maitre d'hôtel!"

He had opened the door of their dresser-cupboard. Grand déjeuner had to be as cold as the plates. Rostov spread a cloth and produced knives and forks, plates, four rolls, some butter and a wedge of cheese, a tin of herrings, two oranges, glasses. They drank water. And he had to watch his wife. Vera had a way of pretending that she was not hungry.

"Well, but there is something else."

There were occasions when Rostov dined out, and he had dined out the previous night. As a boy he had amused himself with tricks of legerdemain, and on the previous night he had managed to pocket a couple of peaches. Sometimes he pocketed the most extraordinary things: the wing of a chicken wrapped up in a rice-paper serviette, a soft milk roll, bonbons, apples.

He placed the peaches in front of his wife. He laughed.

"For Madame!"

Vera Rostov's face quivered.

"But one for you."

"But I don't eat peaches. Oh, no. I ate peaches last night with Madame la Duchesse de Nouveau Riche. Besides, I dined so well, disgustingly well."

ALMOST he looked apologetic. He was presented with so many free meals. Women cultivated him. Vera had no free meals; it troubled him.

He insisted on her eating. There had been occasions when he had detected her in the crime of trying to make him eat for one when there was not enough for two. Such things happened. Some women are less highbrow than the critics.

Meanwhile they talked, and nearly always their talk was of ways and means and of money. It had to be so. The new world was so very raw and new

to them; and from being privileged people they had been driven out to join the crowd of hangers-on who coax existence from the pockets of the well-to-do. They were spongers, but without being blessed or cursed with the souls of spongers. They had known the great freedom, and always they were dreaming and scheming to escape from the circus arena back to the boxes whence you watched other mountebanks playing tricks.

Said Michael: "One day a week I should like to be able to change into a monkey. My revenge—yes. Think of a very active and malicious monkey

"Some of these nice people should give us a free ride in their automobiles. And then when we arrive in Paris or London—"

They looked at each other across the table, and in the eyes of each fear stood veiled. What a life! Always to have to hurry with worried, smiling faces at the heels of those wealthy patrons: to have to truckle to a world that had once been theirs! Yes, like half-starved dogs sniffing and

"Michael, it's horrible."

For a moment his face looked fierce.

"Yes, I'm a sort of parasite, a dancing monkey. There are times when I could cut throats and appropriate purses. What a pity that there are no seas left for pirates! Only ballrooms and cabarets. . . . That peach looks good. Yes, I stole it." And he laughed.

AT ONE o'clock Vera went back to her shop in the Rue du Gare, and Michael prepared for the business of the day. He had a dancing lesson to give at three o'clock to a young American widow with much money. She was interested in Rostov; she had been having dancing lessons from him for a month, and always she was trying to make him talk intimately to her of himself and his past. At four o'clock there was the thé dansant at the Cosmopolis, and Rostov had to be in attendance and dance with any of the hotel guests who wished him to dance with them.

A Mrs. De Quincy Evans was giving a tea party, and with one of her cosmetic smiles she had ordered Rostov to be in attendance. Mrs. De Quincy Evans was a character. She had occupied one of the most expensive suites at the Cosmopolis; she was one of those immensely wealthy women who wander about southern Europe and northern Africa. You found her at the St. George at Algiers or at the Semiramis at Cairo or at the Cosmopolis at Cap d'Or.

Always she was dressed to the last finger nail; no one knew her age, not even her French maid, who daily reconstructed Mrs. Evans' face. She was like Rome, the Eternal City, forever renewed in the midst of its ruins.

Lately Mrs. De Quincy Evans had rented a villa on the cape. She appeared every night at the Cosmopolis, glittering as though she carried half the contents of a Parisian jewelry shop. The manservant who sat beside her chauffeur was supposed to be a private detective. Ru-

mor had it that she had bought up half the precious stones that had been smuggled by wretched refugees out of Russia.

Rostov appeared in the vast lounge of the Cosmopolis punctually at four. He was a young man at whom people looked. He had a dark aloofness and dignity; he was very well dressed; he could stand quite still and be stared at without appearing conscious of these stares. No one supposed that he emerged from a fourth-floor room in a back street or that he had a wife who served in a shop.

GUSTAVE, the head waiter, floated up to Rostov with fat, oily movements. Gustave hated Rostov because Rostov was Russian and so much French money had been swallowed up in Russia, and because Rostov would not allow him to be conversational and familiar.

"That's your old woman's table."

Gustave had one of those rubber noses that wrinkle up like a dog's, and a malicious, icy smirk.

"How much does she pay you to go out to dinner with her?"

Rostov stood very straight with his weight on his heels and looked over the top of Gustave's head.

But Mrs. De Quincy Evans was arriving; she was always arriving, because her arrivals were so sensational and lengthy. If she stayed put for a moment, it was a mere pause in the rhythm of her comings and goings. She was a large woman with a glowing head and a face that was perennially peached. Her bosom suggested (Continued on page 42)



"Do you wish to sell it, my dear?"
"That might depend"

fawning at a butcher's knees!

Said the woman: "Sometimes, Mi-

chael, I wish that we had been born peasants."

He forced himself to be ironical and gay.

"Oh, no, not that dullness. Life has forced us to conduct an experiment. And, after all, what an adventure! I speak four languages. Some of these people shall be persuaded to give us a lift."

"Your women, my dear?"

"My lady patrons, my devoted dowers, my Novembers who will foxtrot like April."

Vera was peeling one of her peaches. Her eyes were ashamed.

turned loose in the Cosmopolis, and snatching wigs and jewelry and throwing soft pulpy things into fat faces? My dear, it's a dream."

She was more practical. She had had to learn to make her own clothes.

"Michael, where are we going when the season ends here?"

When he was not worried he would appear most frivolous.

"Why, of course, we can go to a place where a season is beginning."

"But where? The shop closes on April 15th. It ceases to pay after the middle of April."

"And so does my hotel. Well, there are Paris, London, New York, all the world!"

"But the money for traveling."

Crossovers

By CLINTON W. GILBERT

Illustrated by KURT WIESE

THE old day of railroad pirating has passed. This is the inside story of the last great battle of the giants. As the smoke clears away it is evident that we—the passengers and shippers—are the big winners. The new era of coöperation will work revolution in the economic life of the country.

IF THE consolidation of the Northeastern railroads into four systems goes through, in less than a decade we shall see a revolution in traffic conditions around New York City, and the beginning, at any rate, of a revolution in the economic life of this country.

The four great railroad executives of the East—W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Patrick Crowley, president of the New York Central Railroad; Daniel Willard of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and O. P. Van Sweringen of the proposed Van Sweringen system—sat down several years ago in obedience to law to change the railroad map of the East from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean, and they ended with a vision. The vision takes one's breath away.

When the four executives faced the problem of consolidations, they soon realized that it was not a case of each system grabbing what it wanted, as it was in the old chaotic days. There was the Interstate Commerce Commission presiding over the whole question, to see that each system got a fair deal, and that the public was the best served by the final result. And the commission was very hard to please.

So coöperation was inevitable. And coöperation, I think, was the biggest thing that has come out of the five years of conference.

What the presentation of a four-system consolidation plan to the Interstate Commerce Commission means is that we have entered upon the biggest experiment in coöperation that this country has ever seen. But that is only a beginning. Beyond one may see the possibility of a great union terminal on the Jersey shore of the Hudson River, to be used jointly by the Jersey shore railroads for commuter passengers, and another such union terminal for through passengers.

The segregation principle may be extended also to freight; so that one class of freight may be sent to one Jersey shore road's freight terminal, another class to another Jersey shore road's freight terminal, another to a third terminal and so on—thus promoting the quick distribution of freight in the greatest and most congested port in the country.

Moreover, there will be a tendency,

wherever alternative routes are possible, to send freight over one road and passengers over another. Where this division of labor has been complete, it has proved that 40 per cent more freight can be handled than where roads are indiscriminately used for both freight and passenger traffic.

Gains All Along the Line

THINK of the gains in the stability of industry that may come from the expeditious and systematic handling of freight! And think of the gains in the stability of industry which may spring from having a purchasing coöperation of four systems, instead of a chaos wherein many independent roads are bidding against one another in the buying of such railroad supplies as coal, ore, rails, cars, locomotives, and the many other things that railroads use!

I use New York merely for an illustration. What I have said of the effects of the consolidations at that point applies, to some extent, to all the great railroad centers and gateways of the Northeast, from Chicago and St. Louis to the Atlantic Coast and from Norfolk to New England. It applies with equal force to Chicago, where the present railroad confusion is as great as in New York or even greater.

A change of the sort that may be expected at the central points of traffic may already be seen in Cleveland, another great gateway; where, as a result of the Van Sweringen brothers' consolidating several lines into a system, a great union terminal is already arising.

The idea of consolidating the railroads into larger systems than now exist was derived from the regional grouping during the war. After it the government reversed its old policy toward railroads, almost commanding a resumption of the process of linking up railroads into systems which railroad executives had been forced to abandon twenty years or so ago after the Northern Securities decision and other antitrust court rulings.

At the same time the aim of Congress in passing this law permitting regional consolidations was to do away with the necessity of allowing railroad rates to be adjusted to the financial needs of the weaker and less prosperous lines. So the new law contemplated the joining of the weaker roads to the stronger ones.

Mergers were left to the initiative of the railroads themselves; subject, however, to the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and under the threat that, if voluntary consolidations were not made, the Interstate Commerce Commission would enforce plans it had already made for arbitrary groupings.

The rise of the Van Sweringens and their activities in railroading also gave a strong impetus to the movement for consolidations. By buying, and preparing to unite into a system, the Nickel Plate, the Erie, the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Hocking Valley, and the Pere Marquette railroads, the Van Sweringens added millions of dollars to the value of the roads they proposed to unite, and opened the eyes of the financial world

to the possibilities in railroad combinations. Their brilliant project is an old story now, but it was the beginning of a new day in railroading.

Being invited by law to build up larger systems, the chief Eastern trunk lines were also impelled by their own needs toward merging existing roads which would give them new outlets and additional facilities when joined with their own.

The Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central Railroad, for example, had both reached the point where their main lines, especially on approaching New York, were overburdened with traffic. They needed additional ways of entry.

The Baltimore & Ohio entered New York only by sufferance—over the Philadelphia & Reading and the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

Three Keys—Four Want Them

THE Van Sweringen system was a consolidation that had not received public approval. Its position would be strengthened by ending the chaos in Eastern railroading, and establishing the principle of coöperation among the Eastern systems. It also wanted another line to New York, besides the Erie and additional terminal facilities.

So the conferences began several years ago between the chief executives of the four biggest Eastern trunk lines around which the consolidated systems would have to be built.

Naturally each executive was looking out for the (Continued on page 48)



The fight for the New Jersey key roads lasted many rounds, catch as catch can, before the Big Four made peace

The Flycatcher

*Smiling Bill wasn't what he once had been
—far from it—but he had something left*

By LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by
WALTER
BEACH
HUMPHREY

ONE afternoon in August several years ago, before they abolished swinging doors, a short, fat, shabby man walked west in Forty-second Street on his way to work. It was a warm afternoon, and several times that fat man stopped and pushed back the old straw hat he wore and mopped his face and neck with a red bandanna.

The newsdealer at the corner of Seventh Avenue saw the fat man coming and spoke with a certain deference. "Hello, Billy," he said.

"Hello, Al," the fat man said, and smiled a particularly genial smile.

The newsdealer's name was not Al. But he smiled back as if he were pleased.

On the other side of the street a tall policeman nodded and said "Hello, Billy," with that same air of deference—the deference that the nicer sort of young people pay to the once great. The fat man smiled at the policeman and said "Hello, Al," and the policeman, Joseph John O'Brien, smiled back.

Beyond Ninth Avenue that fat man turned through a pair of swinging doors. The place was cool and empty, as saloons often were in those days, toward five o'clock of a summer's afternoon, and only one bartender was on duty.

"Hello, Al," the fat man said.

"Hello, Billy," the bartender said. Without waiting for an order he drew a glass of dark beer, scraped the foam off the top, and set it on the bar.

THE fat man smiled and put one foot on the brass rail and leaned one elbow comfortably on the bar. The bartender returned to his task of polishing glasses. "Well," he said, holding a glass up to the light, "how's the boy?"

"I'm gettin' old, Al," the fat man said. "I ain't what I once was."

"You got something left," the bartender assured him.

"Yes," the fat man admitted, "I got something left." He sipped his beer sadly, remembering the high estate from which he had fallen.

The bartender set a couple of empty glasses on the bar. The fat man turned them bottom up and looked up inquiringly at the ceiling. The chandelier above his head was festooned with an elaborate design in colored tissue paper. The paper fluttered gently in the breeze from a pair of slow-moving old-fashioned wooden fans, like airplane propellers. The fluttering paper was intended to discourage flies. So was the mosquito netting that covered the mirror behind the bar.

"Do you mind stirrin' 'em up a little, Al?" the fat man asked.

The bartender took a feather duster and went forward to the window. He

shook the duster back and forth in the window, disturbing the flies that had congregated there. Some of them rose to the ceiling. Others flew swiftly down the bar.

One was swooping past the fat man's face when he reached out with an incredibly quick movement and caught it between his thumb and finger. He held the fly delicately so as not to injure it and thrust it under one of the upturned glasses on the bar, where it buzzed angrily.

A dozen times the fat man reached out with that plump hand of his, and a dozen times he caught a fly on the wing and tucked him away under one of the glasses on the bar.

"Got enough?" the bartender asked.

"Aye," the fat man said. His speech was not quite that of New York. It had traces of England in it.

The bartender got a plate, and from the free-lunch counter he selected bread and cheese. He set the plate with the slices of bread and yellow cheese on the bar and the fat man made himself sandwiches and ate with relish. Customers began to drift in. Carpenters and plumbers and steamfitters came in from the big warehouse they were building over in Tenth Avenue, and three or four loafers from the poolroom next door. The bartender was soon busy setting out foaming glasses of beer and dropping wet nickels into the cash register. The proprietor came downstairs to help him out.

A Negro waiter staggered in with an enormous roast of beef and proceeded to sharpen a long, thin knife. At the sound of the blade on the steel the men at the bar looked up. One after another they went down to the Negro's counter, picked up a slice of bread and held it out. The Negro laid a thin slice of the hot red meat on each man's piece of bread. Then the man turned back to the bar, his mouth full, and ordered another glass of beer.

The fat man pretended to be interested in nothing but his bread and cheese and a fresh glass of dark beer. But he was listening. Several times he heard one man say to another, "That's him—down there at the end of the bar." When someone spoke to him by name he turned and smiled his genial smile and said, "Hello, Al." When the fat man had finished the last bite

of bread and cheese he brushed the crumbs off himself. He could feel the crowd watching him. He turned sideways to the bar, with his left hand on one of the glasses in which he had imprisoned flies, and smiled at the crowd. Several of them edged nearer. He heard a young man in overalls say to another, "Now he's going to do it—watch him."

The fat man waited, enjoying the mo-

ment. Such moments were one of the few things he had left from the old days, the great days when men had yelled themselves hoarse in admiration at the things he did.

When he saw that he had their attention—that they were all standing in a circle watching him—the fat man looked down at the glass he held. He raised the rim slightly until a fly escaped. The fly walked out on the bar, suddenly realized its freedom and took wing, swooping away faster than the ordinary eye could follow. But with that incredibly swift movement of his the fat man picked the swooping fly out of the air and returned it to the glass.

"Aw," said a young steamfitter, "them flies are all cripples."

The fat man smiled happily. Some crowds didn't at once realize what a feat of dexterity and speed they had witnessed. He was glad to let men find out how difficult it was to catch flies on the wing. In a good many years of trying the fat man never found any other man who could do it.

"Would you like to catch one, Al?" he asked.

The crowd urged the young steamfitter forward.

"Whenever you say the word I'll let a fly loose," the fat man said.

The skeptic poised his hand near the glass. "All right," he said.



The fat man let a fly out from under the rim of the glass. It took wing almost instantly. The steamfitter lunged ineffectually, trying to grab the fly with his whole hand, and missing it.

The crowd laughed.

The fat man held up his hand and delicately tapped the end of his thumb with the end of his forefinger.

"The idea is to pick the fly out of the air—like this," he said. He released a fly, and as it flew he picked it out of the air and held it up for the steamfitter to see. "Want to try again, Al?" he asked.

The steamfitter shook his head. "No," he said, and grinned. "I guess the next round is on me." He laid two silver dollars on the bar and motioned to the bartender to serve more beer.

OUT of the corner of his eye the fat man had noticed a boy of eighteen or nineteen slip through the swinging door and skirt the crowd. He had reached a point just behind the fat man. He was, the fat man suspected, sneaking up on the free lunch-counter without the preliminary of buying a beer. The fat man turned on the boy suddenly.

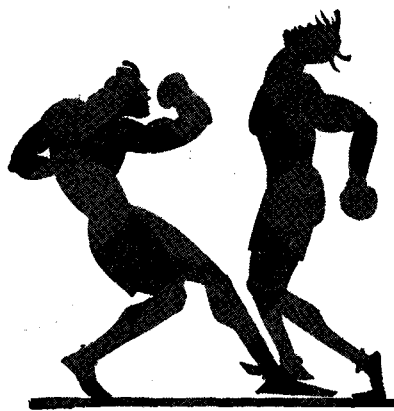
"Want to catch a fly, Al?" he said to the boy.

The boy flushed, but nodded. He was a lean, wiry youngster with a snub nose and freckles.

"Say when," the fat man ordered. The boy poised his hand, his thumb and forefinger extended. "Ready," he said.

The fat man released a fly. It did not take wing at once. The fat man blew on the fly and flushed it. The boy reached out with a movement as incredibly quick as the fat man's own and caught the fly between his thumb and finger.

The crowd yelled. The fat man endeavored to smile his genial smile. But his world was slipping—unless the boy's catch was an accident. "Try it again," he suggested. The boy nodded. Again





Smiling Billy had lunch with the girl and the boy and he knew the boy meant what he had said

the fat man released a fly and again the boy picked it out of the air. "Again," the fat man said. And a third time the boy caught the fly as it swooped away.

The fat man took a long, sighing breath, studying the boy. He looked like a country boy. And he had sloping shoulders. The fat man had sloping shoulders, although his weight obscured the fact.

"You're quick," he said to the boy.

"Yes," the boy said, "I'm quick."

The fat man shook his head sadly. It was dangerous to do what he was going to do. But there was no going back now.

"Let's see how quick you are," he said grimly. The fat man took off his coat and laid it on the bar. He slipped his braces over his shoulders and tied them around his waist for a belt. He stepped back from the bar and laid his bandanna on the floor. "Now, Al," he continued, "I'm going to stand on the handkerchief for a minute by the watch. I won't move off the handkerchief and I won't hit, and I won't guard. See if you can hit my head."

THE fat man bent his knees slightly, bent his body a little forward, and threw his weight on his toes. By an effort he put a certain tension into his flabby body.

"C'mon," he said to the boy.

The boy flushed and hesitated. "I don't want to hit you," he said.

"Try it, kid," yelled a man at the back of the circle. The bartender spoke close to the boy's ear: "Go on, kid, see if you can hit his head."

The fat man began to weave his body, without moving his feet. His head swayed from side to side in an irregular, broken movement. He was making a moving target of his head.

"C'mon, Al," he said to the boy.

Still the boy hung back. A young tough pushed forward. "Let me try," he said. The fat man recognized the

type. He was a gangster from the tough district to the south and west. The fat man nodded.

The young tough went into a crouch and came in with both hands moving. He had the air of a professional prize fighter. "Been fighting in preliminary bouts," the fat man said to himself. By some intuition he knew what the young tough was going to do. He knew it by the smallest fraction of a second before the young tough did it. Suddenly the young tough shot both fists forward simultaneously. In the same instant the fat man paused in weaving his head back and forth. One fist went by his left ear and the other fist went by his right ear, and the young tough, carried forward by the force of his lunge, fell against the fat man.

The crowd roared its delight.

The tough, recovering himself, rained blows at the fat man's head. The fat man bobbed his head. It seemed to bob like a cork in a millrace. But it bobbed with a purpose. Every time it bobbed a flying fist missed it. The young tough was breathing in deep gasps when time was called. But he had not so much as grazed the fat man's cheek.

Somebody pushed the boy forward.

"C'mon, Al," the fat man said. "You try it."

The boy reluctantly put up his hands. He did not crouch. He stood up almost

straight, with his left well advanced and his right across his middle, in the classic fashion. The fat man knew what he was going to do. He was going to jab with that left and counter with his right. He was going to jab with his left, and as the fat man ducked he would duck into that right.

THE boy shot his left forward, clean and sharp, and brought his right over just as the fat man had known he would. But the fat man, knowing, didn't duck into the right. He ducked the other way.

The boy was not disconcerted by his miss. He went coolly to work, throwing one-two punches at the fat man's head. The boy was fast. He didn't know much about hitting. But he had that incredi-

ble quickness the fat man had never found before in anyone he had ever faced. The fat man knew that he was going to lose. He was going inevitably to duck into one of those punches. They came too fast. He couldn't anticipate them fast enough. The fat man crouched a little lower in a last desperate effort to avoid the rain of fists, his head moving shorter and shorter distances at higher and higher speed. He couldn't keep it up. He was through. And then suddenly

he knew that the kid wasn't going to hit him. He could, but he wouldn't. The next moment time was called, and the boy stepped back and dropped his hands.

The fat man puffed a little as he untied his braces and slipped them over his shoulders. He put on his coat and hat. The crowd of workmen, feeling that the show was over, began to drift out of the saloon by twos and threes. The fat man turned to the boy.

"Hungry?" he asked.

The boy nodded.

"You come with me, Al," the fat man said. He led the way around the corner to Dinty McGuire's and ordered steak and onions and a dish of sliced tomatoes and fried potatoes and coffee. When they had eaten everything the waiter brought, the fat man lighted his pipe.

"How about some pie à la mode?" he asked.

"What's that?" the boy asked.

"Pie with ice-cream on it," the fat man explained.

The boy nodded. "That sounds good," he admitted.

The fat man studied the boy as he watched him eat the pie and the ice cream.

"Al," he said, "why didn't you hit me?"

"I don't know," the boy said.

"You could have hit me."

"Maybe," the boy admitted.

"Do you know who I am?" the fat man asked.

The boy finished his ice cream and looked up and smiled. "I read all about you in a Sunday paper," he said. "You're Smiling Billy Smith. Only three men ever beat you, and you fought them all. You weighed a hundred and twenty and you fought them all—even welterweights and middleweights. You fought them all and none of them ever knocked you off your feet. You're the greatest boxer there ever was. You went twenty rounds with Joe Gans."

"Gans got the decision," the fat man reminded him.

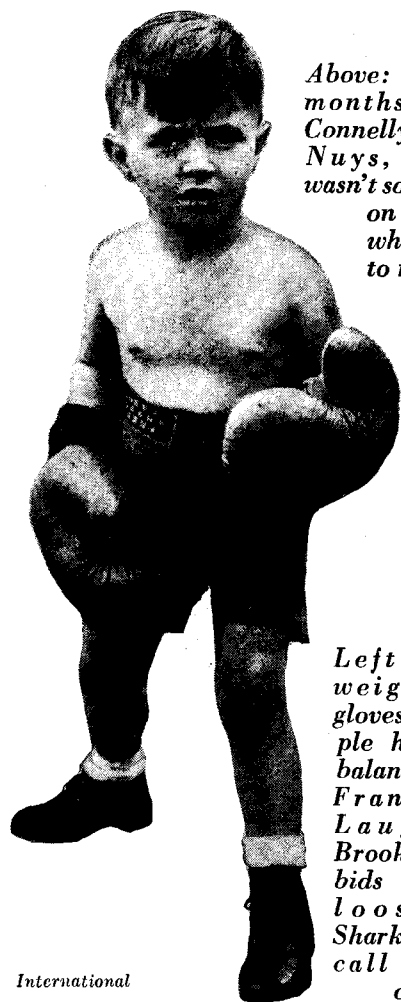
"Yes—Gans got the decision. He outweighed you twelve pounds and he was the (Continued on page 34)

It's Never Too Early



Wide World

Above: At fourteen months, Johnny Connelly of Van Nuys, California, wasn't so sure-footed on shore but when it came to natation...



Left: If the weight of the gloves doesn't topple him off his balance, young Frankie McLaughlin of Brooklyn, N. Y., bids fair to let loose what Sharkey would call his rock crusher

International



Above: A trip from New York to Kansas City alone held no terrors for Barbara Jane Smith. Didn't she have her doll along to keep her company and all the requirements of the traveler in her diminutive grip?

International



Left: The Mawbrey girls—Claudette, Angela and Claudina—halting for a moment between London and Hollywood. There's nothing like getting an early start in the films. And those contagious grins ought to help a lot

Wide World

Some foresighted youngsters who believe in getting an ample start in the race of life



Underwood & Underwood

Left: You've got to catch your animals young if you want to train them. But catching your trainers young is something else again. However, it works out well, apparently. Here's youthful Fred Foster of Los Angeles with his trick pony

Below: Wanda Nigri, three years old, is a skilled needle-worker. "You'll get fat doing that," her playmates used to tell her — and look at her, will you?



International



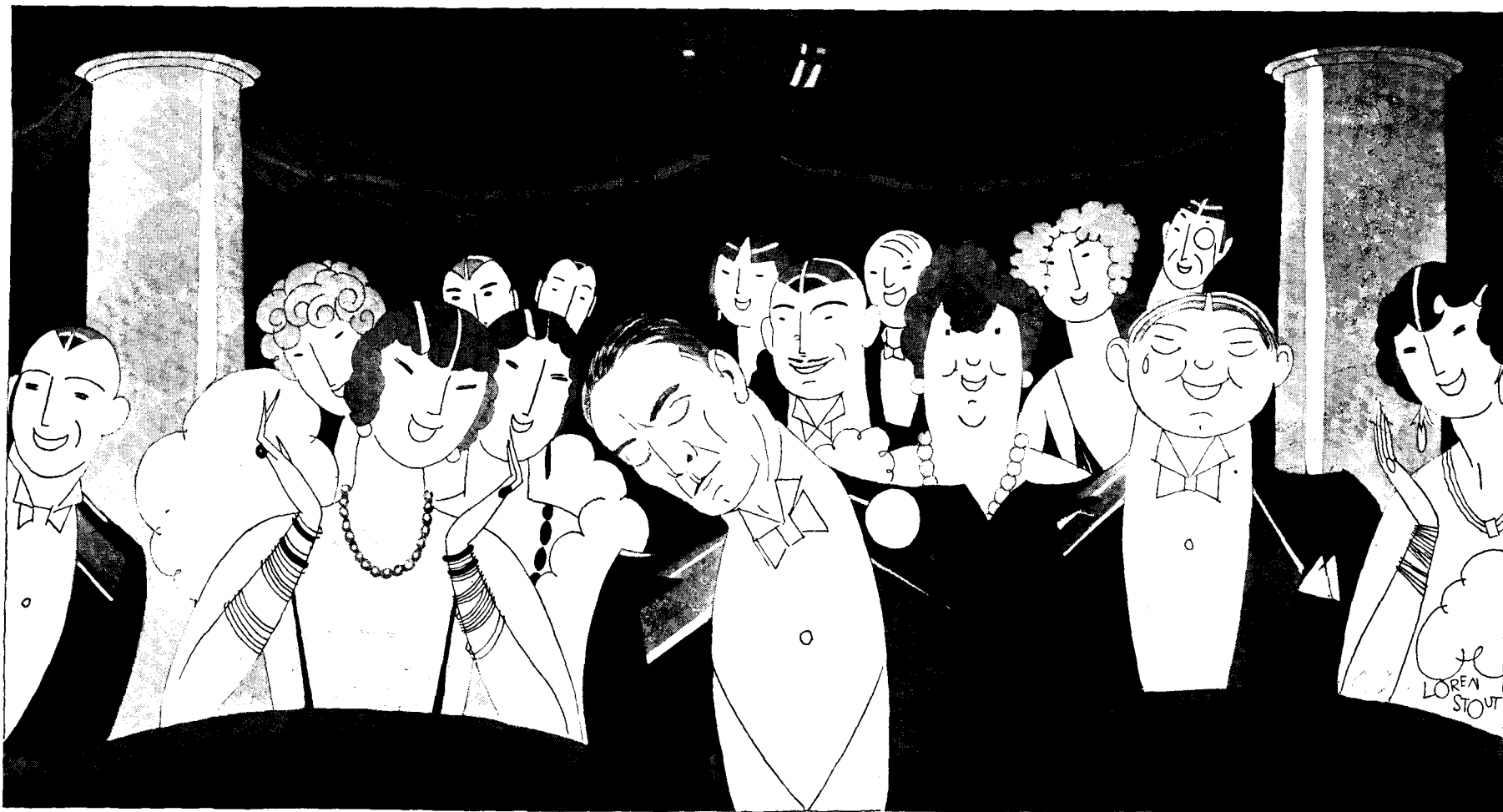
Claudie Korthals is a gifted sculptress at thirteen. Maybe the arty hair-trim helps a bit but there's real skill in those young fingers, the critics say

Wide World



Following his father's tire-tracks is Harry Horan, Jr., whose male parent is a bike rider and favorite of the six-day-race fans. The bike may seem a bit juvenile but there's nothing amateurish about the sweater, flag and cap

Acme



Ring Lardner goes to all the musical comedies, and as you see the fourth time he has to laugh at the jokes is the hardest

Laugh, Clown! By RING LARDNER

I AM what you might call a frequenter of musical shows, and I go to them so I can listen to the jokes, and if people laugh at them I use them a second time. I mean to say I already wrote them the first time, and if they laugh at them as hard as I did when I wrote them, I write them again. This makes life simple.

Well, late the other night they were sweeping out George White's Apollo Theatre, and one of the sweepesses came across me under a seat and said let's get rid of this roach and another sweepess whom we will call Straus on account of her always using a broom said no leave him lay, he always lurks here and waits for the next performance.

Mr. White always insists on your bringing a relative, so the next night

I inveigled in a sister-in-law. Before the curtain rose I happened to meet Mr. Wynn (one of the Philadelphia Wynns) driving up to the theatre in a mackinaw and he said who is that lady and I said this is a girl from Indiana so when you come down off the stage which you should stay on God knows, you say Hoosier friend? Then I will say a girl from Indiana and you say, Yes, but I just said Hoosier friend.

Oh, said Ed, that joke is too old.

Give It to Methuselah

AT THIS junction an old poultry driver went by with his apiary.

"Listen, Wynn," he hinted with just the trace of an apiary drawl, "if there is ever a joke so old you can't use it,

give it to my aunt's mother and she will feed it to her kid, Methuselah."

Ed was quite excited over the use of his Christian name so we tried to allocate the poultry driver, who drove off, however, with the mere hint that he was a man called Lackawanna or Fulcrom.

But what I was setting out to say was that in the show there is a horse who does not play the name part, Manhattan Mary, but is merely brought on the stage for one gag. Mr. Wynn is supposed to be a waiter, and a customer in the restaurant says, "I could eat a horse." Mr. Wynn brings on the horse and leads him right off again and the rest of the evening the second comedian, Lou Holtz him.

Well, my sister-in-law exclaimed, "Golly [she goes to extremes], Mr. White must be an extravagant man to buy a horse for one joke."

"Don't worry," I replied. "That horse's name is Dinta. Mr. White used to go to the tracks a great deal and one day a man asked Mr. White what horse he liked in the next race and Mr. White said Dinta and it just happened to be the man who owned Dinta and he knew Mr. White's record of winning and losing on the track, so he said if you like Dinta, you can have him."

Well, we set through the show and pretty soon the thing that always fascinates me happened, namely Harland Dixon dancing with the McCarthy sisters. Mr. Dixon, if you don't know him, is a man whom you might call a dancing fool, but if he went to a dance where Adele Astair was at, he would not dast asking her to dance with him. He hates to be caught dancing with one gal, let alone two [Editor's note: Let alone two is good advice.], and yet in this show he willingly dances with two McCarthys at once and dancing with two of any sisters especially the McCarthy sisters is some feat. [Editor's note:

That's as old a gag as any of the Philadelphia Wynns'.]

Now the gal that plays Manhattan Mary is a gal named Ona Munson and every little while my sister-in-law asked me if the things she said were plot speeches, as they seemed to be so silly.

"No," I replied, "those are Munson lines."

I could go on with this unwittingly except that people would begin considering me a press agent for George White, which George will tell you is untrue and I have paid every time I have went in his joint.

But the idea of this little sketch is the gags in musical comedies which I go to all of them, and the fourth time you have to laugh at them is the hardest. For example, you go to Manhattan Mary and you see Lou Holtz taking down telephone numbers which girls give and a girl gives one and Lou says, "IF a man answers hang up." That nearly knocks you stiff, but when you go to Rosalie and hear Frank Morgan pull the same one, you are easily able to remain in your chair.

Here is a Whopper

THEN you go to three other musical shows and hear one comic say to another, "She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth," and the other comic says, "Yes, and it had a Hotel Pennsylvania label on it," and you begin to get a feeling of nausea and awe.

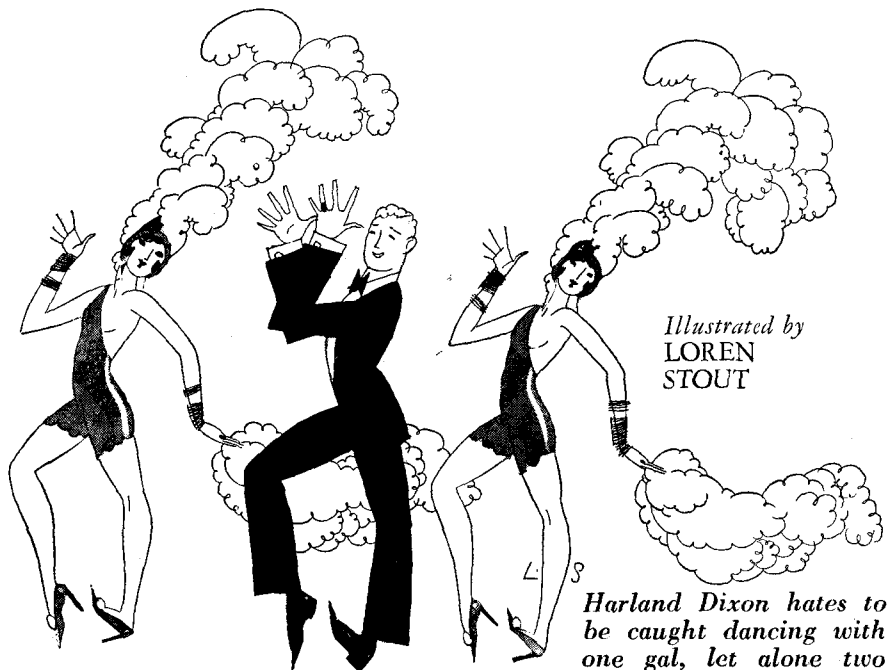
Well, I can't write all the good gags for all the good musical shows in New York, but I can give them a whopper and everybody is welcome:

Two comics, Gus and Lou, are on the stage and Gus says:

"This morning I got in the bathtub and there was two fleas in it."

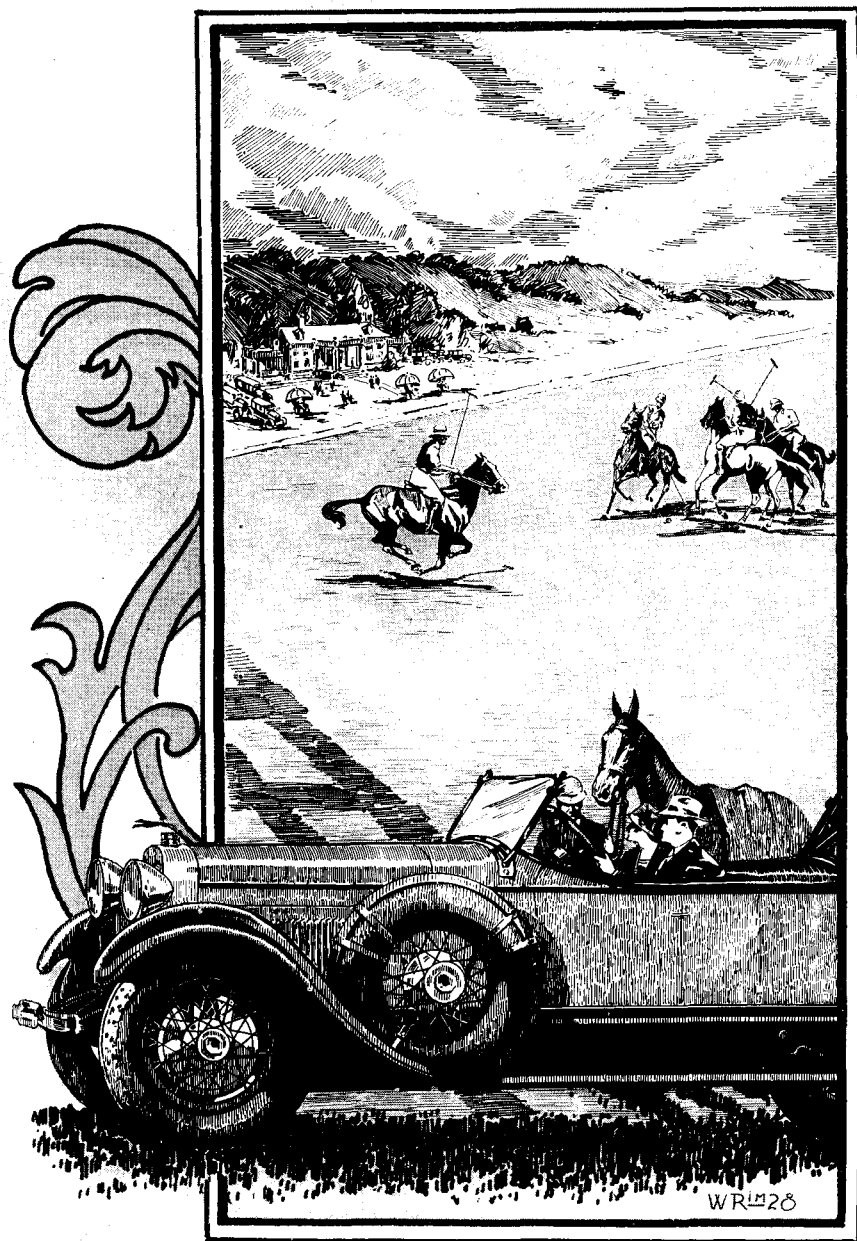
Lou: "What did you do to him?"

Gus: "Oh, I'm not exclusive!"

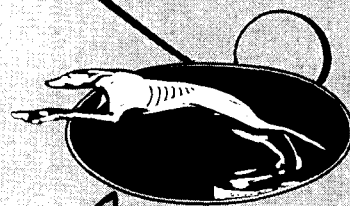


Illustrated by
LOREN
STOUT

Harland Dixon hates to be caught dancing with one gal, let alone two



The Spirit of the Thorobred



35¢ per Quart
At Better Independent
Stations and Motor
Car Dealers

40¢ per Quart in Far West
Mountain Territory.

HYVIS
MOTOR OIL
Super refined
Pure Pennsylvania
PERMIT NO. 100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL

A GREAT HORSE—a great car—any expression of the spirit of the thorobred—receives America's spontaneous admiration and respect. The Lincoln motor car is a worthy example of this spirit—content only with perfection, asking only what sheer merit deserves.

HYVIS motor oil also expresses this spirit. Super-refined completely from pure Pennsylvania Petroleum thru a painstaking process inspired by the conviction that many motorists want only the best, HYVIS has won its many users on sheer merit.

Every leading car manufacturer—including Lincoln—whose engineers test motor oils and recommend those found to be of merit, approves HYVIS motor oil. Thru its ability to hold its high viscosity under severe conditions, HYVIS is better able to protect the modern high compression motor.

Fred G. Clark Inc., Cleveland
Established 1882

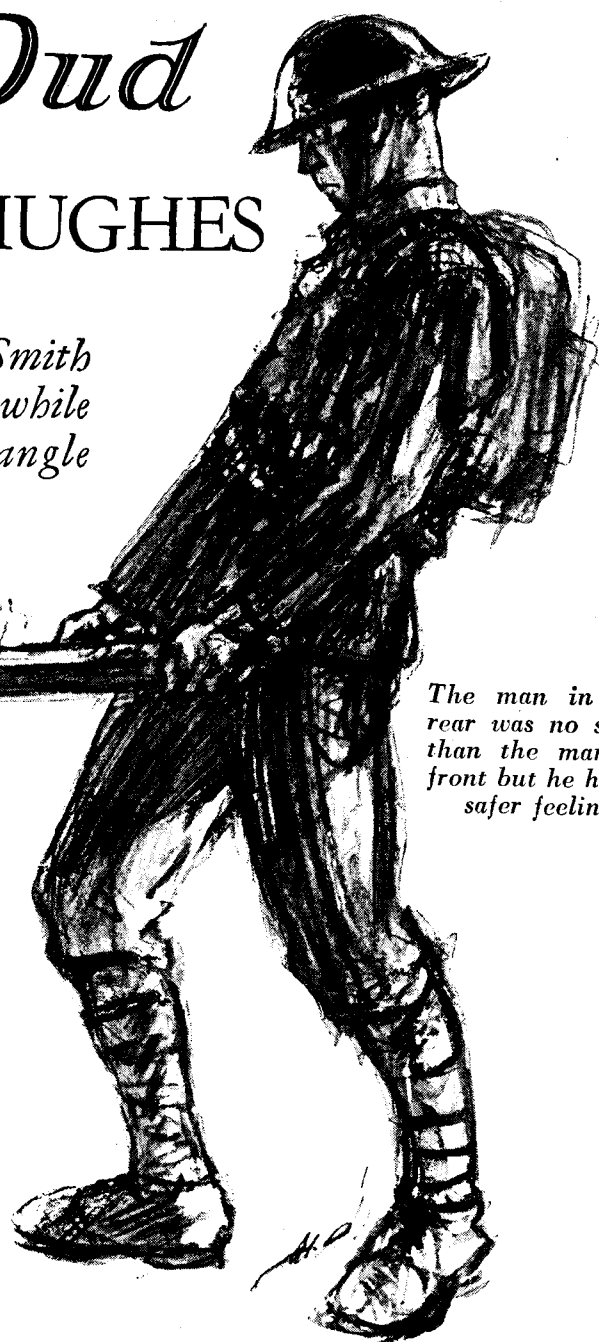
Chicago, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, Refineries, Warren, Pa.
Distributors at all Principal Points

The Old Dud

By LLEWELLYN HUGHES

Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS

All in the day's work, Privates Smith and Jones look death in the face while others look from a different angle



The man in the rear was no safer than the man in front but he had a safer feeling

with the more familiar 5.9's and pip-squeaks and trench mortars and air bombs. To that end, gingerly filling in the neat hole, they forthwith buried the strange dud and hoped they had heard the last of it.

Not so. The incident aroused a considerable amount of interest in a variety of brass-hatted dignitaries importantly yet vaguely connected with the war. Considerable correspondence, ascribed to considerable signatures, began to stack up at G. H. Q. and elsewhere. It was felt that the matter should be thoroughly looked into, as it were. The point raised was that someone or other should certainly examine the dud and find out if it was composed of a new and deadly explosive or was merely an old but equally deadly German sausage.

Therefore Division phoned Brigade, Brigade phoned Battalion, Battalion phoned the company captain, company captain issued an order to the junior lieutenant, the lieutenant passed it on to his sergeant, and the sergeant promptly executed it. He seized on the first two men he saw.

"Now, then, you two!" he bellowed. "Grab a couple o' shovels and start diggin' for that blinkin' dud! The king wants it for a souvenir!"

Before commencing to dig, Private Smith leaned over his shovel in the attitude of devout prayer. He was not, however, praying. He was trying to estimate how far that package of death lay under the clay surface. This estimate he put into words.

"About two days," he decided heavily, "if we go slow. After that—we'll be in heaven!"

"Yes," agreed Private Jones. "I've already written 'ome. I thought I'd better say good-by to the missus."

AT THE end of forty-eight hours there was a neat grave eight feet deep. In the bottom of it were two privates. The beads of perspiration standing out on their foreheads sprang not from their labors. Now they had uncovered the base of the shell, one shovelful every ten minutes was fast enough.

"Won't be very long now, sir," the sergeant reported to the lieutenant.

Lifting a pair of apprehensive eyes Private Jones sluiced from his forehead a quantity of cold and clinging sweat. "No," he said, "it won't be long now."

Meanwhile the front-line battalion was being relieved. Men coming out of it and men going up into it were forced to proceed by way of the second and third lines. Sooner than

pass that eight-foot grave they preferred to crawl over the top in full view of enemy observation. It was tacitly reckoned that a sharpshooter's bullet was a mere flea-bite compared with a chunk of iron from that clay-crusted dud slowly revealing its shape and bulk under the ladylike efforts and delicate troweling of Messrs. Jones and Smith.

Finally the great shell lay exposed. The lieutenant informed the captain, the captain phoned the colonel; the colonel phoned Brigade, Brigade phoned Division, Division phoned Corps, and Corps phoned Army. Army—in the shape of a gentle, bespectacled major at G. H. Q.—requested that the shell be forwarded on to the corps, whence it would be fetched in due course.

Privates Smith and Jones lay gasping in their dugout. They had lost about twelve pounds in weight between them and were now trying to make it up again on bully beef and hardtack. The sergeant came down to see them.

"Now then, you two!" he said. "Hop out of it! Get a plank, or something, and carry that blinkin' dud down as far as Vrielly. When you get there you'll find an army truck that'll take you to Corps Headquarters."

"C-carry that s-shell all the w-way to V-Vrielly?"

"That's what I said. And be careful it don't explode on you. Army wants to see what it's made of."

"Cripes!" said Private Smith.

"What ho!" piped Private Jones.

Like men going to the scaffold they went up the steps of the dugout. They were to take their own time. That, a quite unnecessary concession, was meant by way of sympathy. Furthermore, if they should ever reach Corps Headquarters—situated in a Château Saint-Germain—they were granted three days' rest in that quiet idyllic hamlet and could draw on the paymaster for twenty-five francs apiece in order to soothe their quaking interiors with the calm of good red wine.

The funereal procession down the maze of communicating trenches and along the camouflaged roads—all under

direct shell fire—was a nightmare. Private Smith's tin hat was alternately over his eyes and left and right ears, the result of a strange, spasmodic and intermittent behavior of the hair at the back of his head. The expression on the face of Private Jones suggested that he was continually about to cough, but was very uncertain about it.

THEY had driven strong nails into the board to keep the shell from rolling off. It was placed lengthwise so that nothing should rub up against the nose-cap. The shell therefore menaced the seat of a pair of mud-begrimed khaki pants right ahead of it. The bearers, of course, changed positions at regular intervals. The man in the rear was no safer than the man in front. But he had a safer feeling.

And everywhere, no matter where they went, men took one look at them and bolted like rabbits down the nearest dugout or bomb-proof shelter. Privates Smith and Jones were gloriously alone in their misery. They had the trenches, the roads, the whole of Belgium all to themselves. They were afraid to speak, cough, sneeze or even spit. They trudged on like men walking in their sleep.

When they reached Vrielly the driver backed his truck up to the old dud, but refused to give them a hand. He was only supposed to drive them to Saint-Germain. And that, in his terse opinion, was one hell of a job—driving an army truck in front of an unexploded shell, over bumpy paved streets and shell-torn roads. (Cont'd on page 37)

IT CAME from the mouth of some ungainly Krupp monster north of the Ypres salient. It came out of a gray sky, splitting the dusk in twain. It came with blinding speed, with the roar of an express train, with death and destruction in its very sound.

Men in the front line and communication trenches craned their necks, stiffened and waited for the explosion. Men in the third-line trench ducked and otherwise made themselves very small. Men in the second line of that trench heard nothing but a terrific *swish*. For them the old saying held true: you never hear the shell that knocks your head off. The five Surreys, standing so placidly one second, were flat on their backs the next and so violently precipitated into the mud that strong hands were needed to wrench them back to the perpendicular.

Nobody was hurt. There was no spilling of blood. No physical injury of any sort. Nothing but a little surprise. All in the day's work. The thunderbolt merely dived into the soft clay, embedded itself, and failed to explode. Commonly expressed, it was a dud.

"Cripes!" whispered Private Smith. Private Jones agreed with him. "What ho!" he said with simple and profound veneration.

It was agreed that never before had the Ypres salient heard the like of it. Possibly a new shell. Possibly a heavy, usually aimed at the railway junctions away back of the lines. Somebody said it was a twelve-incher! All right. The Surreys, in the second line, where the shell landed, were perfectly willing to leave well enough alone and carry on



Happier homes throughout the country

because the Cities Service Organization supplies modern labor-saving gas and electric appliances.

The vast Cities Service organization is made up of many interesting divisions and departments. Its electric and gas divisions furnish light and power to 800 communities with a population of more than 4,400,000.

In this division is the New Business Department, which supplies yearly more than \$10,000,000 worth of gas and electric appliances to customers of Cities Service public utility properties.

This department gathers from all sources the finest and latest equipment, and if it passes tests by company experts it is approved and offered to housewives. Thus Cities Service shows hundreds of thousands of women how to relieve themselves of household drudgery and how to bring more comfort and convenience into family life.



This is but one picture of the \$800,000,000 organization behind Cities Service. Its Petroleum Division owns and operates 4600 producing oil wells and distributes gasoline, oil, grease, and other products to industries large and small; it serves through its own service station system, millions of motorists in 25 states.

Since 1910 Cities Service has grown to be one of the dozen leading American industries. Over 350,000 investors, through ownership of its securities, are now partners in the ever increasing success of the Cities Service organization.

You are invited to learn about this great enterprise by sending for a copy of "Serving 3000 Communities," an illustrated booklet which tells all about the Cities Service organization and its fiscal agents, Henry L. Doherty & Company. Booklet will be sent free upon request. Just write to Cities Service Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

{ Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers on Fridays at 8 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company: WEAf, WLIT, WEEL, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAL, WEBH, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, KOA, WOW. }

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Diversified Interests



Unified Control

The Blue Lamp

By
WILLIAM
DUDLEY
PELLEY

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

The Story Thus Far:

MARY HARMON, heiress of \$5,000,000, disappeared with a Dr. Hawkins; presumably unwillingly. Her fiancé, Count Josef Briskow, and Ajax Hubbard, her lawyer, hired detectives in vain. Briskow saw Hawkins on a boat leaving for Europe, but the doctor jumped overboard.

Twenty years later strange lights were seen in the Harmon house in Vermont where, after the disappearance, a harmless caretaker, Wrightson, had been found and a letter from Miss Harmon alluding to mysterious spells.

Jimmy Battles, a reporter, decided to stay in the house for a night. Moving about he heard muffled footsteps and a crash. On the stairs was a man unconscious and in a strange aperture, where stairs had formerly been, a frightened girl lay on a cot. Hearing about the man, she told Jimmy to attend to him. He did, and returned, unsuccessful, to find girl and aperture gone.

He goes for his Uncle Amos Crumpe, the sheriff. There he identifies the girl as Mary Harmon, from a picture. Suddenly "the man on the stairs" bursts in and evidently tries to blackmail Jimmy, calling him Walter. Crumpe attempts to arrest him but he escapes. Paul Lyman, local reporter, calls to say that the Fowler boys have found a murdered man in the Harmon house.

Hurrying over they pick up Squire Butterworth and Doctor Chapin. Lyman says they saw a nunlike woman and a heavy spectacled man and heard sounds of two or three others in the house. The dead man is identified as Briskow. In his pocket is a telegram from "Walter" saying "Watts has told Mother. Going West." After removing the body Crumpe enters the aperture by a window. Jimmy and the squire follow him and call but get no answer. Then Jimmy sees a flight of steps.

"STAIRS?" said Pumpton.
"Yes," said Jimmy. "Stairs! They run down between the walls. Uncle prob'ly went down 'em to see where they led to. UNCLE AMOS!" he called down the pit.

Still the sheriff failed to respond.
"Golly, I hope nobody's bagged him. Queer he can't hear me. It's not like him to keep silent."

"Maybe he heard somebody there. Maybe he don't want to call back to us for fear o' givin' himself away."

"I'm only wondering if perhaps he needs help."

"Did he carry a gun?"
"He usually does. It wouldn't be like him to forget it tonight."

They looked at one another anxiously across the indirect illumination of the flashlight.

"You don't suppose his body's under the cot?"

But no sheriff's body was under the bed. Only dust so thick it resembled a carpet of feathers. Jimmy straightened. His glance searched the cubby more closely.

THE walls had been plastered, but the plaster had not been papered. Sheer, unbroken walls, they appeared, white when first made, now dingy with time. Excepting that aperture that led somewhere below. The edges between the studs were ragged, as though the tall, narrow hole had been chopped with an ax. On the floor by the cot was a strip of red carpet. The place reeked thickly with the smell of old mortar—mortar and dried lumber.

Jimmy concerned himself with the bed.

Old-fashioned spiral springs were

covered with an inexpensive mattress. The pillow, quilts, sheets, were horribly mildewed, though lack of dust showed the bed's recent use. Jimmy pulled the bedclothes completely to the bottom.

"Gee! What's this?" he cried.

Lying deep in the bed was a four-foot length of pipe. At least it looked like pipe till Pumpton picked it up—pipe an inch or more in diameter and corroded with rust. It was bent slightly at an angle.

"Do you know what this is?" the farmer demanded.

"I know it's dirtied these sheets. My Lord, there's not only rust on these sheets—there's blood!"

"Cripes!"

"Look at your hands!"

Pumpton threw the thing from him.

Both palms were befouled.
"That's the handle of an iron wheelbarrow," he gasped faintly. "And I guess it's what that stranger was brained with. But who hid it in the bed?"

Fred Pumpton's head now showed beneath the curtain. "The squire wants to know what you've found," he announced.

"Plenty, tell him. But we've only just commenced."

"They got out this way all right," Jimmy cogitated. "Brained their man, got into this compartment, closed those stairs after them somehow, hid the bar in the bed and scooted down between the partition. Holy smoke, I wish we'd hear some signs of Uncle Amos!"

"THERE'S prob'ly some way of getting down between these partitions and reaching the tool shed. Maybe he's gone that way and will show up from below in a minute. Fred, you go down, and around out back. See if there's any

sign of Crumpe anywhere in the—"
"Th' hell I will!" young Pumpton protested. "I ain't doin' no careless runnin' round here tonight—not if th' sheriff's suddenly vanished."

"What's these things in the corners that appear to be more pipes?" Jimmy exclaimed, peering beyond the farmer's shoulders.

The older Pumpton whirled about. The reporter stepped back toward the window by which they had entered. On either side of it, set close in the joint of the intersecting walls, were vertical tubes; they came from the ceiling and went into the floor.

"They're not pipes, they're ropes!" he declared an instant later.

"Ropes!"

"What can these support? Why are they hung here?"

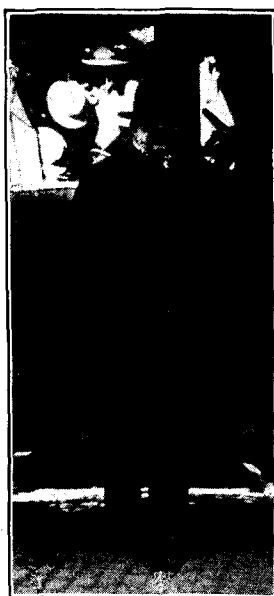
The boy made a purely instinctive motion. They looked so much like bell ropes that he gripped one and pulled it. Half expecting to hear a bell peal out in consequence, he started with a cry at the phenomena resulting. (Cont'd on page 38)



Another flashlight from above lighted the girl and himself

HIS SECRETS of SUCCESS Are Worth Knowing

[[George Frank, Leading Clothier of Maysville, Kentucky, Tells]]
[[FARM & FIRESIDE in an Interview How He Built His Business]]



WHAT it takes to make a small-city clothing store successful this man has!

As a boy and young man it took George Frank 16 years to save his first thousand dollars to set up in business for himself.

Today he's the leading clothier in Maysville, Ky., a thriving town of about 7,000 population situated right in the heart of the White Burley tobacco district. That means of course that it's a good farm trading center, a fact that George Frank has capitalized on 100 per cent—with the result that he has added a big volume of farmer trade to his town sales.

He Tells FARM & FIRESIDE

How has he extended his trading area 20, 30—even 40 miles away from Maysville? This is what FARM & FIRESIDE wanted to know when it heard rumors of this enterprising merchant's record. So an interviewer was sent down to get the inside story of his merchandising secrets. And this is the interview that's now published in folder form, a copy of which any small-city dealer can obtain free for the asking.

A "Chain" Store?

For instance, why does he say—"My store is a link in the biggest chain in the world"?

That sounds ridiculous on the face of it, of course. For you know from the start that he is an independent dealer—and that his store is NOT a chain store.

Yet this is just an example of the originality of his viewpoint. And when he explains WHY

he says his store is a link in the biggest chain in the world—you get the point. And you see that he's got a real idea that throws an interesting sidelight on successful merchandising in any line of retailing.

"Garnishing" the Store

And again, where he says—"Experience has taught me that in one direction you can go the limit in 'garnishing' your store. But in the other direction—well, there's a fine point to stop at before you go too far."

What does he mean?

His ideas on this subject may strike you as a bit revolutionary at first. But when you analyze them they're sound as a dollar. And it's interesting to note what he had to say to the store expert who came to him with an elaborate proposition for "modernizing" his store from top to bottom!

Extending Trading Area

After you talk to George Frank for 15 minutes you sort of get used to the surprises he springs on you.

But there's one more coming to you—and that's when he tells about how he has pushed his trading radius out as far as 40 miles away from Maysville. You'll agree that there's no stopping this enthusiastic and aggressive merchant—and that if he lives long enough he'll be using radio and airplane couriers to advertise and deliver his merchandise at longer range than any small-city store ever dreamed of doing.

A Kindly Competitor

But from the foregoing, don't get the idea that George Frank is a dangerous and unpleasant competitor to have doing business in the same town with you. Far from it! He's one of the best-liked merchants in Maysville—100 per cent cooperative at all times, kindly, and highly regarded by competitors as well as his customers. And this is right in line with the fact that he's a true-blue Rotarian.

Weekly Cash Prize Drawing

Another interesting point in his interview is where he tells how he and 24 other local merchants award a \$25 cash prize every Saturday night at the local theatre—to some lucky customer of one of the 25 stores.

Of course there's nothing new in this idea itself. But the way it's done in Maysville IS new. And it may suggest a similar plan that other merchant groups in other towns can try out.

His Advertising Secret

One of the highest spots in his interview with FARM & FIRESIDE, however, is where he discusses local store advertising. He knows what he's talking about, for he *does* get his advertisements read—and acted upon. His sales prove it.

Send for His Interview

FARM & FIRESIDE's interview with this successful clothing merchant is now published in a folder, a copy of which you can obtain free simply by sending in the attached coupon.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE's series—which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-personal magazine—edited straight to the individual—and read with warmer interest than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE's interview with George Frank, leading clothier of Maysville, Ky.

Name _____

Address _____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES



THE SALES MANAGER AS A FORTUNE TELLER

TODAY business fortune is told by the cards in the sales manager's file. Better than a mere fortune-teller's deck, they show him how quickly every one of his dealers has turned over his particular goods—how effective his consumer advertising has been in helping to move goods from the dealers' shelves.

With a picture of proved past performance before him, a manufacturer of high grade radio sets and equipment dictated these words about Collier's—

*"We have used Collier's for years
and believe in it."*

This manufacturer picked Collier's because he knows that it is geared for action in his richest markets. He knows that it concentrates by far its heaviest circulation in the cities of 25,000 and more population which contain 69 per cent of income tax returns—62 per cent of residence telephones—48 per cent of retail outlets—63 per cent of wired homes.

Furthermore, he knows that Collier's through its regular Radio Department, under Jack Binns—and its own broadcasting—offers the straightest road to the radio market.

Collier's fundamental appeal is to vigorous, aggressive people whose tastes are backed by competent checkbooks.

Therefore, Collier's writes the same brand of action into the sales of any product advertised in its pages—house furnishings, building materials, automobiles, hats, or hardware—which find their richest markets in the urban communities.

For these reasons substantial advertisers in all fields today select Collier's — for ACTION!

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Collier's ~ for ACTION"
Now more than 1,600,000

The Thunder God

By PETER B. KYNE

"Skool!" Ben said, and he and his friend drank the Swedish health. Julie grinned. "Here's to the wide open spaces, where men are men"

Illustrated by
HAROLD
BRETT



Putting two and two together, Ben Whitton discovers a few facts about his enemies

The Story Thus Far:

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but during the war marries Mercedes Lindberg, Y. M. C. A. entertainer, who is not good enough for him.

His Uncle Jarlath leaves him \$600,000, which he decides to use on some electrical experimentation—man-made thunder and lightning. He and a great friend, Ben Whitton, go into partnership, telling Mercedes nothing about the inheritance because of her extreme extravagance, though Julian arranges a trust fund for her.

Julie and Ben are in an automobile collision with Jake Brander. Mercy, without Julie's knowledge, is playing around with Brander and is at the time with him. She escapes Julie's notice but not Ben's.

Julie, still in love with Mercedes, is just beginning to realize what she is really like. Among other things he finds that she is in debt and has lied to him about money.

He and Ben Whitton start for Oregon on an engineering job, and Julian leaves Mercy with a certain amount of cash, ordering the hotel not to advance her any more.

Mercedes is secretly planning to divorce Julie and marry Jacob Brander as soon as he is free.

IN CONFORMITY with the plan concocted with Jacob Brander, Mercedes Grannis acted with promptness. The day following her interview with Brander she gave up her apartment at the hotel and went to Reno, where she engaged a small house-keeping apartment for three months. As soon as she was settled she called upon a prominent firm of attorneys, told them what she wanted, and made her deal with them. Then, after filing notice of her residence, she settled down to the unpleasant task of marking time

for three months, the statutory residential requirement, preliminary to filing her suit for divorce against Julie.

The morning after Mercedes' departure from San Francisco Gloria Justin found in Julian Grannis' mail at the office the closing bill from the hotel. She checked it, noticing an item of \$11.77 for transportation.

"I wonder where she has gone," Gloria thought. "That much transportation should carry her at least a hundred miles. Apparently she has not returned to Los Angeles."

Because she had a modicum of feminine curiosity, Gloria telephoned the hotel and asked for Mrs. Grannis, and was informed by the clerk that she had checked out the day previous. To Gloria's inquiry for information as to her new address, the clerk, after a brief wait, replied that she had left as a forwarding address "General Delivery, Reno, Nevada."

GLORIA pondered this information. General Delivery, Reno, Nevada! Why had Mercedes gone there? A musical engagement, perhaps. Evidently she intended remaining there some time, otherwise she would not have left General Delivery as a forwarding address. Rather would she have left the address of a hotel, or that of a friend if she contemplated visiting a friend. Apparently

she had no idea where she was going to live.

Instantly Gloria's alert brain solved the mystery. "She's going to engage an apartment. She's going to remain there while Julie is away. Is it possible they are going to have a divorce?"

She recalled the white and haggard face Julie had shown on his last day in the office. She had known then that some tragedy of unusual proportions had overwhelmed him; nevertheless, at leaving, he appeared to have recovered his composure to a remarkable degree. Gloria wondered if he knew!

"No," she decided presently, "he did not. Had he known, he would not have left the city. He loves her. He would not give her up without a struggle."

She looked over the schedule of her employers' movements which Whitton had given her. From this she ascertained that they would remain four days in Portland, outfitting for their trip into the wilds of the Columbia River basin; so, without an instant's hesitation, she called their hotel.

Ben Whitton answered. "This is Gloria speaking, Ben, but don't mention my name if Julie is in the room with you. I think you ought to know something, but I leave it to your own judgment as to whether you should or should not tell Julie. The day after he left with you, his wife checked out of her

hotel and went to Reno. Her address there is General Delivery. So I gather that she will remain there some time and will, in all probability, send the hotel here a more definite forwarding address after she has leased an apartment. Do you think she has gone up there to establish a residence, and then sue Julie for a divorce?"

"I do."

"Does Julie know anything about this?"

"If so, I am not aware of it."

"Is he cheerful?"

"REASONABLY so. Whatever the trouble is, I do not regard it, nor does our client, as anything extraordinary, anything that cannot be overcome. Is our man in town?"

She knew he was referring to Jacob Brander.

"I don't know, Ben."

"Better call up the hotel; and if he is still there, wire me and I'll take the matter up direct. Thanks. Good-by!"

An hour later Whitton received a telegram, reading as follows:

Brander registered at Palace yesterday. Still there. GLORIA.

This telegram Mr. Whitton carefully tore into little bits and dropped them in the wastebasket. At a desk in the corner Julie was writing a letter—to

his wife, Ben inferred. "Probably telling her he's been a brute and asking her to forgive him for being a man," he soliloquized. Then he went downstairs and at the news stand in the lobby purchased a copy of the West Coast Lumberman. He searched through the advertisements in this trade journal, and when he had found what he wanted he called upon an advertiser who had a local office. The sign on this man's door read:

DAVID DEVER
Timber Broker

Into David Dever's chair reserved for visitors Ben Whitton settled his big bulk. "You will, I trust, pardon me for not introducing myself," he began. "I have a reason for remaining incognito for the present, and hence desire to work through a broker. I saw your advertisement in a trade journal, and have called to enlist your services in getting together a very large area of timber land and conducting the negotiations for its purchase. The deal may not amount to anything, but, on the other hand, it may; and if it should, 5 per cent commission on quite a few millions of dollars is worth working for."

DAVID DEVER nodded, and waited for his visitor to elucidate.

"Know the Brander Timber Company, Mr. Dever?"

Dever smiled. "Who doesn't? That company has liquidated to a considerable extent during the past ten years, however, and is now a holding company rather than an operating company."

"Know anything about its holdings in the upper part of the Columbia River basin?"

Dever drew a huge township map down from a case of maps, and indicated the Brander Timber Company's holdings, which had been blocked off in red ink. "So far as I know," said Dever, "a very representative body of fir timber, with perhaps 15 per cent red cedar and 10 per cent hemlock and larch; the remainder is Douglas fir. I understand it has been on the market for years."

"Wire Jacob Brander and ask him what he wants for it. He is at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco today."

Dever called in his secretary and dictated the telegram. "Seller pays the commission, of course," he reminded Whitton.

The latter nodded. "Next line up the Hale-Robinson Company and the Banning people, who have large holdings in the same country. I'll be back in three days. Remember, speed is very necessary."

And Mr. Whitton disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared. At the public telephone booth in the lobby of his hotel he called up Gloria Justin.

"Engage an efficient private detective to shadow Jacob Brander," he ordered. "I've been trying to coördinate a few things which seem unrelated, but which may not be, after all. I have a great curiosity to know whether Brander boards a train for Portland this evening. Have the detective report to you by telephone at your home, and if he reports that Brander has boarded the train for Portland or Reno, let me know. If he heads south, pay off the 'dick' and forget it, but wire me the gist of the latter's report to you. Also have the same detective

agency wire its Reno representative to locate Mercedes and let us know what she's up to. I don't exactly know what I'm going to do to that man Brander, but of this much I'm certain: he'd better play his hand mighty carefully or it'll cost him a lot of money."

Ben's mind was working fast. Having given Gloria her instructions, he went to the writing-room and addressed a letter to Mercedes Grannis at the hotel she and Julie had occupied in San Francisco. "The hotel will forward it," he decided. "Mustn't let her know I know she's in Reno and suspect her reason for being there. Cat! She's going to sneak up on Julie's blind side if she can." He wrote:

My dear Mercedes:

I have a feeling that you and Julie had a very serious quarrel just before he left to come to Oregon with me. He is so depressed that I cannot help suspecting that you have threatened to sue him for a divorce.

As his oldest and dearest friend, I am, of course, profoundly interested in his professional success, because it affects my own. Julie is now on his first really big commission as a consulting electrical engineer, and it lies within your power to help him in this task or ruin him. If you should sue him now, if you should even threaten to and he should become convinced that you intended to make good on your threat, I feel that the shock would make it impossible for him to carry on with this very important mission he has undertaken.

You know I do not like you. I know you do not like me. But that is an unimportant detail. It would tickle me to death to see you divorce Julie—a little later; because I think that as a wife to a man of his temperament you have been a very complete washout. Therefore I make you this proposal.

He is writing you today, I think. If you can reasonably do so, answer his letter in a kindly and affectionate strain. It will be rather difficult to get mail in to us where we are going, but a letter a week will keep Julie cheered up and on his toes. If you should leave the city for any length of time (Julie thinks you will not, for reasons best known to himself), it

would worry him. He expects you to remain where he parked you. I imagine, however, that you may visit Los Angeles, where you have many more friends than in San Francisco. If you do, please address your letters to him to our office, and my secretary will forward them to him as soon as I can inform her of our post-office address, which is, at present, unknown to us. Do not, however, post letters to him from any place out of the city. Enclose them in a large envelope addressed to my secretary, Miss Gloria Justin, and she will mail them. Thus the letters will bear the San Francisco postmark.

If you have to wire him at any time, send your wire to Miss Justin and ask her to forward it for you. I will give her complete instructions.

If you do this for me, Julie will be enabled to complete his report here. He requires a head on this job; he must not have his mental clarity obscured by domestic worries.

Now, if you coöperate and keep him in a cheerful mood, I promise not to make the slightest move to block your plans if you decide, following his return, to sue him for a divorce. If, on the other hand, you refuse or neglect to coöperate with me, I will employ all of my considerable influence with your husband to induce him to fight the case to a finish; to enter a cross-complaint, naming a correspondent but requesting that the decree be denied, and that you be granted separate maintenance, which will be considerably less, in that case, than you would be awarded in alimony if you should secure the decree. And it will be impossible for you to get a decree if he fights the case, because he is absolutely the finest, most decent, most faithful and blameless man in the world; and you haven't got an iota of evidence upon which to base a divorce action.

In all probability my suspicions at this time are groundless, but I know very well that you and Julie are drifting apart, and that in the end a divorce is inevitable. He knows now that you were with Mr. Whoozis in the park that day, and I assure you I did not tell him. On the contrary, I have tried zealously to protect him from the receipt of any information

or gossip that would make him unhappy. I think you know I'll keep a promise, and I trust you will be guided accordingly.

Sincerely,
BEN F. WHITTON.

P. S. The F stands for Fido.

This letter Mr. Whitton sent south by air mail, and then, feeling very much satisfied with himself—inclined, indeed, to feel that intrigue was his natural *métier*—he ascended to the suite where Julie awaited him. From his bag he took a quart of very good Scotch and mixed two highballs.

"Skoal!" Ben said, and he and his friend drank the Swedish health.

Julie grinned a bit painfully. "Here's to the wide open spaces, old pal, where men are men."

Ben Whitton mailed his letter to Mercedes Grannis on Saturday afternoon. The hotel in San Francisco promptly readdressed it to her, and Mercedes received it on Monday afternoon.

HAD the terrible Whitton been present to see her as she perused it, he would have felt amply compensated for all the worry she had caused him. She was furious; but, since she was a total stranger in Reno, her fury remained bottled within her until she reached her apartment, when she relieved herself in tears.

"That odious Ben Whitton," she soliloquized. "He spoils everything. He knows his power—damn him! I'll simply have to do as he commands."

However, before committing herself irrevocably to Whitton's program, she found relief in discussing his letter fully with Jacob Brander, who, after the fashion of the love-struck, called her up on the long-distance telephone that night just before retiring, alleging the sweet excuse that he knew he couldn't sleep until he had wished her good night.

"I think you had better obey this stout fellow, Mercedes," he advised. "I'm inclined to regard him as a dangerous man to monkey with."

"As you say, dear."

"Nobody knows where you are, and nobody need know except Whitton's secretary, who will, of course, receive your letters addressed to Grannis and note the postmark. But she will not betray you. She's taking orders from Whitton, even if Grannis is one of her chiefs. So you're quite safe to continue where you are and establish your legal residence. It will be time enough to spring the bad news on Grannis when he returns from Oregon; and when you do you'll have Whitton's moral support."

"Yes, I think so too, Jacob. It would please him to see me out of Julie's life, and the sooner the better. I believe he'll keep his promises."

"He's really a very powerful ally, Mercedes—very powerful. We need him on our side, so see to it that you retain him."

"When am I going to see you?" Mercedes queried. "It's so lonely up here in a strange city where one doesn't know a soul."

"I have a hunch," the man replied, "that I'd better keep away from you, Mercedes."

"Well, you can see me once, can you not? What's to prevent it?"

He pondered. "Well, I'm going to Portland, Ore., tomorrow night. But I can go to Reno instead. I'll be there for breakfast, spend the (Continued on page 49)

Gloria pondered this information. General Delivery, Reno, Nevada! Why had Mercedes gone there?



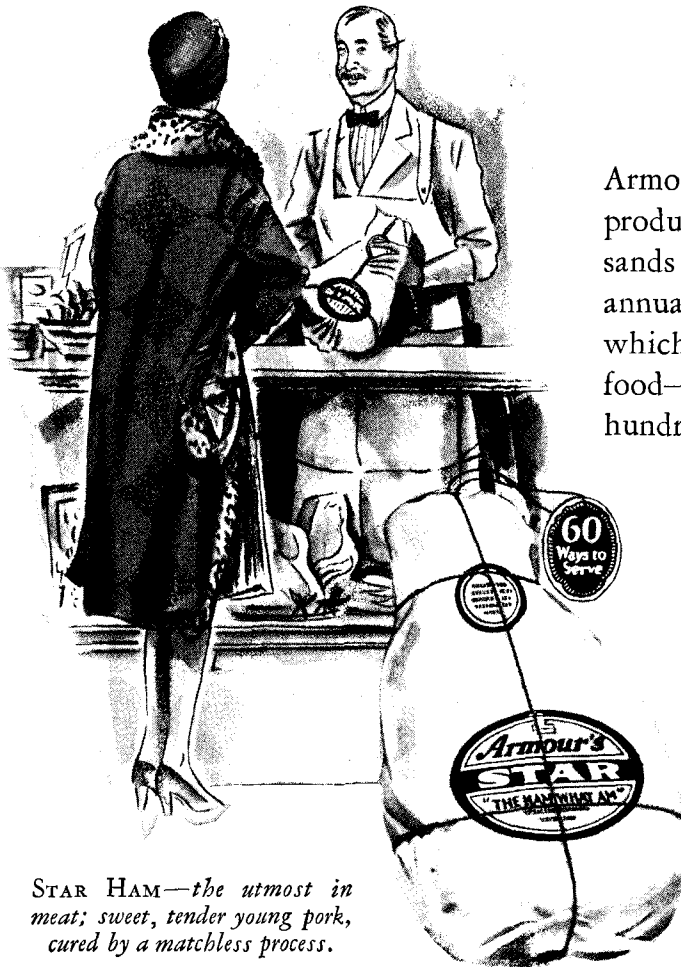
Armour

A Star Ham, to us, is something you are going to eat

... something you are going to eat. Delicious, tender ham that you can boil, fry or braise with confidence that it will turn out *just right*. Ham leftovers that make countless dishes surprise you with new zest and richness.

Meat is the most important item in the daily diet. Millions of homes look to thousands of retail meat dealers every day to supply this necessary food. These in turn look to Armour and Company as their source of supply—which never fails.

Back of this picture is another—a score of huge packing plants strategically placed to best serve consumers of meat and producers of live stock—500 branch houses bringing daily supplies close to daily markets—1500 refrigerator cars of freshly dressed meats leaving these packing plants for these 500 branch houses every day—60,000 employees upholding the



STAR HAM—the utmost in meat; sweet, tender young pork, cured by a matchless process.

Armour standard—"Armour on a food product is an assurance of quality"—thousands of farmers and ranchers producing annually fifteen million head of live stock which Armour and Company turn into food—and for which they pay the raisers hundreds of millions of dollars on delivery.

And back of this, another picture—the Armour Kitchen in Chicago—the point of contact between you and your home, the ranchers and farmers, the buyers, dressers and processors of meat. Here under the direction of domestic science experts is determined for Armour what you and your folks demand. From here is enforced every step in preparation that must be observed so that every Star Ham is a delight when it reaches your table.

For sixty years Armour and Company have been perfecting methods to safeguard the meat supply of the nation. Star Ham is but one of the quality products that has established Armour and Company's reputation among the world's leading provisioners. Armour and Company, Chicago.



Dept. 87, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

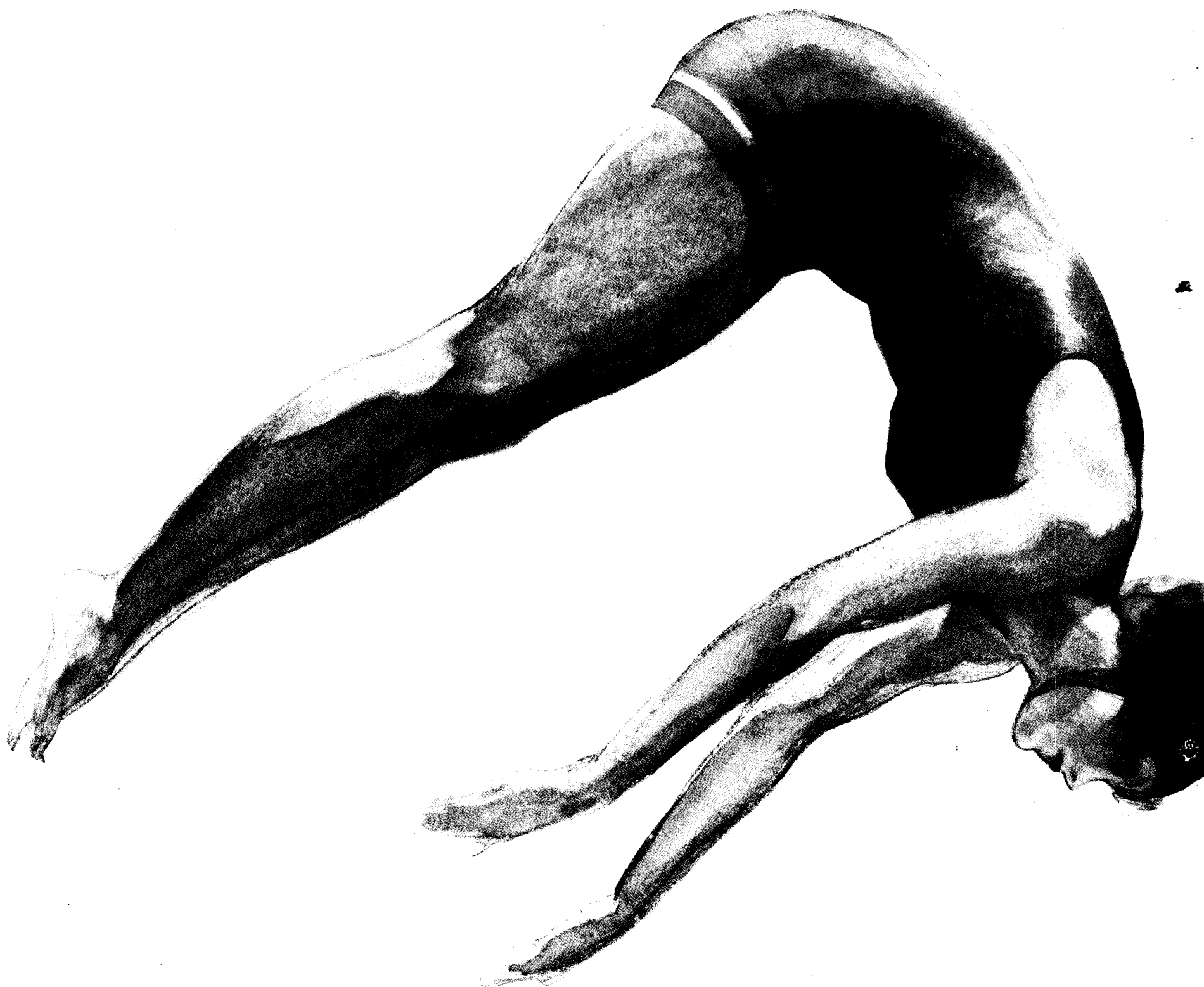
Please send me Free Recipe Book, "60 WAYS TO SERVE HAM."

Name _____

Address _____



The recipes for these delicious dishes—Star Ham au Gratin and Star Ham and Cloverbloom Eggs—are featured in "60 WAYS TO SERVE HAM"—an unusual recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen. Send the coupon for it.



Spalding.

STYLE NOTE

The trunks are cut shorter in a Spalding Swimming Suit. You never have to pull them up. They stay up—where you have always wanted them—on a level with the skirt.

© 1928, A. G. S. & B.

When you go to buy a swimming suit

*don't buy a cheap one , ,
don't buy a cheap one , ,
don't buy a cheap one , ,*

because the best , , a Spalding , , costs only \$5 or \$6

FEW things can make a mortal so self-conscious as a swimming suit that isn't quite right. And a cheap suit never is right. If it were, it couldn't be cheap.

For it does cost more money to make you a suit that is perfect in every detail—that doesn't sag or pucker at the armholes—that has no clumsy, lumpy seams to show—that won't grow baggy with frequent use—that won't curl up at the shoulder straps—

A suit that is beautifully tailored, and fashioned with custom care—that fits with true athletic snugness, yet gives you perfect freedom in the water—and is the smartest suit on the beach—

One that is made of the finest wool that can be put into a

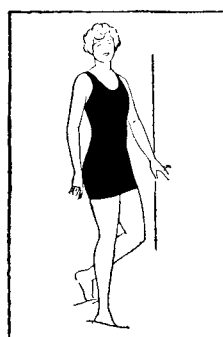


swimming suit—that is knit of double-ply yarn to give it double-strength—that always springs back into shape no matter how far you stretch it—that retains its liveliness, its color, its smartness, no matter how much you subject it to sun, sand, and water—

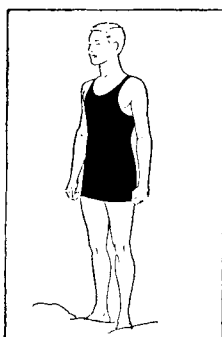
It does cost more to make you such a suit—but not a great deal more. Only a dollar or two. And you'll be eternally grateful that you spent it—that you got a genuine Spalding Swimming Suit.

So go to your nearest Spalding store or dealer. There is one in almost every town. And buy the Spalding Swimming Suit you like the best. If, however, you cannot locate your Spalding dealer, write direct to A. G. Spalding & Bros., 104 Nassau St., New York, for a free folder showing the 1928 models.

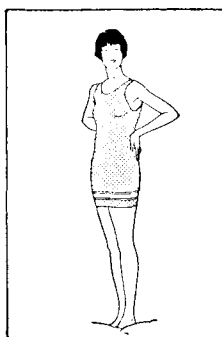
Swimming Suits



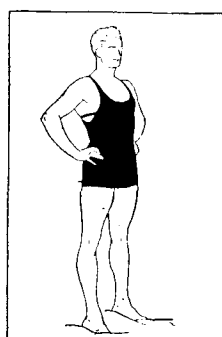
The SURF QUEEN
\$6



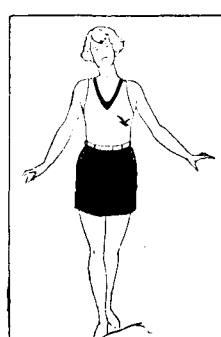
The SURF KING
\$6



The DEB
\$5



The SPEEDSTER
\$6



The PLAYBOY
\$9



The SOUTHAMPTON
\$7

H A V E A

C A M E L



“Personally, I smoke for pleasure”

When enjoyment is the first
consideration, the overwhelming choice is

CAMEL

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco
Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

A Mean Joke

A Short Short Story
By DON MARQUIS



Illustrated by
JEFF
TESTER

He was standing in a level place beside the creek bank, near the mill, looking about

"WHY is old Noah always stopping in his tracks like that, to take a look around him every hundred yards or so?" I asked old Noah's brother, Jack Williams.

"Old Noah, he's got a kind of a notion some of the boys is layin' to shoot him," said Jack, looking after his brother, with a faint smile.

"Shoot him?"

"Uh-huh. From in behind a tree or a rock or some place," said Jack. "Hit's a joke the boys has got onto old Noah, and in my opinion hit's a joke that has been carried too far in this heah settlement."

I was in the hill country of north-west Georgia, camping out with a friend who knew the natives well. Jack had come over to the camp to "set by for a spell," as he called it, and gossip.

"Old Noah, there," he said, "is like as not goin' to turn the tables onto the boys one of these heah days. He's

a dead shot with that theah old rifle of his'n, ef he kin get his eyes sot on anythin' to shoot at."

Old Noah was a fascinating figure to me. He must have been well over seventy, and he had a long, dirty, yellowish-white beard that had evidently never been trimmed in his life. He carried always a heavy, octagon-barreled muzzle-loading rifle such as Daniel Boone himself must have carried, and I had once seen him "bark" a squirrel with it. When you bark a squirrel you do not shoot the squirrel himself; you put a bullet just beneath the bark of the tree limb the squirrel is clinging to, right under the squirrel's heart; the bullet "explodes" the bark against his chest, so to speak, and he falls dead from the shock, without a mark on him. It takes extraordinarily good shooting.

"Why are the boys laying to shoot Noah?" I asked.

"They ain't really," said Jack. "Hit's a notion they give him some yeahs ago. That's the joke of hit."

He frowned, and took a chew of tobacco. He had some difficulty getting

into his story. Presently I realized it was a difficulty concerning liquor.

"About fifteen yeahs ago," began Jack, "some of the boys in the settlement heah went to jail foh quite a spell on a charge they had been makin' whisky."

He paused. I respected his silence. Pretty soon he resumed, "None of us hadn't made no whisky."

At the bottom of the slope on which we sat was an old-fashioned gristmill, turned by a considerable creek that came down out of the hills. And farther up the creek was a moonshine still.

Jack knew that I knew it was there, and only three days before had brought me a jug of liquor manufactured there. But never at any time would he admit that he had made liquor. He'd give it to you or sell it to you, if you were a friend; he'd tell about having been to jail on three separate occasions on charges of making it; he would even discuss processes of making it and methods of attempting to remove some of the cruder oils by running the liquor through charred logs—but he would always wind up by saying: "Of course, hit's a thing none of us around this heah settlement 'ever made."

"Of course not, Jack," was the proper answer always, and I gave it to him. Then we had a drink from the jug that he had brought me, from the still that he knew I knew was up the creek, and he proceeded:

"No, sir, none of we-uns ever made it around heah. But the United States Gov'ment convicted us, and after we had laid around jail quite a spell the word come to us that it was old Noah had went and info'med onto us.

"WELL, sir, we helt a caucus as to what was the right and fittin' thing to do when we got back to the settlement. The most nacheral thing to do was to shoot old Noah. The' wasn't no argyment I could make again' hit. I knowed hit was the right thing and the moral thing. Still and all, old Noah, he was my brother; and you don't

take no pleasure in thinkin' of yo' own kinsfolks bein' shot that-a-way.

"But hit was, most p'intedly, a case wheah hit wasn't my turn to speak. Ef hit had been anyone else exceptin' of my brother, I mought 'a' put in a word for Noah. But hit would 'a' looked like I was prejudice' in his favoh ef I had been the one to say he wasn't wo'th killin'. Hit was a mos' delicate p'int foh me to speak to, and I didn't speak. And the plain moral facks was, he had hit comin' to him.

"And then one of the boys—Bud Hightower, hit was—laughs of a sudden, and he says: 'Hell's pepper,' he says, 'old Noah, he ain't wo'th killin', and never was. S'pose we-all jus' keep him thinkin' we-all is goin' to shoot him!'

"Well, sir, they all laughed at that, and that's what's been done ever since. Fo' the last fifteen yeahs, sir, every six or eight weeks one of the boys shoots near to old Noah, out'n the bushes, or from behind a rock. It's a joke that everybody knows in this heah settlement but old Noah himself.

"And that's why he's always stoppin' and lookin' over his shoulder and swingin' that theah old gun of his'n this way or that—like he is now."

HE WAS standing in a level place beside the creek bank, near the mill, looking about him. As I gazed on the old man he took on, for me, a look of pathos for the first time. He must have died fifty—a hundred!—deaths, in the last fifteen years, on account of the primitive sense of humor of his neighbors.

"Hit's gettin' to be a kind of a mean joke, I opinionate," mused Jack. "The last fo' or five yeahs old Noah, he's done aged considerable. Hit's my opinion hit's been carried too far. I'm lookin' to see him shoot himself one of these heah days, just fo' to get hit ovah with."

As he spoke there was the report of a gun from farther up the hill, twenty yards from where Jack and I were sitting, and a bullet tore up the sod five feet beyond old Noah.

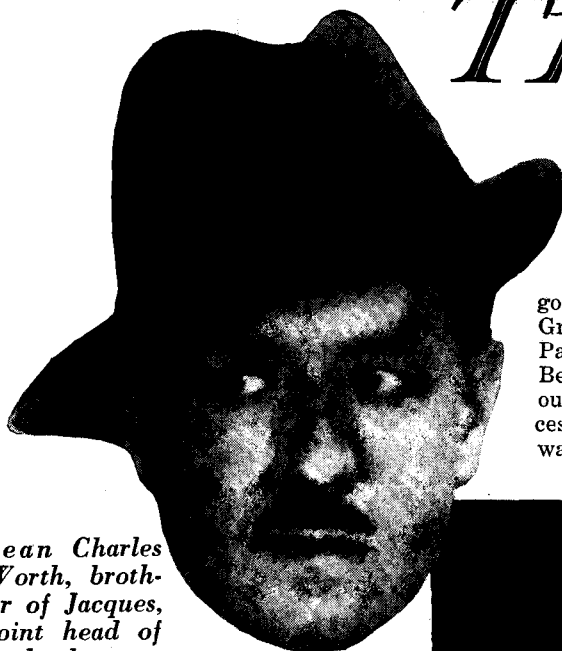
"Bud Hightower's gun, by the sound of her," commented Jack.

Just then old Noah lifted his ancient rifle and fired. And with a cry Bud Hightower pitched forward from a clump of bushes and lay still.

"I reckoned I'd git him sooner or later, Jack," squeaked old Noah excitedly, running up the slope toward us. "He's been poppin' away at me fo' fifteen yeahs!"

Not then, nor at any previous time, it appeared, had old Noah taken the matter as the pleasantry it was intended for.

The Bride Wore a —



Jean Charles Worth, brother of Jacques, joint head of the house

By ROSE C. FELD

JACQUES WORTH has specialized in dressing famous and near-famous brides. Here he whispers inside information to every little bride-to-be. And, marvelous to relate, has a word to say about what the well-blessed bridegroom should wear. . . .

IF THERE is one time in a girl's life when simplicity is her most precious possession, it is on her wedding day. And she shows her simplicity in her wedding gown. Chastity, virginity, sweetness—all these should be expressed in its lines."

Jacques Worth, of the house of Worth, said this to me in his office in Paris. Jacques Worth should know—for not only is his one of the most exclusive and best-known houses of the city of elegant couturiers, but it is in the design of wedding gowns in particular that he ranks foremost.

On his desk he has what he calls his "Brides' Book." It is a picture album of the brides he has dressed. It contains also the pictures of some of the brides' attendants.

While Worth was busy with somebody in an antechamber, I amused myself by turning the pages of the book. It was like turning the pages of the Almanach de Gotha, the blue book of royalty and official-

Olga of Greece becomes Princess Paul of Serbia in a Worth gown

dom. Anne of France, daughter of the Duke of Guise, Pretender to the French throne, who married the Duke of Apulia, was there in her wedding gown. So was Princess Olga of Greece, who became Princess Paul of Serbia. The Queen of Belgium, with the King, looked out from another page. Princess Antoine Bibesco, who was formerly Elizabeth As-

quith, also was there. And there were besides many French titled young women in bridal attire, among them Princess Henri de Faucigny Lucinge and the Princess Sixte de Bourbon-Parme. England and America were also represented. Lady Monica Wilson, one of the smartest women of England's younger set, was there. And on another page Muriel Vanderbilt.

M. Worth had been called away to pass his eye over a gown made for Madame Claudel, wife of the French ambassador to the United States. He came back, pleased with what he had seen.

"In designing the wedding dress," he continued, elaborating his opening statement, "it should never be forgotten that it is the last gown of virginity. It is the gown that marks the girl's departure from the family hearth to take her place at her own hearth. It is a sacred gown; it is a gown of ritual. It should contain, in its line, its quality, its contour, all the beauty of girlhood standing on the verge of womanhood.

"To achieve this, to meet individual needs and taste, is an art. A wedding gown need not be, should not be, a uniform. Just as each young woman who comes here is different from every other, so should her wedding gown be. There is no law as to its cut and line. It may be a court dress, it may be a period dress, it may be a modern dress. Nor is there any law governing the material."

He turned the pages of the book before him.

"Princess Anne of France had her dress made in cream satin. She wore the family veil of lace. Princess Henri de Faucigny Lucinge had a dress of white satin brocade. Her veil, also made of old family lace, was draped around her chin, lending her face softness and charm. Princess Paul de Serbie wore a gown of silver lamé. Her veil was tulle, trimmed with old Alençon. Lady Monica Wilson wore a gown of white satin. Her veil was simple tulle with no lace at all. Muriel Vanderbilt had her gown made of white mousseline de soie, embroidered in pearls. The veil was made of heavy, old, family lace.

"You see, there are no rules. Each dress is made to fit the needs and desires of the individual. Right now heavy white

satin seems to be the favorite among brides.

"Length, softness and grace of line are the things to be achieved. The train and the veil, properly hung and draped, contribute much to the proper effect. The train may be hung from the shoulder or from the waist. I like the shoulder effect very much, especially when the wedding is in a church. There is nothing more beautiful than the long line of the train, hanging from the shoulders and trailing gracefully behind, when the bride walks up the altar steps.

Charm in Simplicity

THE draping and arrangement of the veil compose an art in itself. A woman veiled has much more charm, mystery and allure than a woman unveiled. On her wedding day, certainly, a girl should have the charm and mystery of the unknown. For that reason I usually recommend that the veil should be so draped over the head that it falls over the face, down to the upper lip. After the ceremony it can be gracefully thrown back to expose the face of the bride. She is the young girl no longer; she is the wife.

"Most of the brides dressed by us wear a headdress of some sort, a diadem or a bandeau. Sometimes it is made of pearls, sometimes of artificial orange blossoms. Lady Monica Wilson wore a pearl bandeau, I believe, and, if I am not mistaken, so did Anne of France. Muriel Vanderbilt wore a headdress of orange blossoms, and Princess Paul de Serbie wore a simple pearl headdress, with orange blossoms hanging down at one side.

"There is reason as well as beauty in the wearing of a headdress of some sort. Or, rather, its beauty is its reason. There are very few women who have good heads and foreheads. The bandeau or diadem covers the natural line of the head or forehead, besides adding height and dignity to the bride. It also makes the draping of the veil more effective. It is easier to build an effect around a headdress.

"What the wedding veil should be made of depends on the individual taste of the wearer. It depends also on the pocketbook of the person paying the bill.

But, bear this in mind, what the wedding veil is made of does not, need not, influence the beauty of the bridal dress. By this I mean that a simple tulle veil without a bit of lace is often more effective and more beautiful than a veil heavily embroidered in silver.

"Lady Monica Wilson, for instance, whose family certainly had the means to order what they wished, wore a veil of simple tulle.

Simplicity is Difficult

ONE of the most charming brides I have ever dressed was a young woman of a very distinguished French family, Mlle. Vaudoyer. Her gown was of white satin, no lace, no embroidery. It resembled a great deal the robe of a young novice ready to take her final vows of the church. The neck was high, softly draped under the chin; the sleeves were long and fairly tight; the skirt came down to the ankles; the veil was made of tulle, nothing else, and was draped around the head to give, a little, the effect of sacred pictures. It was very lovely, primarily because of its simplicity, and yet what an enormous amount of work (Continued on page 47)





COLLEEN MOORE Says:

“Carrying a spare Fisk seems ridiculous when you have Fisks all around—but Fisks are so good-looking that a spare adds to the beauty of a car.”

THE charming First National Star of Stars uses two high powered cars to keep her many engagements on scheduled time. She uses Fisk Tires all around with spares in the fender wells.

Many of the most prominent figures in the stage and screen world use Fisk Tires. In their busy lives there is no room for delay or inconvenience. They get carefree service from.....

Copyright, 1928, The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

FISK



TIRES

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

By
MILTON C. WORK
Author of
Auction Bridge Complete

North

♠ Q-10-2
♥ 9-2
♦ A-J-9-3-2
♣ K-7-3

East

♠ 8-6-4
♥ J-10-4
♦ K-8-4
♣ Q-10-8-4

West

♠ A-9-3
♥ Q-8-7-6-5
♦ 7-5
♣ J-6-5

South

♠ K-J-7-5
♥ A-K-3
♦ Q-10-6
♣ A-9-2

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

South Opened with a No Trump, and West, North and East passed. It is obvious that these declarations are the only ones which experts would consider; but the inexperienced might be in doubt as to whether West should risk a bid of two Hearts "to get South out of the No Trump" or, with West passing, whether North should bid two Diamonds "to show his suit." I will refer briefly to both these questions.

A player sitting over an initial No Trump at a love score should not bid a suit unless holding a hand within two tricks of game; and should not double informatively unless holding at least five high cards that probably will take tricks.

With no sound authority endorsing it, an idea has spread all over the country that a dealer's No Trump is informative and must be taken out by his partner if Second Hand passes.

Dealer's No Trump should not be taken out at a love score unless Third Hand has one of five types of holding:

- A two-suiter.
- A five-card or longer Major with strength.
- A seven-card or longer Major with weakness.
- A five-card or longer Minor (better bid when longer) without a trick in hand.
- A six-card or longer Minor with unusual strength; bid three.

The Play

WEST leads the Six of Hearts, and Declarer can see no reason for ducking the first trick. If West led a four-card suit, game is easy for Declarer (all he could lose would be one Spade, one Diamond and two Hearts), but it probably is a five-card suit; if so, East has three Hearts and it is advisable for South to keep command until the third round.

Declarer, looking over the field of action, can see that he is sure to take two Heart tricks, two Club tricks and four or five Diamond tricks, depending upon the location of the adverse King of Diamonds. He could take three Spade tricks, but he must lose to the Ace of Spades, and he may lose to the King of Diamonds. After he loses his first trick, the adversaries will establish their Hearts; and should he lose a second trick before making game, they will save game if that second trick be won by West, if the original lead has been from at least five Hearts.

The thoughtless—but perhaps natural—play for South would be to try the Diamond finesse after winning the first trick; leading the Queen from the

Closed Hand and playing small from Dummy.

Whether the finesse were successful or not, this would establish Declarer's longest suit; but if the King of Diamonds be held by East, the finesse will lose and East will continue the Hearts. South, after ducking the second round of Hearts and winning the third, could take only a total of eight tricks (one short of game) without a Spade, so a Spade would have to be led, and, if the Ace of Spades be in the West hand (where it is in this case), the adversaries would save game with West's remaining two long Hearts. Thus it is demonstrated that the finesse at trick 2 will not make game if the King of Diamonds be held by East and the Ace of Spades by West.

But with the great strength of his combined hands, Declarer holds the key to the situation and can make game even if "everything goes dead wrong;" the key play is a Spade lead to trick 2. If West wins that trick with the Ace of Spades, her reentry to make her Hearts is gone; if she play small, Declarer will win one Spade trick and have enough for game even if the Diamond finesse should fail.

Should Dummy (North) win the first Spade trick, Declarer would put the Closed Hand in with a Club for the Diamond finesse, which then could be taken with perfect safety. If it lost, Declarer would make two Hearts, four Diamonds, two Clubs and one Spade; if it won, a Small Slam. Should West or East play the Ace on the first Spade trick, game will be easy for Declarer if he be careful to hold up his second Heart stopper until the third round of that suit. Then, without an entry in the West hand or a Heart in the East hand, West's long Hearts are "sewed up" and the loss of the Diamond finesse would mean no more than the loss of that one trick.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North		South	
S. J-10-8-4-2	D. J-9-7-6-4	S. A-7	D. K-3-2
H. 4	C. A-4	H. A-5	C. K-9-8-6-3-2
West		East	
S. Q-9	S. K-6-5-3	S. K-6-5-3	S. K-6-5-3
H. K-Q-9-8	H. J-10-7-6-3-2	H. J-10-7-6-3-2	H. J-10-7-6-3-2
D. A-Q-10-8	D. 5	D. A-Q-10-8	D. 5
C. Q-J-10	C. 7-5	C. Q-J-10	C. 7-5

The Flycatcher

Continued from page 15

champion and he got the decision."

That fat man smiled, thinking wistfully of the old, great days when he had made them all miss and miss; when he had made monkeys of them all; when he had weighed a hundred and twenty pounds and made them all flounder—even the grave, deadly Gans.

"Now," he said to the boy, "I get two dollars for drawing customers into a saloon—catching flies."

"The paper told about that too," the boy said. "It told about how you were so quick you could catch flies on the wing. And I tried it, and after a while I could do it too."

"You're the only one I ever saw that could," the fat man said. "I've been doing it for thirty years, and you're the only one I ever saw that could do it besides me."

HE LOOKED at the boy thoughtfully. He hesitated. He had dreamed many times of finding a boy like that and teaching him to box—of living again the old, great days.

"Ever do any fighting?" he asked.

"Some," the boy said.

"Al," the fat man said, "you don't know what it means. You don't know how much you got to learn. You don't know how monotonous it is—training and learning. You're just a kid."

"I'm twenty years old," the boy said, "and I've got to have five thousand dollars cash to get that farm and—that's all there is to it."

"Why a farm?" the fat man asked.

"What do you want with a farm?"

"I'm a farmer," the boy answered. "And that farm has always been in my family."

The fat man smiled. "You're sure there isn't a girl in it?"

"What if there is?" the boy asked.

The fat man shook his head. "Fighting and women don't mix," he said.

The boy shook his head impatiently. "I'm going to marry this girl and be a farmer, but I got to have five thousand dollars first."

The fat man paid the check and gave the waiter a quarter, which left him with a nickel to jingle against two pennies in his pocket.

"I've got to go back to the saloon now," he said. "and catch some more flies. But you're on. You're on and we'll go fifty-fifty. I've got a room in a basement down the street. Half of it is yours. It doesn't cost me anything. I did a woman a favor once, and now she gives me a room."

That was the way the fat man found the boy who made himself known the following winter to astonished fight reporters and to astonished preliminary boys as Farmer Joe Hawley.

Joe could box. The reporters loved to see him work, and the preliminary boys hated him because they could not hit him. The crowds at places like the Pioneer Athletic Club razed him because he did not hit harder. But he got one decision after another. What else could a referee give a boy who left-jabbed some hooker silly and never gave him a chance to land one solid punch?

Smiling Billy Smith walked the streets of New York with a new swing. He had lost twenty pounds of his superfluous fat in teaching the boy to box and ten years off his age. His smile was still genial, but it was no longer wistful. He had ceased to look back to the old, great days. He was looking forward to the new, great days when Farmer Joe would give the champion a boxing lesson and the fight reporters would say that there never had been such a boxer in the world—except Smiling Billy Smith.

Smiling Billy had only one worry: He had to hold the boy down. He had to tell him after every round to stay away and use that straight left and never take a solid punch and never try for a knockout. The boy was too eager and he didn't know that he couldn't take it, and he didn't know that he couldn't hit. They had their first disagreement about a match with Sailor Rourke.

Smiling Billy thought it was too soon. "You need another year, Al," he explained gently. "The Sailor is a tough one. I'm not sure he couldn't take the champion right now."

The boy shook his head impatiently. "It means seven or eight thousand dollars," he said. "And with my share of that and what I got now I can buy that farm."

In the end Smiling Billy gave in, and they made the match for Labor Day at the ball park.

"You need a two weeks' rest," Smiling Billy said when the papers were all signed.

"I'm going up home for that two weeks—you want to come along?"

The fat man shook his head, but he smiled. "All right," he said. "You go see that farm and that girl and then you come back here and work as you never worked before."

While the boy was gone Smiling Billy collected sparring partners. He got two of the fastest featherweights he could find. Speed was what his boy had. Smiling Billy didn't intend he should rough it with the Sailor. His boy would have to win on points. He would have to win by going that fifteen rounds so fast that the Sailor would never once get a real crack at him.

Smiling Billy got Benny Glantz and a colored boy who was almost as clever as they come, and when the boy came back from upstate they went over to Freddie Welsh's farm in Jersey and worked. Every day the boy boxed six rounds with Benny Glantz and the colored boy. Every day Smiling Billy watched his lightweight beat those two featherweights to the punch; every day he pleaded with them to go faster.

A week before the day of the fight Smiling Billy was almost satisfied. He didn't know he was worried until he lost his temper with the boy about the girl. Three days before the fight the girl came down from upstate. The boy insisted on taking her out to lunch. Smiling Billy almost locked the boy up in his quarters. That is what they would have done in the old days. But he thought better of it. Maybe the kid would think less about the girl if he took her out to lunch than if he couldn't see her. So, reluctantly, he agreed.

The next day the boy announced he was going out to lunch with the girl again.

"No, Al," he said to the boy. "Once is enough. You got to be thinking about this fight."

"I'm sorry, Bill," the boy said, "but she's never been in New York before, and she can only stay a few days, and I've got to show her around."

"If you go out to lunch with that girl before the fight, I won't be in your corner," the fat man said. "You can take it or leave it."

"And if I don't go out with her I won't be in my corner either," the boy said defiantly.

THE boy went to lunch with the girl. He went that day, and he went the next. He didn't get back from lunch until a quarter to three, and he had just time to get down to the weighing in. Smiling Billy was sick about it.

"Come out of it," the boy said when they had got into a taxicab afterward. "I made the weight, didn't I?"

"You made the weight," the fat man admitted.

"Are you still worrying about that girl?" the boy demanded.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Smiling Billy asked.

"What difference does it make?" the boy countered.

Smiling Billy did not answer. He did not know what difference it made. He only had a foreboding about it. He only knew it wasn't the thing to do.

He felt a little better after the first two rounds of the fight. The boy was doing exactly what he had been told to do. He was left-jabbing the Sailor silly. The Sailor would come charging in, both

hands going, willing to take two punches if he could only deliver one. The boy's left would shoot out and snap his head back. The Sailor would pause and shake his head and then, lowering it, he would charge again. And again the boy's left would shoot out—shoot out with the same incredible swiftness of movement with which he would catch a fly on the wing—and snap the Sailor's head back. The Sailor, maddened, would charge like a wild animal, carrying the boy across the ring and swinging with both hands; and the boy would coolly duck and block, taking the blows on his shoulders or on his elbows, when he could not let them go by.

Smiling Billy worked expertly in his corner between the rounds, making the boy relax completely on the stool, making him fill his lungs with air, soothing him, praising him.

IT WENT on that way for three rounds, four rounds, five rounds—until the Sailor's face was a crimson splash and the crowd yelled for him to kill the boy.

"You've got him," Smiling Billy crooned in the boy's ear between rounds. "You've got him. He can't hit you. Stay away from him until his knees begin to wobble. Stay away from him and you get the decision. Stay away, Al. Stay away."

And the boy would go in, and put that flashing left in the Sailor's face, until, carried across the ring by a wild rush, carried across until his back touched the ropes, he would follow the straight lefts with a cross counter to the Sailor's jaw. After the tenth round the Sailor slowed appreciably. He began to clinch. He would clinch and rough the boy, rubbing his heavy unshaven chin in the boy's eyes, pushing his nose up in the break-away, and talking.

Smiling Billy could hear some of the things the Sailor growled in the boy's ear. Quite unpleasant things. He began to razz the boy about the girl. He was trying to get the boy angry. He felt, or his handlers had told him, that his only chance was to get the boy's goat: to get him so mad that he would stand and slug toe to toe instead of boxing.

After the twelfth round the boy was tense. "You aren't letting him get your goat, are you, Al?" Smiling Billy asked.

The boy nodded. He muttered an oath. Smiling Billy soothed him as if he had been a child. "Don't mind what he says, Al. He's only talking because he can't hit you. Don't let him talk you into letting him hit you. Stay away, Al. Stay away and kill him afterward if you feel that way. Stay away and kill him when you've beaten him."

After the fourteenth round the boy was crazy to go in and knock the Sailor out. "Stay away, Al," Smiling Billy repeated. "Stay away. Stay away for one more round. Stay away and he's yours."

The boy went in for the last round and stayed away. Smiling Billy could see the way the boy felt. He could see the boy wince when the Sailor snarled something in his ear about the girl. But the boy stayed away. And as the bell rang the referee grabbed the boy's arm and held it up to announce to the crowd that he was the winner. The crowd booed, unable, as always, to see a rushing, swinging hooker beaten by a boxer. Smiling Billy started across the ring with a bathrobe in his hands. He tripped over the bathrobe and looked down to get it out of the way of his feet, and as he tripped he heard the Sailor roar, "You cream-puff puncher, I'll show you."

The Sailor caught the boy with his hands down. He caught the boy on the jaw with a right hook and sent him crashing down. Smiling Billy turned to pick the boy up. But the boy was already scrambling to his feet. He scrambled to his feet and rushed the Sailor as the Sailor had rushed him. Smiling Billy saw the Sailor's right cocked and opened his mouth to yell, "Look out." The boy's straight left flashed out, and as the Sailor ducked he ducked into a crashing right that sent him down and out.

The next instant Smiling Billy had the boy in his bathrobe. "Al," he said, "if I'd known you could hit like that I'd

have let you take him—I'd have let you take him."

The next day the boxing commission disqualified the Sailor and the boy—set them down for six months. Smiling Billy went into the boy's room at the hotel. The boy was busy dressing.

"Al," he said, "you can't fight again for six months. You shouldn't have let him get your goat. You shouldn't have lost your head."

"Billy," the boy said. "I don't give a whoop about being set down. I'm through with this game. I'm through fighting. I'm going to get married and go back upstate and buy that farm."

"Al," Smiling Billy said, "you don't know—you don't know."

"I don't know what?" the boy snapped.

"You could take the champion with that punch. With a punch like that you could take anybody. You don't know it, but the Sailor was out for eleven minutes after you hit him."

The boy shook his head.

"I'm going to get married and go upstate and buy that farm," the boy said. "And if you want to come along, we'll be glad to have you. Come on with us, Billy."

"You really mean it?" Smiling Billy asked. "Do you really mean you're through?"

The boy turned and smiled at him.

"I really mean it," he said, and Smiling Billy knew that he did mean it.

"But, Al," he protested, "you've got a punch, and you can take it. I didn't know you had a punch. I never had a punch, so I thought you didn't. But you have. The Sailor was out for eleven minutes."

"Billy," the boy said, "I'm through. I'm through with the game. But I'm for you. I'm going out to lunch with the girl. Come on and meet her. Come on and see us get married and go upstate with us and settle down."

Smiling Billy went out and had lunch with the girl and the boy, and he knew the boy meant what he had said. But Smiling Billy wouldn't go upstate. He saw them off on the train. He saw them off at the Grand Central, and then he walked slowly west in Forty-second Street.

It was a hot September afternoon. He stopped several times and pushed back the brand-new straw hat he wore and mopped his face and neck with a silk handkerchief.

At the corner of Seventh Avenue the newsdealer spoke to him with a certain deference. On the other side of the street a tall policeman nodded and said "Hello, Billy," with that same air of deference—the deference that the nicer sort of young people pay to the once great.

Beyond Ninth Avenue the fat man turned through a pair of swinging doors. The place was cool and empty, as saloons often were in those days, toward five o'clock of a warm afternoon, and only one bartender was on duty.

"Hello, Al," Smiling Billy said.

"Hello, Billy," the bartender said. Without waiting for an order he drew a glass of dark beer, scraped the foam off the top, and set it on the bar.

A FLY swooped past Smiling Billy's face. He wondered if he could still do it. He hadn't caught a fly for more than a year. He hadn't thought of catching flies. But now he waited, watching. He waited until a fly came swooping down the bar, and then he tried. With an incredibly quick movement he reached out and caught the fly between his thumb and finger.

"Al," he said to the bartender, "I can still do it." He held up the fly. "I ain't what I once was, but I got something left."

"Yes," the bartender agreed, "you got something left."

"Al," Smiling Billy said, "Al, do you suppose the boss would give me my old job back?"

"Sure," the bartender said. "Sure." The fat man smiled and put one foot on the brass rail and leaned one elbow comfortably on the bar. He sipped his beer sadly, remembering the high estate from which he had fallen. But the bartender set out a couple of glasses and went forward to the window with the feather duster and dislodged the flies that had congregated there.

The lather's the thing—

MENNEN lather won't sharpen a dull razor, but it will soften the toughest, horniest beard that grows. And that's the most important part to any shave. For unless your beard is thoroughly and actually softened, the keenest razor is up against a stiff handicap. When the razor edge runs up against a partially soft beard it does one of two things. It either hurdles the hairs or hooks part way in, yanking and tugging painfully at the hair roots and nerves.

When your razor slides into Mennen lather it does just one thing. It shaves the beard off square, smooth and close at the skin surface without pulling or scraping. It's *dermutation* that does it—that special property in Mennen lather which completely softens the horny stiffening in every hair, while relaxing and smoothing out the tiny skin mounds at the base of the hair. No more nicking or scraping or rawness. No caustic to burn. No slapped, tight-drawn feeling when you're through. It takes only the addition of water—hard or soft, hot or cold—to put *dermutation* to work in the rich, heavy, moist bank of lather that rolls up under your brush without messy finger rubbing. What a difference *dermutation* makes! Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather cleanse and tone up the face, leaving it smooth and fit for hours to come. 50c a tube.

Also made Mentholized

There's a reviving coolness in a dash of menthol in your lather that's refreshing and luxurious. For those who revel in its brisk, tonic feel we now make Mennen Shaving Cream with and without menthol. To get the mentholized, ask your dealer for the Mennen tube with the red ball. Either tube—50c.



There's only one Mennen Talcum for Men!

It was the first Talcum for Men, made neutral tinted not to show. It's the only one they'll have, too. Tones down that after-shave glitter. 25c a tin. In stick form—50c.



The Lesser Half

A VICE-PRESIDENTIAL candidate is part of the sand with which the proverbial party ostrich covers its head at convention time.

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

to take Judge Kenyon. They gave him General Dawes, and Mr. Coolidge never forgave Dawes for being thrust upon him.

There is no more persistent delusion than that a party can compensate for the weakness of its candidate for President by naming exactly the opposite kind of man for Vice President.

In the last seventy-five years nobody has ever been elected President because of the strength which his associate on the ticket gave him, and no one has ever been defeated for President because of the weakness of his political partner.

Well, how about the Vice-Presidential candidate's ability to carry his own state and thus add electoral votes to his ticket? Nil too. One cannot conceive of an election so close that the friends of the Vice-Presidential candidate hailing from one state will swing that decisive state into line.

As a matter of fact, even candidates for President do not carry their own states unless those states are normally carried by their own party. John W. Davis did not carry New York or West Virginia, whichever state he came from. Governor Cox did not carry Ohio. Woodrow Wilson did not carry New Jersey in 1916 and carried it in 1912 only because the Republicans were split.

So there is a lot of hokum about the geographical considerations to which party managers pay so much attention.

Wasted Mental Horsepower

THE Vice-Presidential humor was exemplified at both the Republican and Democratic National Conventions of 1924. At New York John W. Davis was nominated by 103 arduous ballots. A mate had to be got in a hurry. Senator Thomas J. Walsh wouldn't run. Governor Silzer of New Jersey was practically selected when someone said, "My Gosh, you may say that this man Davis comes from West Virginia, but everyone knows he comes from New York. You can't nominate for Vice President a man who comes from just across the Hudson River!"

Someone suggested Charley Bryan! Mr. Davis was Morgan's lawyer, and Charley Bryan's big brother, Bill, had said a lot of unkind things about Morgan. So it was Charley Bryan, making with Davis the most absurd ticket ever offered—a ticket doomed anyway.

The Republicans missed a similar absurdity only by the narrowest margin. Mr. Coolidge wanted a radical on the ticket with him. He preferred Senator Borah, but failing Borah he was willing

Vice-Presidential nominations was that which ultimately put the somber Mr. Coolidge in the White House. The Republicans in Chicago were all set to nominate Senator Lenroot as Mr. Harding's running mate, when an egoist from Oregon shouted, "Coolidge!"

All the delegates earlier had received a copy of the book, "Have Faith in Massachusetts." So the word "Coolidge" set a whole current of prayer-meeting associations going in their minds. It is the only time on record that a title of a book ever made a President.

The Democratic candidate for President will be practically already chosen when the Houston convention meets, so the choice of a Vice President to run with Governor Smith will receive a good deal of attention.

There are doubtful sections of the country and two theories about the opinion as to prohibition that the candidate for Vice President should hold. One area for whose support the Democrats should bid is the doubtful states, especially Kentucky and Tennessee, and the other is the corn belt.

Then one notion is that, Governor Smith being a Wet, his running mate should be a Dry. The other is that the enthusiasm of the Wets for Governor Smith will be chilled unless a Wet is also nominated for second place on the ticket. The election of a wet President will not make any practical difference, since the President cannot change and must enforce the dry law.

Whether a Dry, aspiring to preside over the Senate, likes his toddy and a Wet drinks nothing stronger than ice-cream soda is of no practical importance, nevertheless it consumes vast amounts of mental horsepower.

There are two leading candidates for the second place on the Democratic ticket, Representative Cordell Hull, a Dry from the doubtful border state of Tennessee, and ex-Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock, a Wet from the doubtful corn-belt state of Nebraska. One would no doubt make vast numbers forget that Al Smith was a Wet who couldn't do anything about it. And the other would make an equal number forget that Al Smith is an Eastern city man who never saw a plow.

A real solution of this problem would be to have at least six candidates for Vice President on each ticket, so that every section and every shade of opinion might be conciliated.

The Law Beaters

Continued from page 6

and slipped the silencer into my pocket. I put the gun in his right hand. Yes, I made sure he was right-handed. Then I went out, letting the door lock itself behind me. But before I went I opened his bathroom window about six inches.

"What for?"

"I'm coming to that. I told you I always worked things out in advance—and this was one job that had to be perfect. No mistakes. I walked out of the building. I was absolutely calm and clear-headed. I went to a store on Broadway and bought something and then came back to my house and dropped in on the manager, whom I knew, a decent old Scotsman who thought I was a Wall Street man. I chatted with him a bit and then asked him how he'd like to play a little bridge in my place that evening. I knew he was a bug about the game. He jumped at the chance and said he'd get two other players.

IN THAT building lived two doctors, the Andersons, father and son, well-known eye specialists, and Black, the manager, brought them along to my apartment, and we played bridge for half an hour or so. Then, while I was dummy, I stepped into my bathroom and took from my pocket the firecracker I had bought, lit its long fuse, and tossed it through Vogel's bathroom window, which was across a narrow areaway, not four feet from mine.

"I was back at the table, dealing the cards, when the cracker exploded. We all jumped when we heard it. 'Sounds like a shot next door,' one of the Andersons said. 'We'd better investigate,' Black said.

"So Black and the rest of us went to Vogel's apartment and pounded on the door, and, getting no answer, Black opened it with his master key. There lay the detective, still warm, and the smell of powder from the cracker filled the room. Naturally, the doctors and Black bent over the dead man, so no attention was paid to what I did, which was to slip into the bathroom, grab up what was left of the cracker and stuff it into my pocket. When I came back the Andersons were solemnly pronouncing it a case of suicide. I had three very substantial citizens who could swear that when the shot was fired I was innocently playing bridge with them at a quarter of a cent a point—

"Neat!" ejaculated Repton. "Damn neat!"

"It wasn't bad for a beginner, I thought," said Shreve.

"Lord," said Repton. "It's 'way after midnight. I wish I could get to sleep. But I can't."

"Well, you've got a story," Shreve suggested. "You might as well come across with it. I did, you know."

Repton stared at the floor a while in brooding silence.

"Yes, I've got a story," he said. "Why shouldn't I tell it? It's better than sitting here—doing nothing."

"That's true," said Shreve. "Here's the bottle. Well?"

"I had to eliminate a man too," Repton said. "I had no more compunction about doing it than I would have about crushing a tarantula. I hated him. I think he was born into the world for no other reason than to devil me. We started out by being partners, Andrew Erskine and I. Not that I ever really liked him. But he was as clever as sin. I trusted him about half an inch, but I woke up one day to find that even that was too much. We'd been promoting a little company together, with the general idea of skimming the cream and leaving the stockholders with nothing but some thin blue water.

"In the middle of it, I had to go to Albany on some other business, and when I got back home I found that Erskine had played me as filthy a trick as ever one white man played on another. He'd walked off with the spoils and left me holding the bag, and the worst part of it was that I couldn't do a thing about it. He was a smooth

worker. He fixed it so he came out of it with cash and credit, and I was left with a black eye and empty pockets.

"I swore I'd get Erskine some day. I tried. But he kept getting richer and fatter and smugger, and every time I had a tilt with him he sneaked over a punch below the belt and left me flat on the mat. While we're being confidential, I might as well admit that I was afraid of Erskine, which, after all, is the chief reason why anybody hates anybody. Anyway, I hated Andrew Erskine and felt I had good and sufficient reason for hating him. But everyone in Blansford knew we were bitter enemies. So it was a sure thing that if anything violent happened to Erskine, fingers would point straight at me. All I could do was to let my hate fester inside me.

"I did pretty well at that—in spite of Erskine. I made big money—and spent it fast. What I was after was one big killing that would put me on Easy Street the rest of my days. At last my big chance came. Or, rather, I made it come. No need to go into details. It was my own idea and a sound one. Not exactly ethical, maybe, by the strictest standards—but within the law. It was an elaborate water-power operation—and I worked on it a good six years. I put every dime I could lay my hand on into it.

"Then I found out something that almost cracked my spine. One man held the key to my door, and he could block me. Of course it was Andrew Erskine. He stood squarely in my path and there was no way round him. I could see only one solution. Erskine had to go. The question was: How? My enmity for him was well known. I could take no chances. I couldn't picture myself enjoying my money much if I had to spend most of it to keep out of jail. So I sat down and considered the question—and I found an answer.

"What?" questioned Shreve.

"What does a good executive do," Repton asked, "when a job must be done for which he hasn't the technical training? Why, he hires an expert, of course. That's what I did."

Shreve grinned. "Sensible idea, but how did you find one?" he said.

"It took some hunting," Repton said. "I went to Chicago, where I didn't know a soul, and hung around the underworld dives and kept my eyes and ears open, and pretty soon in a speak-easy I spotted a man who was in the business. He was a soft-spoken, well-dressed chap with a pinched white face—a dope, I guess. Ike Mance was his name. I made a date to meet him that night. I rented a car and drove it myself out Oak Park way and picked Ike up at a street corner where I'd told him to wait.

WE DROVE into the country and parked in a lonely lane, and had a talk. He was as businesslike as if he'd been selling me a ton of coal. My proposition didn't surprise him one bit. We dickered about the price, and he finally agreed to do it for twenty-five hundred down, in cash, and twenty-five hundred when the job was done. He agreed to start east on the midnight train. I went to French Lick Springs and played some golf with a party of Albany business men I knew, who were staying there. When Andrew Erskine died suddenly I intended to have plenty of unimpeachable witnesses who could swear that I was hundreds of miles away from the scene of the sad event.

Four days after I parted from Mance I read in a New York newspaper a headline I'd been looking for—'DEATH OF UP-STATE CAPITALIST.' The police, the story said, were somewhat mystified by the death of Andrew Erskine. He had been found in his roadster, which had hit a tree and had been smashed up some but hardly enough to account for the injuries which had caused his death. They called it a queer accident, those brainy cops did, and let it go at that. Mance was a capable workman, all

right. Two days later I went to Chicago to meet him and pay him off—

"You took a chance there, Repton," Shreve said. "A lad like that wouldn't stick at blackmail. While he lived, he had a hold on you—"

"Well, I had a hold on him, remember," said Repton. "Besides, Mance didn't live very long—"

Shreve whistled.

"You are a thoroughgoing son of a gun," he said.

"It was part of my plan from the first," said Repton. "Mance might never have let a peep out of him about my hiring him, and then again he might. You never can tell what a hop-head may do. Mance had to go out of the picture, so he went. I met him in a deserted spot outside of Chicago, took him for a ride in the country in my rented car, and left him in a ditch. I figured I had left no loose threads.

"I had a perfect alibi as far as Erskine was concerned, and there was no way of connecting me and Mance. Nobody had ever seen us together. His death wouldn't cause much of a flurry. What with all the gang wars out that way, the police expect a fellow like Ike Mance to be bumped off, and they don't greatly concern themselves when he is. The whole thing went through without

any flaw or slip-up, so far as I could see. I drove the car back to the garage where I'd hired it—assumed name, of course—and took the express east for Blansford."

"I don't see any holes in it," said Shreve. "Not a hole. I thought I was pretty clever—but that beats me. Have another drink?"

"Yes, I need one," said Repton. "Pass back the bottle. Hey, be careful. Lord, you've done it now! Smashed to pieces!"

HIS voice suddenly became desperate. "What are we going to do now, Shreve?" he said. "What are we going to do now?"

"Aw, pull yourself together, Repton," said Shreve. "It won't be long. I just heard a cock crow. They come for us at daybreak."

"Will it hurt?" Repton asked hoarsely. "Do you think it will hurt much, Shreve?"

"Not much," said Shreve. "Just one shock, and it's all over."

Down the stone corridor there was a muffled shuffling of feet.

"Listen," Repton cried, his voice raw with terror. "They're coming."

"Let them come," grated Shreve. "Let them come. I'm ready."

The Old Dud

Continued from page 20

"One of you fellers better hold on to it." He trembled, his eyes protruding.

"Sit on the floor of the truck and hold on to it. If we happen to hit a bump or a brick or something, it's liable to roll off that plank, and then—"

"I wish to Gawd it would pop," chattered Private Smith. "Pop, and end my blinkin' misery."

Private Jones looked beseechingly at the driver. His tongue was dry as wood. "You ain't got a drop of rum with you, eh?" he asked in a plaintive voice.

"Don't talk to me," shivered the driver. "I hate the sight of the two of yer. This ain't war. It's suicide—that's what it is."

IT WAS a terrible journey. The slightest roll brought agony. Every bump induced additional beads of perspiration to break out on their faces. They lived through an age of quaking dread.

"Let's end it all," repeated Private Smith. "For Gawd's sake give it a kick on the nose with your boot."

"You do it," groaned Private Jones. "I haven't the blinkin' strength."

By the grace of a miracle they reached Saint-Germain. There they were told to deposit the dud somewhere outside Corps Headquarters. They did so. They left it standing on its base on the top step of the entrance to the château. Then they slunk away. Like men haunted by the memory of their misdeeds, they staggered brokenly in the direction of the village, groped blindly for the nearest tavern, stumbled up to the bar and commenced to drink. And they drank. They drank until their legs gave way under them. Then they fell under the bench, pie-eyed, blind to the blinkin' world.

In the meantime Corps Headquarters was shivering to its very foundations. Not a soul, dog, cat, fly, or anything connected with Corps went anywhere near the château entrance. Generals, colonels, majors, captains and a multiplicity of aides, orderlies, cooks and whatnots entered and departed by way of the kitchen door. The general's bedroom was hurriedly shifted to the back of the building. The orderly-room was transferred to the pantry. In fact, the whole of the front part of the house was severely deserted. Colonels swore; majors cursed. Nobody knew what to do. What had those two fools been thinking of to leave the shell right in the entrance to Corps Headquarters? Where were they? Somebody find them and tell them to take the damn' thing away.

But the old dud, sitting on the front step like a plump and rather besmirched old lady, remained where she was; absolutely queen of her castle.

"Get Army on the phone!" roared the general. "By gad, sir, tell them to come for their blasted dud. I won't have it round here, I tell you."

Army was called and seemed entirely amenable about it. Would Corps kindly see to it that the dud was sent over to them? No, by gad! Corps would do nothing of the sort! Army had promised to come and fetch the damned thing, and it was now up to them to collect it at once. True enough, but Army would be greatly obliged if Corps met them in this little matter and arranged to have a truck bring it over. Corps would be damned if they would.

This went on for five days. On the fifth day Army sent up its bespectacled major to inquire into the matter and view the cause of all the trouble.

Privates Jones and Smith spent the first three days in a state of blissful inebriation. Then their money gave out. It took two days to sober them up. Then, for want of food, they were forced to report to Corps Headquarters. The cook gave them something to eat, and the orderly sergeant told them to stand by and take the first army truck going up the line back into the salient.

Waiting for the truck, they sat down on the lawn outside the château. Behind them was a lake. In front of them, on the steps, was the old dud. They gazed at it with awe and respect, and tried to chuckle.

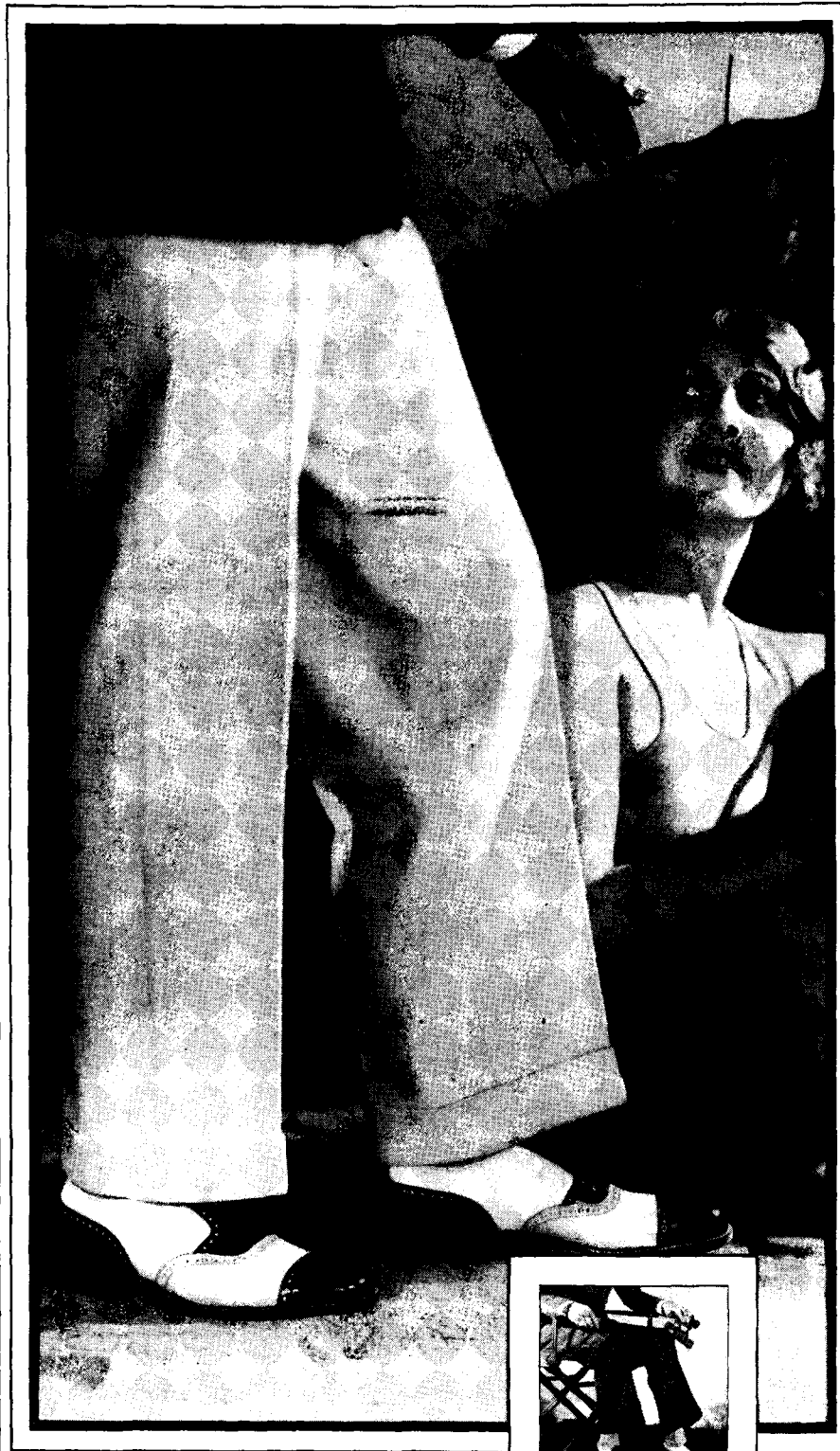
SUDDENLY a crowd of officers appeared in view. With them was a tall, thin, bespectacled major in brass and red and shining leather. He viewed the old dud from quite a respectable distance.

"Ah—er—yes," he said. "A nine-centimeter, you know. Demmed disagreeable customer. Know all about it. Examined one before, and all that. Jolly touchy old lady. Fuse all wrong, but liable to blow up when least expected. Thanks, Corps—demmed nice of you and all that. Find we don't want the beastly thing, after all."

Turning, he spied Privates Smith and Jones lying on the grass. He had no idea who they were. It merely occurred to the major that there were two men who for the moment happened to be doing nothing.

"Look here, you two," he said authoritatively, "get hold of a punt, will you? Then take this demmed shell here and drop it right into the middle of that lake!"

WALK-OVER SHOES



The man at the beach is wearing the "Traymore," which retails at \$9.00.

Advertised in Vanity Fair for June is the "Belmont," a Walk-Over Custom Grade model at \$12.00.

Will she admire your shoes, too?

THE brilliant sunshine of country or seashore reveals unmercifully whether or not a man is well dressed.

If his clothing is smart and if his footwear is one of the trim models by Walk-Over, he can be sure of correct dress from the ground up.

Walk-Over Shoes are made by men who have spent their lives selecting fine leathers, and fashioning them into shoes of first quality and correct appearance.

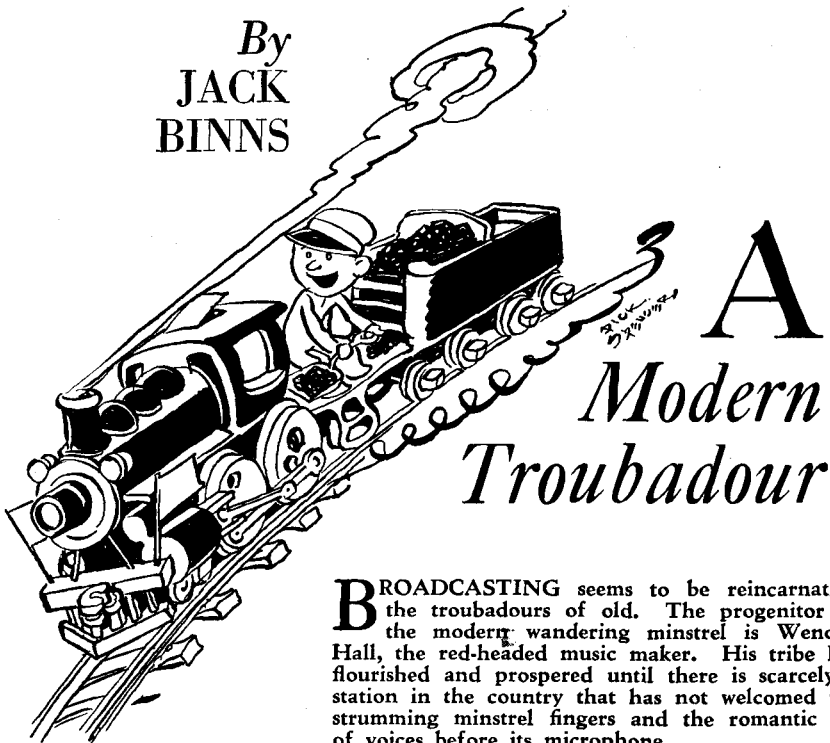
If you haven't seen "The Correct Shoe Wardrobe," by William Arnsworth Wilson, by all means get a copy. It is mailed free upon request.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
MAKERS OF FINE SHOES



CAMPello, BROCKTON, MASS.
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

By
JACK
BINNS



A Modern Troubadour

BBROADCASTING seems to be reincarnating the troubadours of old. The progenitor of the modern wandering minstrel is Wendell Hall, the red-headed music maker. His tribe has flourished and prospered until there is scarcely a station in the country that has not welcomed the strumming minstrel fingers and the romantic lilt of voices before its microphone.

A worthy member of this cult is Howard Melaney, the "Singing Fireman," who wanders from mike to mike wafting the dulcet tones of his tenor voice upon the night ether. His is one of those cheery souls who sing while they work. It is but three years ago that his voice was "discovered" by train passengers in Montana who had alighted to stretch their travel-kinked legs at a wayside station. They were drawn to the locomotive by the rich tones that seemed to emanate from the great driving wheels. There they discovered Melaney oiling cups and warbling as he worked.

A year later Mme. Schumann-Heink sang in the auditorium of the Fair Grounds in Billings, Mont. A few moments after she had finished her concert she was leading the five thousand present in applauding the railroader with the golden voice. That was the beginning of his professional career in the realm of music, and his metamorphosis into a radio troubadour.

Who Cares?

FOR some few years we were lulled into false composure over the comforting thought that the statistical fiend had passed away along with his blood brother, the souvenir hunter. You know the bloke I mean. He took particular delight in telling us that if all the hot dogs made in one day down at Coney Island were placed end to end they would bark their way to Mars and back.

Alas, he has not gone to his reward, but merely transferred his activities to radio. From the factory floor of a well-known manufacturer he takes time out to broadcast the statement that if all the bits of metal used in making the transformers produced every four months were laid end to end they would stretch across the continent. Probably these are the bits of metal that went into the long-distance set my neighbor is always boasting about but which he never turns on when I drop in.

International Concerts

ABOUT six months ago we were receiving assurances that daily exchanges of programs with British broadcasters, through the marvelous medium of short waves, would be shortly inaugurated. These promises were so definite that I had distinct visions of various export firms contracting to sponsor British-American programs as good-will advertising.

Although I do not desire to assume the rôle of a captious critic, I can't refrain from pointing out that six months have come and gone without a British program competing for preference in our overcrowded ether. My object in stating this is to emphasize the fact that miracles cannot be accomplished by short waves. In fact, they are beset by many natural difficulties that will require almost miraculous engineering to overcome.

Some recent experiments at Schenectady, N. Y., and Chelmsford, England, demonstrate that progress has been made, but a lot of real work remains to be done. I am informed that a great deal of difficulty has been experienced in devising a suitably stable receiver for those short waves. Another grave problem is the acute fading, which, of course, ruins music and speech.

Let us hope those difficulties will soon be surmounted. An exchange of programs between America and Europe would go a long way toward developing friendliness between the two continents and at the same time spur both to intense competition in improved programs.

Putting 'Em to Sleep

ONE of the New York radio critics in reviewing routine programs invariably uses this formula: "Madame Yell-alot, coloratura soprano, etherized a standard program from station WXYZ."

Did He Mean This?

THE young lady who interviews movie personalities for the listeners of WHN in New York ran across an unexpectedly heartfelt exclamation when she tackled Harry Carey. She had elicited from the cowboy actor all of the unfortunate details of his loss when the ranch he owned was washed out by the St. Francis dam catastrophe in California.

"Are you going to establish another ranch there?" she asked.

"Not by a damsite!" exploded Harry. The fervor and promptness of his remark caused me to doubt whether I have spelled his reply correctly.

A Pleasant War

THREE organizations representing the realms of art, music and drama have been welded into a single commercial radio agency.

The new agency is the first of others that will undoubtedly follow. Its main purpose is to bring the combined experience of the three arts to bear in preparing distinctive and original programs for companies interested in using radio as a means of good-will advertising. Its origin rests upon the assertion that program departments of broadcasting stations have not shown any ingenuity and that there is little to choose between any of the commercially sponsored programs designed by them.

I hold no brief for either side in this controversy, but I hope that neither side loses, because so long as the new war rages there will be no lack of novelty at the microphone no matter who the originator may be.

The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 22

With scarcely a jar, the ceiling stairs lifted.

Hinged to the top, balanced to a hair, the lower end of that "ceiling" swung upward from the north. The reporter and Pump-ton turned to confront the startled faces of Squire Butterworth, Dr. Chapin, Paul Lyman and the Fowlers. From their faces in the upper hallway, to which they had returned from the front windows, the group looked down through the aperture produced.

"How'd you do that?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"I pulled on one of these corner ropes, I guess, when I was in here; before I was too surprised at the girl on the cot to glance overhead."

"So the stairs tilt up to the top of the archway. Now, who could 'a' put those in, and when?"

The squire and Lyman came down in the cubby.

"**W**HAT'S this tall hole that's chopped in the corner?" demanded the caretaker, crossing toward it.

"That's where Uncle Amos's gone, I guess. That's prob'ly the passage that leads down to the tool shed."

"Look!" exclaimed Seba Fowler. "See what's under this pillow."

They thought he meant the barrow iron, and Jimmy opened his mouth to protest. Instead young Fowler was holding up a garment.

"It was wrapped round this pair o' woman's slippers," he declared. "You can see for yourselves."

"Lemme take your flashlight, Battles," requested the squire. And when the lad had handed it over he cried: "Jumpin' Jehoshaphat! This—this wrap and slippers fit the description o' what Mary Harmon wore when last seen alive! Silk kimono thing! Covered with blue flowers! Now, how'd that get up here?"

"But what's become of Uncle Amos?" Jimmy cried frantically. "I'm going down after him, inside these walls."

"Look out you don't get hurt," warned the squire. "Watch where you put your feet, every step o' the way."

"The rest of you stay up here till I've got to the bottom. This woodwork looks flimsy. More than my weight may break it down."

Pointing the flashlight into the pit, Jimmy soon descended to a junction of the lower floor sills and foundation. There the stairs stopped.

A well yawned. Protruding from this shaft was a ladder.

This ladder must have been inserted there before the superstructure of the stairs was reared overhead, else it never could have come there on account of the angles made by the walls.

It took courage to lower oneself down that well. Yet, befouling himself with cobwebs and filth, the boy followed where his uncle must have gone before him. The flashlight revealed the feet of the ladder planted in cobwebs so thick the ray could not penetrate them. Yet Sheriff Crumpey had not fallen to the bottom or he would have disturbed them.

"Are you all right?" the squire's voice called from above.

"Yes. There's a dry well down here. With a ladder in it. I'm nearly to the bottom. But don't try to come down till you've got ample light."

As Jimmy spoke he arrived at a point which he judged must be under the cellar. He had faced the south in descending the shaft. Now, directly behind him, opening northward, was a yawning hole. He turned the beam in to it.

Someone, in past years, had cut a crude tunnel deep down here in the earth. It was oval in shape and walled with rock projections. In places whitened timbers shored up the roof or kept the walls from caving inward. Advancing inward cautiously, Jimmy was compelled to step around these oblique supports.

"It goes to the tool house, and no mistake," he muttered aloud. At once he understood why his uncle might not have answered his shoutings; the close, tomblike confines of this tunnel muffled all sounds with a curious deadness.

Ten feet, twenty, thirty, Jimmy advanced as he stepped around timbers. At one point the gravel had caved in and spilled down till barely enough room was left to squeeze through. By chance his light turned on this loose earth, picked out the impress of foot-treads—several of them—of different sizes. He made out a man's big boot mark plainly, but whether his uncle's or not must later be revealed.

"Uncle Amos!" he called once, thinking the sheriff might be somewhere ahead. But the acoustics of the warren killed his voice within twenty feet of distance.

It was the craziest, most menacing experience of his life to date, penetrating step by step along the uneven jags of this passage with nothing but a flashlight to show him the way.

The boy seemed to have been exploring down there hours and hours when a sound reached him that stopped him abruptly from further progress. He became as rigid as the timber which he clutched as he blinked off his flashlight.

Distinctly he heard a woman's sobs! Down there, verily in the "bowels of the earth," something feminine was in distress.

The weeping continued, and Jimmy snapped on his light. Six or seven feet further on the burrow veered slightly to the right. With grit down his neck, clothes smeared with cobwebs and mold, sand in his shoes and the dead miasma of the tunnel distressing him, the boy reached the twin uprights at the point where the passage turned.

A circular pit was at once disclosed, six feet in diameter and of indefinite height, its floor three feet below the floor of the burrow, which now ended. As the yellow eye of the boy's flashlight gleamed along the burrow the sobbing broke off in a little shriek of terror.

Jimmy reached the edge of the step down into this pit. Squatting on his heels, he played the light on a crouched feminine figure. Back against the opposite wall of the pit she shrank and lifted an arm to screen her sight. It was the second time that night young Battles had seen that gesture.

AFANNING of the place with the beam disclosed no signs of Sheriff Crumpey, however. Its only occupant was a terrified girl. A girl and the thing on the ground at her feet!

Jimmy spoke first. "How'd you get down in here?" he demanded.

"I came down the ladder and through the passage—the same way you did, I suppose."

"How long have you been here?" "Only a few minutes. Though it seems like hours."

"Have you seen anything of my uncle?"

"You mean an elderly man with a lantern?"

"Yes! You've seen him?"

"It was he who trapped me in this frightful place."

"Trapped you?"

"He pulled up the ladder so I couldn't get out."

"Pulled it up?"

For the first time the boy sent his flash beam into the space overhead. Ten or twelve feet above, the ceiling of the pit looked boarded. Those boards were cleated diagonally together to be a door—a barn door.

"He said something about 'being sure' of me. And he jerked the ladder out of my fingers so I couldn't follow him. Look, he hurt my hands!"

She submitted her outstretched palms in proof. Something had bruised them with splinters and dirt.

"It's not like Uncle Amos to act that way. Where's he gone?"

"He was after the man with the glasses who came along the tunnel ahead of him."

So the sheriff had routed out a person hiding in the burrow!

"And where were you?"

"I was in the tunnel too. And when I saw their lights I hurried ahead of them and pitched down here *right on top of this skeleton!*"

"My uncle was chasing the man with the glasses?"

"Yes, they hardly paid any attention to me. The man got down here into the pit first and scrambled up the ladder. The older man with the lantern got in here too, just as the first was pushing the cover off the top of this place. The first man tried to pull the ladder out, to keep the other from following. But your uncle, as you call him, had already grasped the bottom of the ladder. When the first man saw that a struggle was useless he fled—I don't know where. And your uncle kept after him."

"But he pulled up the ladder so *you* couldn't get out. Then he must have seen you."

"Yes, he saw me and said something about making sure of finding me when he returned. He pulled the ladder out, slammed the cover on this horrid hole, and left me here in the dark. Then you came along."

Regardless of the effect on his clothes, which were already so befouled that further dirt could not matter, Jimmy got down to the floor of the pit and leaned back against the tunnel aperture. He stared now at the grim exhibit near the girl's knees.

A *bogle-eyed skeleton was lying there, grinning in eternal satire straight overhead.*

A frumpy dress of wrinkled, besmirched material, old rose or garnet in color, covered the shapely figure of the woman who followed his gaze. It had leg-o'-mutton sleeves puffing out ludicrously at either shoulder and whalebone stays binding the waist. She was hatless, but her hair was loosened.

"What bones are those?" the boy demanded nervously. "And who was the man my uncle was chasing?"

"To both your questions, I'm sure I don't know."

"Are you Mary Harmon?"

IN LIEU of a handkerchief, the girl had been sobbing in the folds of her skirt. Smearing the tears and grime from her face, she seemed to wince at Jimmy's question. He was holding the flash beam so that it reflected from the gravel in front of her. He saw her bite her lips—cruelly—as though for poise. Finally she parried:

"I wish you wouldn't ask me that."

"Why not?"

"Because I can't answer that truthfully without a long and complicated explanation that involves others. And I haven't the right."

"Is the man my uncle is after one of those others?"

"No, that man is a stranger. What he's doing in this affair I haven't the slightest idea."

"Do you know a stranger was murdered in the Harmon house tonight after I left you to help that fellow on the stairs?"

"Murdered!"

"You mean you don't know it?"

"Who—has—been—murdered?"

"Someone with letters in his pockets addressed to Joseph Briskow. Does that name mean anything to you?"

"Joseph Briskow!"

"Dr. Chapin, who recalls meeting him at the Harmon's years ago, claims he's Josef Briskow—once mixed up in Mary Harmon's disappearance. What do you know about that?"

"Count Josef Briskow is *dead*?"

"Dead as King Tut. I've seen him myself. Right at this moment he's on his way into Paris in the basket of an undertaker's wagon."

The girl considered this, her eyes narrowing for the first time since Jimmy had come upon her.

"How was he killed?"

"His skull was cracked with an iron bar. It was found, by the way, in your bed. I found it myself."

"What are you telling me? Who could have done such a thing?"

"My uncle prob'ly left you marooned down in here thinking *you* had as much hand in it as anyone."

"*I murdered someone!*"

"I left you to go to the aid of that fellow on the landing. When I got back upstairs the cupola flight had been lowered into place. Did you do that?"

"No," she said finally, weighing her words, "Mr. Briskow did it."

"You know him, then?"

"I knew him as Count Briskow but it's all the same."

"Where did he appear from?"

"The tall, narrow aperture in the corner—that both of us used to get down here. He came up the ladder and stairs from the passage. He crossed the tower room to raise the flight and pass out into the hall. I think he must have raised it at the exact instant the man on the outside was fumbling and knocking around it to see how it worked. And the man on the outside was so startled at having the light lifted from within that he retreated and plunged down those other stairs to the landing."

HOW do you know all that if you were unconscious on the cot at the time?"

"I haven't said I was unconscious."

"You acted sort of dazed and startled when I turned that beam of light in your eyes."

"Perhaps I was more terrified than you suppose."

"Terrified by what—by whom?"

"By Count Briskow. Perhaps he was the last person I expected to have appear in those moments, especially from the quarter he did."

"Did he see you on the cot?"

"No, not at first. At least he didn't pay any attention to me. He was too interested just then in finding out who was exploring that upper hall. Then you entered the scene. I didn't know at first who you might be. So I lay back as though asleep and waited to see what you would do."

"How long had you been lying on that cot?"

"I wish—you wouldn't—ask me *that*—now."

"Well, what became of Briskow when I appeared?"

"He must have heard you coming or seen your flashlight, for he came hurrying back from the upper hall, passed through the compartment and stepped into the aperture between the partitions."

"He was there while I was conversing with you?"

"I suppose so."

"Did you hear me stamping on the stairs and calling to you after I returned from downstairs?"

"Yes," the girl admitted—not without some thought.

"Why didn't you reply?"

"The count wouldn't let me. He warned me to keep quiet."

"Who lowered the stairs back in place?"

"He did. And bolted them. There's a bolt on both sides. He said for me to put on the dress he'd brought—this dress—and follow him or it would be the worse for me."

"So that's where you got that funny-looking frock!"

"The count said," continued the girl, "that he'd wait between the partitions while I got from the bed and into the frock. He said for me to leave my kimono and slippers under the pillow and make up the cot as though it hadn't been occupied. I was grateful for the dress, at any rate, with so many unexpected people poking around the house at the moment. I thought I'd better get into it while I had the chance."

"Then you were spoofing me when you asked who lighted the blue lamp on the box. You knew all along!"

The girl dropped her eyes for a moment. "I haven't said so," she retorted.

"Well, what happened after you got dressed?"

"You came back upstairs, and we knew from the sounds that you were trying to get under the stairs. You went in the chambers on each side and then up the flight toward the cupola. After a time we thought you'd returned

(Continued on page 40)

The Light-touch shave

a good morning friend!

SHOW your face how pleasantly the day can start! Meet the blade whose marvelous quality never varies! So keen is the new Gem Blade that *the slightest pressure of the razor* eliminates the toughest whiskers.

Heavier, tougher steel—forged to take a super-keen edge—reinforced with a rigid backbone—triple-inspected—Gem Blades are the finest that skilled workers can produce.

1 1 1

Gem—the blade of quality—is on sale at all dealers. Insist on the genuine—avoid imitations.

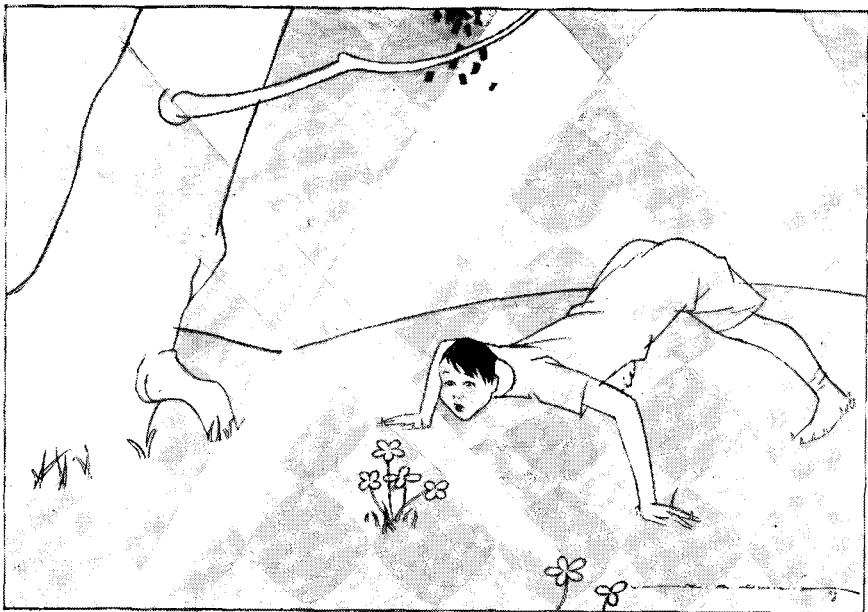
Gem de luxe Safety Razor, \$1.00.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

*Light as
a feather*



GEM Double Life BLADES



Helping Lady Luck

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director Science Service

WHEN I was a boy I made a lucky find. At the base of a tree in our back yard I discovered a plant that produced four-leaf clover. I never disclosed my secret treasure but, whenever the boys and girls got to hunting the lucky leaves I would sneak around and pick several of the four-leaf sort and sometimes those with five or six leaves. Lucky? Perhaps all there is to luck, anyway, is the ability to take advantage of chance opportunities.

Up to the present all evolution has been a matter of such "luck." Charles Darwin said seventy years ago in a book now more talked about than read:

"Man does not attempt to cause variability, though he unintentionally effects this by exposing organisms to new conditions of life, and by crossing breeds already formed. But, variability being granted, he works wonders. Selection constantly repeated will accumulate differences and superiorities till they are manifest to the eye of every beholder."

So man has hitherto been placed in the humiliating position of having to wait on Nature's whim before he could start the breeding of the new plants and animals he desired. But now he has the prospect of speeding up evolution by producing at will as many new varieties as he wants to work on.

Professor Muller of Texas has found that he can increase the variability of fruit flies more than a hundred times by dosing them with X-rays. I have in my office now one of his new synthetic species. Here on my desk are two glass vials, each stoppered with a plug of cotton and containing a slice of fermenting banana with a swarm of the little flies that feed on it. One contains flies of the ordinary sort, with brown eyes. The other, descended from ancestors who had been exposed to X-rays, have white eyes. I have watched them through half a dozen generations, and they are breeding true, so the new form would be classed as a new species if it had been discovered in a banana plantation instead of being known to have generated in a laboratory.

At Columbia University Alexander Weinstein treated eighty-four fruit flies with X-rays by Miller's method and got twenty-two new varieties from them, eight of which were capable of living. At the University of California, T. H. Goodspeed, who has been X-raying two tobacco plants, got ten different forms of leaves and thirteen different forms of flowers, none of them like the parent plant. Of 200 seedlings over 70 per cent turned out to be variants at maturity.

Doubtless X-rays could make four-leaf clover plants, but the rays did not make mine because the machines were

not yet invented. How, then, did such aberrant forms of plants and animals get started in all the ages previous to Muller's discovery? This has been the key question to all theories of evolution. Darwin, as we have seen, did not attempt to answer it. He explained how new species could originate from spontaneous variations but not how the variations could be originated.

But now we have at least a clue to the problem. At the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, when Professor Muller explained his scheme for inducing variations artificially by X-rays, Professor Millikan told us of his discovery of the cosmic rays coming to us from stellar space continuously night and day. These rays have a higher frequency than X-rays, and are therefore still more penetrating. They must be constantly passing through the bodies of all living creatures. Is it not likely, as Muller suggested, that the cosmic rays, in their passage through the germ plasma, cause a rearrangement of the factors of heredity and so start new varieties?

The spring meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, 1928, will be a memorable date in the history of human thought, if it has furnished the solution to two mysteries: the origin of chemical elements and the origin of species.

Fish Carried by Air

WHEN government fisheries men proposed a short time ago to use airplanes for the transportation of fish the idea of shipping fish via the sky seemed like a new thing under the sun. But apparently it wasn't after all. Fish seem to have traveled by air for many years.

The presence of fresh-water fishes, identical with those of the mainland, in the streams and ponds of Mount Desert Island, Maine, was long a riddle to naturalists, for fresh-water fishes could not survive a swim through the salt-water channel that separates the island from the mainland. Dr. C. H. Batchelder of the University of Maine says:

"Ethics among the gull family are rather primitive. The herring gulls particularly have the habit of robbing each other as well as robbing ducks and herons. This type of banditry happens rather often and is interesting to watch. The robber attacks repeatedly with the most approved airplane tactics until the food is released, and then catches it as it falls. Quite frequently the fought-for prize is missed on the way down, and a wriggling fish lands in a new pond.

"As the fresh-water fish of Mount Desert Island are instinctively gregarious, school in shallow waters, and are all small-sized varieties, it seems most convincing evidence that the ancestors of some of the inland fish, at least, got a free air ride."

The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 39

downstairs. When the lower door closed, we were sure of it. But a little while afterward we heard another sound as of someone leaving, and we weren't so sure. The count declared he would raise the stairs, go down and make certain.

"And did he?"
"Yes. Count Briskow said that if the house was empty of intruders we might be saved the ordeal of using the partitions and tunnel as exit; we could leave the house as you had. He told me to stay in the tower and make no noise."

"Did he threaten you?"
"Yes, he threatened me. He said he'd kill me and leave me there in that secret room if I didn't obey him."

"Was he armed?"
"Yes, he had a revolver ready to do it."

"A revolver! That's funny. There was no gun on him when his body was found."

"I don't know anything about that."
"And you stayed in the tower until his return?"

"I stayed there until I heard other noises down between the partitions. Someone was coming up—two people—because I heard their voices indistinctly. I didn't know who they might be and didn't propose to be caught by more strangers."

"What did you do?"

THE girl hesitated. Then Jimmy saw a proud tilting of her head.

"I didn't know whether they were assistants of Count Briskow—people who might do me harm—or persons who might help. I had to hide somewhere quickly. I didn't dare flee into the upper hall—I might meet the count and be shot. So I—I—crawled under the cot!"

Her face flushed crimson with mortification.

"Well, supposing you did? You needn't feel ashamed of it. Then what happened? Those people climbed up to the cubby?"

"Yes, a man and a woman. I don't know how the woman ever managed it. But she did. I couldn't see their faces, however. Just their feet and legs."

"And what did they say when they gained the cubby?"

"He cried: 'Ha, the cot's empty, and the stairs are raised!' And, thinking whoever might have been on the cot had made his escape by the opening into the hall, they hurried through it. That's the last I saw of them."

"I realized there must be some way of escape down between the partitions. Count Briskow had appeared from that tall, ragged hole. That second man and woman had likewise gained access to the place by coming up that way. So, to flee while the chance was open, I finally edged into the hole, found the stairs, started down—"

"In the dark?"

Again the girl nodded. "I felt every inch of the way by groping. I give you my word it's taken me all of the time since to travel this far. Over and over I thought from the feel of the timbers that I was trapped. But I always found a way around them. Then I finally spilled in this pit, right on these horrid bones. Perhaps I fainted with fright when I found my hand on a skull. Anyhow, the next thing I knew, the man with the glasses was clawing along through the passage and someone with a lantern was after him. What happened after that I've already told."

"You've no idea where the old lady went?"

"Old lady! Was she old?"
"She was if she's the one who's been toting the blue lamp around the Harmon house nights. Have you any idea who she might be?"

The girl never answered.

A sudden interruption came in the form of noise and movement up around the "ceiling." The boards were lifted after two ineffectual attempts. Jimmy's light beam picked out the forms and faces peering down even as another

flashlight from above lighted the girl and himself in the pit.

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Squire Butterworth's voice. Dr. Chapin and the two Pumpton boys, with Paul Lyman just behind, knelt about the brink of the hole.

"Where are you?" Jimmy demanded, startled as much by their familiar faces as though they had been strangers.

"In the tool shed," Butterworth answered. "We lifted the door that was buried in leaves. What are you doing down there?"

"I followed the passage clear to its end. It comes out in this pit."

"Who's that with you?"

"It's the lady I told you of finding in the campanile room tonight. My uncle—"

"Yes, where is your uncle?"

"All we know is he got to the end of the passage too. He was chasing the man with the thick-lensed glasses when he came on this lady fallen in this well. He left her here and pulled up the ladder so she couldn't escape until he returned. If the ladder's up there anywhere, for gosh sakes lower it down."

The Pumptons were lowering the ladder.

"What's that skeleton?" the squire cried next.

"I don't know. This lady says she fell out of the end of the passage right on top of it. She smashed it apart and later fainted."

Jimmy prodded the lower points of the ladder firmly on the bottom. The portly Chapin descended, fumbling for each rung like a finicky old lady.

When he took Jimmy's flashlight, however, he did not turn to the bones at once. He lighted up the unknown girl, who still remained seated.

"Christmas!" he exclaimed, nearly dropping the lamp.

The girl, cornered, trapped, unable to hide her face from the small crowd of persons—one of whom was confronting her in any direction she looked—returned the physician's stare with sudden defiance. But her voice was ragged as she requested:

"Please don't point that light in my eyes."

"Ain't you—good Lord!—you're Mary Harmon!"

"Am I?" Her lip curled in satire, or at least Jimmy thought so.

"But you ain't a day older than when I see you last—that night I stayed to your house for supper!"

"I asked you please not to point that light in my eyes."

The squire came down. Paul Lyman. The elder Pumpton.

"You boys go back up to the top," ordered the lawyer. "This place ain't big enough for all of us."

BUT the squire was equally saucer-eyed, staring at the girl. Chapin turned from her to squat by the bones in a daze. But immediately his professional interest overcame abstract stupefaction.

"This is a woman's skeleton!" he cried.

"The devil you say!" exclaimed Butterworth.

"What's more, it wasn't broke to pieces this way by no one fallin' on it. It was brought here busted and laid out this way to make it appear—"

"How can you tell?"

"They've got a left arm and hand on a right shoulder." And the doctor launched into a brief description of ossiferous construction which no one heard, much less understood.

"Are you Mary Harmon?" cried the pop-eyed lawyer.

The girl once again seemed to have recovered her composure.

"You ought to know," she answered. Her voice held more irony. "We did enough business a few weeks ago, didn't we? You recall my visit to your office in regard to having Mr. Wrightson look after things?"

The squire's vitals somersaulted. He well remembered such a visit.

"Weeks!" he exploded. *That was twenty years ago!*

The girl was silent a moment.

"Twenty what?" she demanded.

"Great Caesar's ghost! Have you been twenty years shut up in this house? What's kept you alive? And why ain't you grown old?"

The girl made no attempt to explain. She merely locked glances with Butterworth. The knot of men gazed down on her as though she were some strange biological exhibit.

"What you sittin' on that damp earth for?" the squire next demanded. "Can't you stand up? Has the strength left your legs?"

"I'm afraid I twisted my ankle when I fell on these bones in the dark. So long as I keep quiet this way, it doesn't pain me."

"Let's all get out o' here. Better leave these bones lie here for the present, Ansell. Crumppett may want to examine 'em. We'll lift you up, miss. You, Pumpton, reach down as far as you can and help us with this lady who's got a sprained ankle."

THE clean, cold mountain air struck to Jimmy's marrow. He drowned his ungs with it, however. Air never had smelled so fragrant. He felt the relief of escaping from a pest house.

His face and clothes were bedaubed with filth; his hat was battered and frowsy with cobwebs; the palms of his hands were chocolate-brown. He wanted to quit the Fork, find a place where he could wash and brush himself, get a report of the whole bizarre experience into Boston. Yet three facts of importance should first be determined:

Was the girl he had found actually the long-missing Mary Harmon, and if so what unscientific abiosis had dropped twenty years from her life like a span of night's sleep?

What arrangements would be made for her now that she had been rescued? Where would she go, and what would she do?

What had become of his uncle, and was the pursuit of Briskow's murderer developing features that should also be included in Jimmy's story?

The girl, on emerging from the tool shed, shivered in the chill. She limped painfully, supported between Paul Lyman and Fred Pumpton. Some sort of wrap should be procured for her, Jimmy realized, for, excepting the ludicrous frock, she was almost nude.

"There's a blanket on the back seat of our car," Fred told Lyman. "You hold her steady, and I'll go get it. It'll keep her warm till we get her to our house. Then Ma can fit her out with whatever she needs."

"Is there a train down to Boston tonight?" asked the girl. She seemed to resent such impersonal reference to her, as though she were one of Fred Pumpton's colts.

"Last train to Boston tonight was the Flyer," answered Paul. "It pulled out of Paris at a quarter to twelve."

"But what time is it now?"

"Twenty minutes to one."

"How far is your home?" the girl asked Pumpton. "Can I call my lawyer in Boston from there?"

"What lawyer in Boston?" the squire asked, coming up.

"His name is Hubbard—Mr. Ajax Hubbard."

"My dear young lady, Ajax Hubbard has been dead these nineteen years."

"Are you joking?"

"Do I act as if I'm joking?"

"What—has happened—to me?"

"That's what we'd all like to know. And you'd better give up the idea of communicating with Boston till morning—until Sheriff Crumppett has had a little talk with you."

"You don't mean I'm arrested?"

"No, but you can see that, with a murder on the stocks tonight, you're a mighty important witness we can't lose sight of."

"If I'm held as a witness to murder—which I certainly didn't witness—I propose to have an attorney."

"I'll act as all the attorney you need for the present. Seems to me the better thing to do is to drive to Pumpton's, get warmed through, have Fred's mother fit you with some clothes, as he says,

and then come along into Paris to my house. My wife'll see to you till we get some things explained."

"You haven't any right to hold me here against my will!"

"Oh, yes, we have, Miss Harmon—if that's really your name. With a man killed, this is serious business."

Dr. Chapin pulled Battles and the squire aside as Jim Pumpton carried the girl to the car in the blanket his brother had brought.

"Jabez," he said, low-voiced, "there's something queer about all this."

"You bet!" the squire answered. "What's more, I mean to find out what it is."

"Somethin's lackin' in her character somehow that seems to me I remember Mary Harmon havin'. I can't quite explain it. This girl's classy enough in her way. But the Harmon girl had quality where this one only seems to have poise. I grant you she looks enough like Mary Harmon to be her twin sister. And she certainly seems to know a lot about Mary Harmon's affairs. But tain't medical that Mary Harmon could sleep twenty years."

"I've got reason to believe, however," Jimmy commented, "that whatever her identity or game is, she's not working in league with Briskow and the others."

"What reason?" snapped Butterworth.

Briefly Jimmy rehearsed the girl's story.

"Unless she's damned clever, I'll soon trip her up on whether or not she's Mary Harmon," growled the squire, "when I get her to my house. Looks to me, from what I've learned of the happenin's here to the present, there's been a good-sized plot to get illegal possession of the Harmon fortune, as Jimmy Battles said. And I'll wager a doughnut that girl's a part of it."

"As a victim, perhaps," Battles qualified.

"Huh? Victim? Fiddlesticks! Take a woman to act out a rôle like that. But we'll show her we ain't the hick fossils she thinks we are."

"You're overlooking her account of Briskow's behavior before he was murdered—the way he threatened her."

"That's what she says. But how do you know she told you the truth?"

"I've got a hunch," the boy replied doggedly.

"Oh—you've got a hunch. Well, hunches don't stand in a court o' law. She's accessory to murder, and, by gum, she'll tell the facts—"

"Remember, Mr. Butterworth, there are people in this plot we haven't yet identified or met. There's this fellow Walter, who sent Briskow the telegram. There's the man with the spectacles I hope my uncle is after right now. And then the old lady—by the way, Squire, she's not been accounted for yet tonight. You realize that, don't you?"

"What do you mean, accounted for?"

THE man with the spectacles, whose flight seems to mark him as the killer, came into this house through the passage with the old lady that Gleason saw when this case first opened. The girl confirmed it before you found us in that pit. Uncle Amos prob'ly saw the opening in the wall, and the stairs, and explored where they led. The spectacled man was hiding below, at least he hadn't quit the premises when my uncle chased him out. And I can swear the old lady wasn't in the passage when I went through it. Well, what became of her?"

"She's had all kinds of chances to get out of the house while we've been monkey-foolin' with that tower room. Don't seem to me there's any use hunting through that rotted house again tonight—"

"Hark!" exclaimed Frank Fowler a little distance away. "Somebody's comin'!"

They turned abruptly and stared up the hill. The moldy moon barely supplied enough light to show the silhouettes of spruces speary against the northern heavens. But audible now were the heavy footfalls, the crash of branches, the effort of labored breathing.

Someone was coming down through the trees.

(To be continued next week)

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



The Best Friend a Picnic ever had,

No. 591 Pint \$2.50
No. 592 Quart \$3.75
Others with nested cups \$1.50 up

UNIVERSAL Multi-Cup Vacuum Bottles have extra cups with folding handles which nest in the cover and give individual service to three or four people. The heat-proof handles permit serving even the hottest liquids, safely and comfortably, without scalded fingers. This increased bottle utility and convenience is passed on to you with no corresponding increase in price.

All UNIVERSAL nickel-plated bottles are of rust-proof construction throughout. Every filler—the unseen heart of the bottle—is of highest quality, protected by a patented shock-absorber, insulated by an efficient vacuum, inspected and subjected to a twenty-four hour temperature test before packing. They positively keep liquids hot 24 hours or cold 72 hours. The UNIVERSAL trade-mark is your guarantee of quality, inside and out.

Universal Vacuum Specialties

For all Vacuum needs there are UNIVERSAL Vacuum Goods, only a few of which are shown in the border. Ask your neighbor or your dealer about their merits; they know and will be proud to tell you.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DEALERS

Write for Booklet No. 288 showing many other UNIVERSAL Vacuum Specialties.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK

Manufacturers of the Famous Universal Household Helps for Nearly 75 Years
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

Genuine UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles without the Multi-Cup feature may also be had in all leading stores for

\$1.00 pint size

\$1.95 quart size

Modern Science Brings New Efficiency to Glover's

Specialists finally have won their battle against baldness . . . against dandruff and falling hair. They united discoveries in modern scalp hygiene with Glover's famed medical application—and achieved a perfect system of hair culture. Fully explained in a new free handbook . . . see coupon.



here . . .
the approved way
to grow and to keep
**THICK
HEALTHY
HAIR**
and end dandruff!

AUTHORITIES have long agreed that Glover's is the most effective application for stopping dandruff and falling hair. Now they have perfected a simplified system for its use . . . Glover's Natural System of Hair Culture. This system assures improved hair health and growth where no acute, unnatural condition exists. It produces thorough scalp circulation by the best approved methods. Then Glover's "Hair Application & Mange Medicine" is put on . . . massaged into the scalp . . . and then thoroughly shampooed with Glover's Medicated Soap. By this system an abundance of nourishing blood is brought to each hair root. The scalp is revived and cleansed. The hair looks and smells clean . . . and it is.

Brings Surprising Results

Vital hair growth and health follow continued use. Specialists, leading barbers and hairdressers and other authorities attest this statement. All claims for its effectiveness meet the full requirements of the Government's Drug Laws and of modern medical practice.

Get, today—at your drug store—Glover's "Hair Application & Mange Medicine" and a cake of Glover's Medicated Soap. Then, follow directions carefully . . . and watch results!

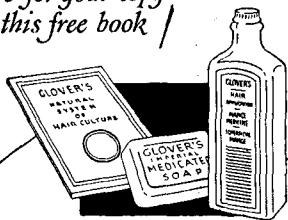
GLOVER'S

HAIR APPLICATION
& MANGE MEDICINE

to be followed by a shampoo with

**GLOVER'S
MEDICATED SOAP**

Write for your copy
of this free book!



H. Clay Glover Co., Inc.
Dept. L, 119 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
Please send me a copy of "Glover's Natural System of Hair Culture."

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Precious Stones

Continued from page 12

a velvet cushion for the display of ropes of diamonds and pearls; she could carry a yard of precious stones round her stout neck. She bubbled and frothed. She was always moving her hands, which were covered with rings. She called all the waiters by their Christian names. She patted men's sleeves.

Rostov bowed to her very gravely, and she gave him a jocund glance, and with all her party in tow was met by the urbane Gustave.

"I have reserved Madame her table."

Rostov followed the party, trying not to feel like a monkey at the end of a string. The party consisted of a middle-aged woman, two girls, a young old man with an eyeglass, and a youth with no chin. Mrs. De Quincy Evans settled her party; she took a long time about it; she was like a fussy, blond hen; she talked all the time.

Oh, that dinner! He was always rather hungry. What a body one was! And soon he would be looking at the great trays of pastry carried round by the waiters, and wishing that he could carry a bagful home to Vera.

"Michael!"

Mrs. De Quincy Evans' hand was waving him to a chair.

"People—this is Michael. Michael—my people."

He bowed gravely to the party, and with compressed lips sat down beside the middle-aged woman. Obviously she did not know what to say to Rostov, and he was equally mute. Then the orchestra struck up; and having got to his feet, Rostov made his bow to the middle-aged lady.

"Will Madame dance?"

Almost she looked shocked.

"I don't dance."

He raised his eyebrows gallantly over her brusquerie, and tried one of the girls.

"I'd love to, but I'm awfully shy of pros."

THEY danced. Rostov was an artist, and yet he managed to dance with an air of polite detachment. Meanwhile the chinless youth sat and despised him. "This Russian fellow—" The chinless one could not understand how any girl could bring herself to dance with a hired outsider. Mrs. Evans talked. The severe lady watched and disapproved. Between his duties Rostov stood and drank tea and looked Byronic and managed to snatch one sugary cake.

But all such afternoons come to an end, and Mrs. De Quincy Evans' party dispersed; but she herself remained, smoking a cigarette and retaining Rostov beside her. His association with Mrs. Evans was beginning to cause comment, and he knew it and was irritated by it, but what could he do? Other things may have to be swallowed when you are hungry, but Mrs. De Quincy Evans was a considerable mouthful; and as he stood beside her chair and met her cosmetic smile he began to wonder what her game was. Certainly she was a woman who refused to grow old, but did her refusal include the commandeering of youth? Was she— But such reflections caused Rostov to feel a little stirring of nausea. The world was sufficiently raw and sordid without the admittance of such nudities. He preferred to think of Mrs. Evans as a good-natured and rather officious woman who wanted to be kind and liked to parade her kindness.

She was taking something from her bag.

"Good boy, Michael."

He saw the hundred-franc note laid on the table. It was for him, the poodle, the good dog, and he both wanted it and loathed it. She might do these things in a different way.

Mrs. Evans looked up at him archly.

"I shall be round here tonight. Come and have supper with me, my dear, afterward."

Rostov turned up the collar of his overcoat as he left the hotel. It was a poor overcoat, cheaply in the fashion, and after dancing in an overheated ho-

tel one had to be careful, for this Riviera climate was treacherous. One of his many fears was a dread of being ill; he could not afford to be ill. He walked fast in the direction of his street quarter; he climbed the four flights of steps; he opened the door and saw his wife laying the table for their evening meal—bread, potage, and macaroni. Vera looked tired and paler than usual; her movements had a languor.

Rostov noticed this. Another of his fears was for his wife's health. She had suffered rather terribly during those days of bloodshed.

"Tired, Vera?"

"Only one of my headaches."

"Lie down; I'll look after the restaurant."

"No, I can manage. Go and change."

ROSTOV had to dress and return to the Cosmopolis by half past eight, where he would have to dance and appear gay and debonair till midnight. He got through so many white shirts, and the laundress was a brigand and exacted blackmail for tearing your shirts to pieces. At twelve o'clock Mrs. De Quincy Evans would carry him off in her car, and he would eat, and in return

soup, a delicately dressed lobster, creamed chicken, a relish, fruit. There was champagne; also a box of cigars. Mrs. Evans dismissed the man-servant. Her peach-colored face had a suave, persuasive expression.

And Rostov was conscious of something in the air. There was a part of him that began to bristle. Even the cigar she offered him was a ten-franc bribe. And for what?

"My dear, have you noticed my rings?"

Oh, yes, he had noticed her rings.

"Madame has exquisite taste."

"It is my hobby. And at the same time I help people. Is it not true, my dear, that the Riviera is full of your unfortunate people?"

"Very true."

"And sometimes they need money, and they go to some Levantine with a ring or a brooch or a necklace, and they have to take what the wretch will give. Even you—my dear—probably cherish some treasure."

Rostov's glance seemed to narrow. He was on the alert.

"Yes, that is true."

"And there are many refugees."

"Yes."

The Prince of Escape

Valdez was his stage name but he was an American from Brooklyn. British affairs of state reached out and involved him in a thrilling, mystifying series of events. It's the kind of story Houdini himself might have lived through—romantic and colorful.

By **CHARLES SAXBY**

IN COLLIER'S FOR JULY 7th

for his food he would be expected to be gallant and amusing.

He went into the bedroom to change. Confound the old woman! Why couldn't she let him go to bed in peace, but must with her carefully manicured fingers tease the fibers of youth?

He said, "I have to go out to supper with the woman from whom I stole the peaches. Very boring. I think I shall tell her I'm married."

Vera replied from the other room:

"Poor Michael!"

"Oh, one has to put up with it. She gave me a hundred-franc note after the show today. I performed with her party. I'll put the note on your dressing table. Buy yourself something."

"Housekeeping, my dear. And some of it can go into the money box."

"I leave it to you."

That particular evening proved to be just like other evenings so far as Rostov was concerned, but Mrs. De Quincy Evans was different. She exhaled a perfume of property; and her smiles and her intimacies suggested that Rostov was part of her property. She carried him off at midnight; in the car she patted his hand.

"You work very hard, my dear, too hard."

She was wearing a rope of pearls and a collection of exquisite rings, old rings picked up during her travels. Rostov had noticed them; they filled him at times with a savage bitterness; he believed that many of them were Russian rings wrung from hungry unfortunates. They arrived. Supper was laid: iced

"Well, my dear, I can offer you a profession. Together we might contrive to help your people and to please me. I presume you meet many Russians."

"Oh, yes."

"Well, my dear, why not bring them to me? You can act as my confidential agent. I am a very rich woman. I adore gems; they are my passion. But I am not a broker. Rather you could describe me as a banker who buys securities. Now, wouldn't it be quite easy for you to go about and find people who had jewelry to sell, and bring them to me? It would be so nice and easy for them: no horrible haggling, no sneaking into shops."

ROSTOV'S face was very pale.

"I see. You suggest, madame, that I explore Cap d'Or."

"Not only Cap d'Or, but when I go to Monte Carlo or Nice or Cannes, or Paris or London, you follow me, my dear, and act as my agent. It will pay you better than giving dancing lessons. It might lead to—something."

She was very plausible, sitting there like a fairy godmother in a golden wig and with her peach-blossom face, but Rostov had one of those moments of illumination when a man knows things without being able to say how he knows them. Suddenly he knew her to be a succulent, greedy old woman, far worse than any of the Levantines she spoke of; and he felt a chilliness up his spine, tremors of disgust. But he was the diplomat. He felt in the hip pocket of

his trousers and brought out a little black leather case.

"Madame will excuse me."

He watched her face. He saw it sharpen and harden just as many women's faces grow hard and alert and greedy at the bridge table. Her pupils were pin points.

"My last resource, madame. One must keep something in reserve. May I show it to you?"

"Of course."

He sprang the catch, raised the lid, and displayed to her a superb emerald in an old Italian setting. It had belonged to his mother. It was worth a great deal of money, and always he carried it about with him buttoned up in his hip pocket.

Mrs. De Quincy Evans' eyes caressed it, but she was astute, a good business woman.

"A pretty thing, madame. The emerald is perfect. Perhaps Madame will value the ring for me."

SHE took it in her thick and stumpy fingers, held it up to the light, and examined the setting.

"Do you wish to sell it, my dear?"

"That might depend."

"Well, a hundred pounds—perhaps. There is a slight discoloration."

Rostov, deliberately and with grave politeness, recovered the ring from her pink palm and returned it to the case.

"You hag," he thought, "the thing is worth five hundred if it is worth a penny."

He bowed to her.

"Madame will excuse me, but I do not sell. Nor am I tempted to be Madame's agent and help her to buy cheaply from poor devils who have just a little left. No, I have not yet fallen so low. I apologize for having permitted myself to eat Madame's food and drink her wine."

But she had phlegm; she was not a sensitive sort of woman; she laughed and got up on her stout legs and made as though to box his ears.

"Don't be silly, my dear. Do you think I should buy that ring from you without having it valued by an expert? Don't be so dignified and silly. That's the worst of you people with half a mile of family tree behind you: you want everything taken at your own valuation. You want things done for you en prince. Don't be silly."

She pushed the cigar box toward him. She was jocund, soothing, maternal.

"Put half a dozen of those in your pocket, and don't quarrel with good business. I'm not a bad sort of woman. You would find me kinder than the management of the Cosmopolis. I am moving on to Cannes next month. If you have got any sense of the value of things—"

His face looked narrow and old, his eyes sunk in his head.

"Madame, there are insuperable difficulties. You—see—I am married; I have a wife in Cap d'Or."

The effect on her was instant and obvious. Her pink face seemed to shrivel up like an apple that has been kept too long in a dry place. Her eyes lost their kindness.

"Indeed! How very superfluous! I supposed the management of the Cosmopolis considered a married man—less interesting. Bad business, marriage, my dear. Isn't that so?"

He stood looking at her for one moment. He seemed to see her for what she was: a painted old woman with claws. He felt stifled. He wanted to get out of her damned villa.

He said, "Madame is privileged. I have eaten her food. Sometimes one is hungry, but it is worse for a man when his wife is hungry. I will wish Madame good night."

And he went.

Outside the night was calm and clear, and the mountains and the sea seemed to meet under the moon, the same old moon confronting yesterday and tomorrow; and he thought how damnable it was that people should be poor and hungry on such a night and so much at the mercy of circumstance and of greedy old women. If only one could live on moonlight! Also he had a feeling that he had made a fool of himself in allowing the cold, raw edge of his anger to show rather like the edge of a tattered

shirt. He had insulted Mrs. De Quincy Evans; it would do him no good; it might do him a great deal of harm.

Climbing the four flights of stairs, he found the little living-room in darkness. Vera had gone to bed. But she had left the bedroom door open and the bedroom light on.

"Is that you, Michael?"

"It is."

"I'm so sorry, Michael . . . my headache—I'm afraid I'm going to be ill."

He was shocked, frightened, touched, for her voice appealed; it was excusatory, humble, defensive. Almost she apologized to him for fearing that she was going to be ill. It was a disaster. He found her lying on her back in the bed with her dark hair brushed out like a halo; her eyes excused herself—"Don't be angry with me, Michael, I'm so sorry." He bent down and kissed her.

"What is it—serious?"

He was frightened, but trying not to look so.

"It feels like flu, Michael. These wretched bodies of ours!"

During the week that followed the Cosmopolis and its various women wondered what was the matter with Rostov. He looked ill and exhausted; he danced like a man who was half asleep; he seemed to be stifling yawns; his eyes were frightened. The management had to complain, for Rostov was caught asleep in one of the lounge chairs at five o'clock in the afternoon when he should have been dancing.

"This won't do, my lad. What's wrong?"

Rostov, startled, still half submerged, blurted out the truth to the spruce person.

"My wife's ill. I'm having to nurse her. I don't get much sleep."

"Haven't you got a nurse?"

"I can't afford a nurse."

The truth was out. The confession was overheard by four people who were playing bridge and by two separate women who were reading novels. It spread. The Cosmopolis experienced one of those revelations of surprise and compassion. It discovered the humanity at the back of itself and of life in general and in particular. "The poor lad! Falling asleep on his feet!" It forgave him the concealment of matrimony—in fact, it accepted his marriage, and made a personal affair of it. The hotel was moved.

Three gentlewomen formed themselves into a committee; they collected nearly five thousand francs. They asked the management to present the money to Rostov without giving the names of the donors.

When Rostov received the money his face became all shimmery and soft. He had to go into the cloakroom and pretend to brush his coat before facing the lights and the faces.

HE FOUND someone looking at him kindly, a woman who had looked at him less kindly a week ago.

"Mr. Rostov, how is your wife?"

He bowed stiffly; he was a little inarticulate.

"Better, thank you. It was pneumonia. People—people have been so kind."

"Might I go and see your wife? No, I won't tire her. I was very ill myself before I came down here."

So Vera had visitors. They managed to climb those four flights of stairs. They thought Vera Rostov "sweet," and said so. Also, they heard things about Michael, touching things. There was much more in the fellow than you would have suspected; he was not all dinner jacket and patent-leather feet.

Said an influential lady to her influential husband:

"Really, those two young things—so pathetic. I wish you could do something, Bill."

Bill was buttoning his braces.

"I had a talk with the fellow. He's a good lad. I have been looking out for a chap to send abroad or to travel with me, a fellow with languages and manners, a young fellow with some 'nous' and breeding. I think I might do something."

"Do, Bill. You are always rather a dear."

Something was done.

A better used car for fewer dollars

This valuable free
book tells how to
save money—
send for it!



SHREWD buyers are taking advantage of today's low used car prices to enjoy a quality "6" for less than the cost of a new "4."

You can buy a used car safely with the information pictured and explained in our valuable book, "How to Judge a Used Car." The coupon below brings you this fund of facts without cost. Experts who buy thousands of used cars for dealers tell you what to look for and

what to avoid. Much of this trade information has never before been made public.

Since its first printing a few months ago, 125,000 motorists have sent for this time and money-saving buyer's guide. The coupon below will bring a copy of the second edition of "How to Judge a Used Car" to you without cost. A 2c stamp may save you \$200. Send the coupon NOW!

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

- 1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.
- 2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.
- 3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

© 1927, The Studebaker Corporation of America

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA,
Dept. F-70, South Bend, Ind.

Please send me my copy of your valuable free booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car."

Name

Street

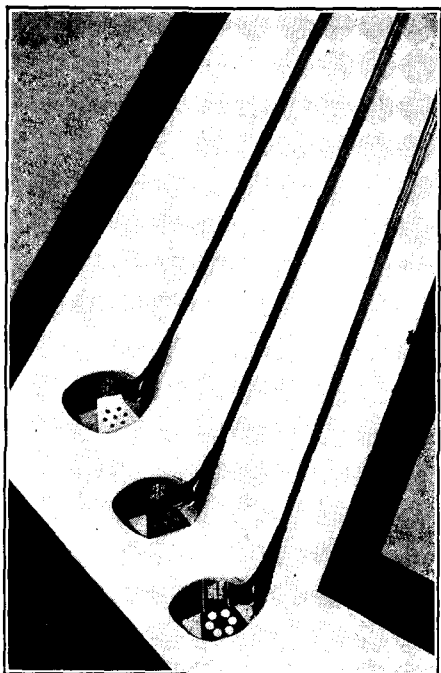
City State

STUDEBAKER

The Great Independent

The Marines Take Wings

Continued from page 9



When
you drive from
a crowded tee

TWICE the satisfaction in the long, true drive made before a gallery—twice the grief in the dubbed drive from the same crowded tee. And more chance to strut—less need to blush—when you use Burke clubs—clubs that give your game every help a club can offer.

Burke steel shafts are of Chrome-Molybdenum—steel's strongest, toughest alloy. Three separate tempering operations give the True-Temper shaft amazing liveliness. Clubs braced like bridges—reduction offset rings eliminate vibration. Perfectly balanced—and clubs in each set balanced with one another.

Burke clubs give greater distance—greater accuracy. Your pro or favorite sporting goods house has Burkes or will get them for you.



An enlarged section of the True Temper steel shaft

Burke

CLUBS • BAGS • BALLS

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Newark, Ohio

we had, and prepare to supervise the coming elections that they might be fair. The Liberals were sure to win, but it was up to us to see that they did it fairly.

But on July 16th we came upon the trail which was eventually to lead us to Sandino and El Chipote, his mythical stronghold, which was no myth. Our planes always flew in pairs. If one had to make a forced landing the other would know the spot and render or summon help.

On this date two of our planes, one piloted by a newcomer, Lieutenant Hayn D. Boyden, and the other by one of our "originals," Chief Marine Gunner Michael Wodaszczuk, approached Ocotal, near the Honduran border.

They circled the village, and at once Gunner Wodaszczuk recognized by certain signs that conditions were not healthy below. A small garrison of Marines had been stationed there, and it had not happened before that the tiny landing field on the fringe of Ocotal had not contained signal panels for aviators to read. Always there had been something.

Also the absence of people in the streets was suspicious. For Wodaszczuk, the "old-timer," these things were enough to keep him in the air until he could get a better line on the situation below. But to Boyden the signs were not ominous. He began to descend.

In vain did the gunner try to prevent the lieutenant's landing. He made signals of a sort which meant nothing to Boyden. We had no signals by which one plane could warn another against landing.

Waving frantically to Boyden, Wodaszczuk circled Ocotal looking for something which might tell him why the village was deserted, why there were no signals at the landing field. But Boyden landed, a mile out of the settlement.

And then Wodaszczuk saw signs!

Instead of being on the flying field, the panels were spread out in the cramped courtyard of a house the Marines had used as a barrack and which, now, was their thin fortress.

"Am being attacked by Sandino," the panels read. "One dead, several wounded, need assistance."

The gunner's job was clear. The garrison was under siege. Probably short of provisions, and God knew how many Sandinistas were stalking the place.

And beyond, Boyden had landed!

A Storm of Rifle Fire

WODASCZYK plunged at the town, exploring its outskirts with machine-gun fire for Sandino's men. He found them. From one spot in the jungle he drew the fire of what he estimated to be a hundred Nicaraguans. Several of their bullets cracked through his wings. A short distance away his fire uncovered another detachment. Judging from the number of horses and men he was able to see, Wodaszczuk decided that the Marine garrison was being invaded by several hundred foes. He turned to fly back to Managua for help—and to look for Lieutenant Boyden.

Boyden was rising! A storm of rifle fire from the Sandinistas enveloped him; but he was getting into the air.

As he landed two natives had run out of the village and had warned him that the Sandinistas were there. Probably they had been decently treated by the Marine garrison and were thus discharging a debt of gratitude. Who knows? We never found out. But Boyden got the warning just in time. His wheels had hardly touched the ground when the two friendly natives were out, screaming their pleas to him to be off. Several bullets tore through Boyden's wings, but he plowed through the metal storm, and he and the gunner were on their way to Managua.

When they returned, with three more planes, they learned that the two natives had paid the penalty. Sandino's

men had shot them to death, and had left their bodies as a warning to others who might serve the *gringo*.

Out of Managua roared five planes which were destined to make history in that they were to accomplish, for the first time in military annals, the relief of a beleaguered town by air.

Over the vapping *cordilleras* they flew to find a direct route to Ocotal blocked by one of Central America's lightning-swift thunder storms. No use bucking it; they couldn't take chances. Ocotal was crying for help. God knows what the Sandinistas would be doing now that they must have suspected that more planes were coming.

They flew around the storm, here slipping up valleys and there blurring through depressions in the mountains. And as they flew they loaded their machine guns, firing short bursts to make sure they were ready. They armed their seventeen-pound bombs and examined the releases. They were not gaining time by dodging the storm; they were losing it. Perhaps they lost thirty minutes, and every minute was an hour.

But presently there lay Ocotal and wisps of smoke from the Sandinista rifles told them where to operate. The Marines were flying high enough—twenty-five hundred feet—and it did not seem to them that their appearance had disconcerted Sandino. They had never used bombs before in Nicaragua and it is likely that Sandino, having had some experience under the oil cans

dropped by Mason and Brooks, contemplated these bombs with deep disdain.

Now the panels in the tiny courtyard told that two Marines were dead and that ammunition was low. Sandino's men had ceased their attack upon the barracks and, perhaps to show how lightly they regarded the planes, they were collecting openly and watching them circle the town.

A Long Swoop From the Clouds

SUDDENLY the signal came to dive at them. And the flying Marines dived! Later the Marines below said that they thought their rescuers were going to smash, they came that far down. As they made that long, steep swoop from the clouds, the machine guns poured steady streams into the stupefied Sandinistas.

For minutes they stood there, seemingly fascinated. They had seen nothing like this before. When it must have seemed to them that the planes were going to land amongst them, they broke.

They broke screaming, plunged into the underbrush, leaving animals and men, dead and dying, behind. You knew they were screaming because you could see their distorted faces; but the roar of the motors drowned their voices. Probably they couldn't hear themselves scream.

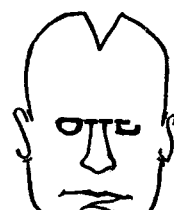
And then, as they broke and fled like released water, the planes stopped their descent and turned their noses upward. As they soared they released the bombs.

NAMEOGRAPHS

NOW is the season for outdoor Nameography. Take your pads and pencils and choose a shady knoll. You may get ideas from the things about you. It's unlikely that you'll stumble on a giraffe but frogs and collegiate youths abound in summer. For every acceptable Nameograph we'll pay \$5. Address Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. You can get a book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs for \$1.35 from your bookseller or from Reilly & Lee, Chicago.



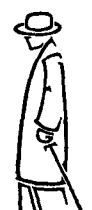
"Frog," by Mrs. C. C. Finch, Broadalbin, N. Y.



"Mussolini," by W. G. Trimble, 4514 Forbes St., Pittsburgh, Pa.



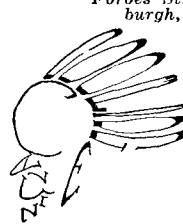
"Gibson Girl," by Grace E. Stringham, 1698 Elliott Ave., Ashland, Ky.



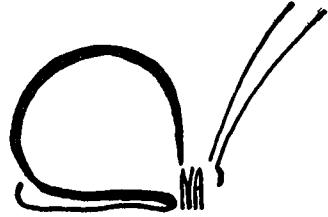
"Collegiate," by Charles Mason, 20 Monroe St., San Francisco, Calif.



"Convict," by Virginia Snedgar, 920 7th Street, Huntington, W. Va.



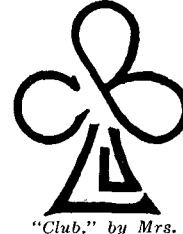
"Calvin Coolidge," by Aurelius Bataglia, 644 Irving St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



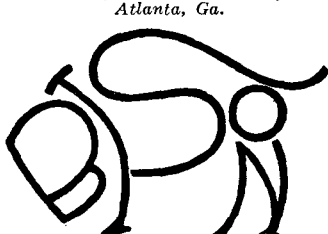
"Snail," by John H. Botts, 660 Barnett St., Atlanta, Ga.



"Giraffe," by Clarence E. Winne, 202 S. Light St., Springfield, O.



"Club," by Mrs. J. M. Bortz, Jr., 143 Jefferson Ave., Vandergrift, Pa.



"Bison," by Odin MacCrickart, Box 823, Pittsburgh, Pa.

They blasted the countryside with the seventeen-pounders. For forty-five minutes they bombed the plains and hills, the trails and jungles and then, bombs exhausted, ammunition almost gone, gas low, they counted it a day and turned back toward Managua. Ocotol was relieved. The Marine garrison and the friendly natives were on the street.

But the fight wasn't done. The storm which the planes had side-stepped on the way in had closed about them as if to aid the Sandinistas. There was no dodging it this time, no slipping up valleys and between clouds. Gas was low—very low—and they were an hour and a half from home.

A Narrow Escape

THEY tried to outrun the worst of the storm, flying due west to the Gulf of Fonseca but it was not to be dodged. There, soaring above the sea, they turned south and smashed into the fury of the rain. Fifteen minutes of blind flying as if through a waterfall and three planes made it.

Two planes had been beaten to the free lands of the seacoast but without damage. They arrived in Managua in the morning.

We flew back to Ocotol that day and learned how narrow had been the escape of the garrison. Their water was gone and food low. Further resistance was soon to be denied them because their ammunition was almost exhausted. We left them supplied, loaded their wounded into our planes and returned to Managua, knowing how heavy had been the losses of Sandino. The machine guns had cut long, deep wounds in his little army.

Yet we were far from having Sandino himself and, apparently, far, far from El Chipote. All we Marine airmen could do was to scout the mountains, occasionally drawing the fire of Sandino. There were escapes so narrow that the margin almost vanished. Not a plane escaped bullets but to date only one has been fetched down. A bullet smashed a hole in its gasoline tank but the pilot was able to make Ocotol. Our only satisfaction derived from these brushes with Sandino came of the knowledge that we always gave him casualties to ponder on.

But our immunity from stark disaster could not continue in this manner. Combat troops cannot hope for the charmed life.

One day Lieutenant Earl A. Thomas and Sergeant Frank E. Dowdell, observer, were patrolling the mountains with the gunner Wodaszcyk piloting the accompanying plane. They had come upon conditions which raised their hopes of locating El Chipote. They were flying low, eight miles northeast of Quilali.

Sandino had grown wary. No longer was he betraying his location by random shooting. Hereafter he was for luring us into his lap and smashing with all the force he could muster. And that is what he did that day.

From high on the mountain side a concentrated, short-range fire burst upon Thomas' ship. Sandino had not given the command to fire until Thomas was sure to receive the whole fury of the blast.

Thomas' plane appeared to be lifted by the recurrent volleys, but he didn't fall there. Wodaszcyk, soaring in high circles, watched Thomas kick his plane into the air, watched him falter, watched him drive on clearly crippled. He saw Thomas make a feeble effort to turn away from the mountains, and, like a hawk mortally wounded but held aloft by courage, stagger out of range of Sandino's rifles.

But presently Wodaszcyk saw Thomas' plane crash into the mountain. He saw Thomas and Dowdell tumble out of the ship, which burst into flame as they did it and then he opened his throttle wide and sped to Jicaro, the nearest outpost, where he dropped a message and a map which would guide the rescuing column of twenty-five Marines, which set forth over trails that were rivers of slime, as hopeless a mission as ever soldiers accepted.

Wodaszcyk returned to the mountain and, flying low, saw Thomas and Dowdell still standing near their burning

plane. To them he dropped a map and a message—the latter telling them to hold on, that help was coming.

That column of Marines arrived in the vicinity of the crash on the following morning but the trail was too heavy, the underbrush too matted, the forest too dense to locate the spot without the aid of airplanes. And the airplanes had not appeared. There the twenty-five Marines waited for guidance.

Once, while waiting, they heard firing above them on the mountain and during this firing there were several bomb explosions. They were to think of this later.

Suddenly the Sandinistas closed in upon the tiny column which was being guided by native militiamen or Guardia. One of the bitterest fights the Marine Corps saw occurred. More than two hundred Sandinistas surrounded them.

Eventually they cut their way through the ring with hand grenades, protecting themselves to the last behind their pack animals, all of which were killed before the Marines had worked free of the trap. Four of the Guardia lay with the pack mules. But the twenty-five Marines got back to Jicaro.

Another column a few days later under the protection and guidance of airplanes reached the spot where Thomas and Dowdell had crashed, but they found nothing except the wreck. From the natives we got the story of the two flyers.

Thomas and Dowdell had started toward Jicaro. Down the mountain they met two natives whom they made prisoners and attempted to use as guides. They permitted the natives to keep their machetes that they might cut a path through the brush. That was a mistake. One of the natives turned and with a terrific smack of his long knife cut off one of Thomas' or Dowdell's arms. We never quite learned which Marine it was.

They killed the native but in the fight the other escaped. Thomas and Dowdell found a cave and barricaded themselves therein. Escape for them might be impossible; but one can always die fighting.

The escaped prisoner fetched forty or fifty Sandinistas and a bitter, brief battle ensued. Thomas and Dowdell, their ammunition gone, were killed in the cave. Sandino's men broke the barricade with dynamite and then threw a couple of bombs into the refuge of the aviators.

Those were the sounds the first rescue column from Jicaro had heard.

And then, along about Thanksgiving Day, we found El Chipote!

Hundreds of Good Fighting Men

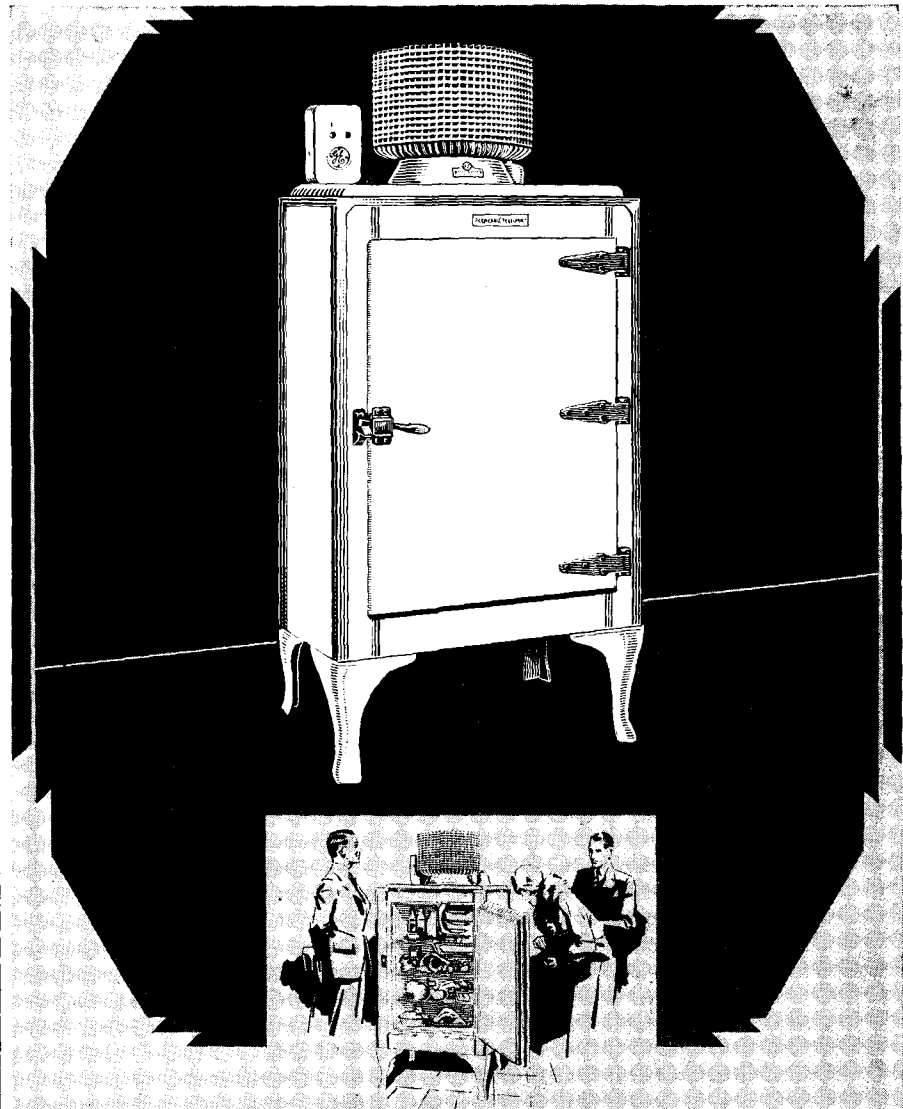
THE discovery was not altogether the outcome of haphazard searching. We had, by a process of elimination, narrowed the ground until our daily reconnaissance had become concentrated over a specific area.

El Chipote lay three thousand feet high on a mountain a few miles from where Thomas and Dowdell fell. Sandino had fortified it with trenches, strong points and machine-gun emplacements which were a nice tribute to his military sense and education. There were numerous shacks visible from the airplanes, doubtless sleeping quarters for the rebel chieftain's troops, and a sizable storehouse. When we swooped down in formation that we might take better pictures and make more adequate notes we got a hot reception. Probably several hundred good fighting men there.

Merely to bomb the stronghold would be no great military feat; we were more anxious to get Sandino. Therefore the planes were not to make the first onslaughts upon El Chipote. An expedition of one hundred and forty men and 200 pack animals was formed at Matagalpa. A second column of sixty men and a hundred animals was organized at Ocotol.

So heavy were the trails, where trails were at all visible, that three miles a day was considered smart progress. Sandino, having a rather fine knowledge of what we were doing, made moves to check us. Here he was prepared to fight. We were threatening his great

(Continued on page 46)



Look underneath, look inside ... and listen to it!

When you buy an electric refrigerator, do a bit of investigating on your own.

Look under the cabinet. With the General Electric Refrigerator you'll notice at once that all the models are up-on-legs. This makes it easy to clean under them. But, more important, it means that *all* the machinery is safely sealed away in the air-tight steel casing which you see on top of the cabinet.

Look inside. Is there really ample food space? You will find in the General Electric Refrigerator that the chilling chamber is amazingly compact. It allows more room for food.

Then listen. This you must do. We want you to judge for yourself just how quietly this refrigerator operates.

Be sure to consider, too, the organization which makes it. The General Electric Refrigerator is the product of fifteen years of research in the laboratories of General Electric.

See the many models. Notice their absolute simplicity, their quietness. Make comparisons with other refrigerators. If you write us, we will be glad to send you Booklet C-6 which gives you complete descriptions and specifications.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT of GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND, OHIO

The Marines Take Wings

Continued from page 45

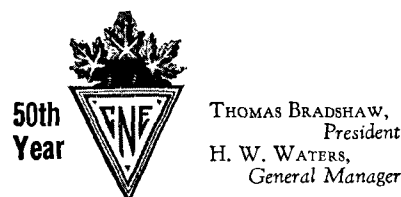


The Canadian National Exhibition is the world's largest spectacle; attracting more people than any fair or exposition; displaying almost every known product; costing annually to stage over \$1,000,000; and representing a land and building value of \$15,000,000.

At the 1928 Canadian National Exhibition, everyone may certainly expect a more entertaining, delightful and diversified programme than ever before to fittingly mark this 50th Anniversary year.

Here are a few of the hundreds of features: H.M. Royal Air Force Band (Eng.); 1500 performers on world's largest stage; Famed 2200 Voice Exhibition Chorus; First showing 1929 Motor Cars; Displays from the world over; The outstanding Sporting Event of the year—the Third Wrigley Marathon Swim for the World Championship, \$50,000 purse; and an Amateur Sports Programme rivaling an Olympiad.

Clip the coupon now for free road map and fully descriptive folders of the Canadian National Exhibition Golden Jubilee Year Programme.



Department of Publicity
CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION
Toronto 2, Ontario, Canada.
Please send me literature describing the Canadian National Exhibition, and your free road map.

Name.....

Address.....

stronghold and it was not going to tumble into our hands. Sandino is a fighting man and he keeps his kind around him.

The two columns were scheduled to consolidate at Quilali. Sandino struck quickly. He waited for the column from Matagalpa to reach a twist in the trail, a day from Quilali. Here the trail was exposed. Above it on the mountain and below it an underbrush, penetrable only by natives and wild animals, stretched for miles. It was as if the Marines had been trapped in an open plateau jutting like a platform from the mountain.

About five hundred Sandinistas attacked. In the first few minutes six Marines were killed and a number wounded, among the latter Captain Richard Livingston. For an hour the battle was fought. Thank God again for the poor marksmanship of the Nicaraguans—for their inability to handle machine guns as machine guns should be handled.

Again the airplane to the rescue. We dived at Sandino as we had at Ocotl—a concentrated swoop over the brush with bullets pouring. And the Sandinistas faded under the punishment.

Almost simultaneously the second column bound for Quilali was similarly ambushed at the tortured town of La Cruz, which lies eight miles northwest of Quilali; but there the Marines fought the Sandinistas off. The Marines lost three killed and several wounded in doing it.

Wholly surrounded by the Sandinistas, the Marines continued their advance and consolidated in Quilali. There were eighteen badly wounded men to be taken care of—several of them dying.

Evacuating them was something to be prayed for, not honestly expected. Food was running low. It would have taken a quarter of the entire force to carry those wounded men out. And Sandinistas sniping every foot of the trail!

There was no going forward with those wounded men to care for. To try carrying them back meant to abandon the advance on El Chipote. And to retreat meant doubling, tripling our losses. Perhaps annihilation.

A Gallant Rescue

QUILALI lies in a tight ravine. On either side the mountains rise several thousand feet. Sandino may have been grinning expectantly. The trail followed the tortuous Jicaro River and Sandino commanded that trail.

At the entrance of the Jicaro River into the town lay what might foolishly be called a flying field. It was small, possibly two hundred yards long. Its width was that of a country road. It was heavily rutted. No plane had ever landed there.

Disaster be damned! Planes had to land there now. Something had to be done for those wounded men; something also had to be done about food and ammunition. Seriously wounded as he was, Captain Dick Livingston dragged himself out to the landing and looked it over.

There were houses on one side. If these could be destroyed, there would be a chance for us to come in. The pursuit of Sandino and the march on El Chipote were abandoned for the moment.

The Marines laid down their rifles and took up picks and shovels. Down came those houses. Their ruins were used to fill the gullies in the field now opened—a field now three hundred yards long and fifty yards wide.

And then the commanding officer of the Marine aviation unit asked for a volunteer to go in and bring out the wounded. Lieutenant C. F. Schilt was chosen.

Jumping the mountains into the valley of the Jicaro was no extraordinary feat; landing on the field at Quilali was the

hardy prospect. His first landing threw Schilt back into the air. He had struck one of the rolling ridges which crossed the field. His second try was successful.

"Schilt," cried the commanding officer at the field, "one of heaven's bright angels would be no more welcome."

The most seriously wounded man was put into Schilt's plane. With men holding the wings until the motor was opened full out, Schilt took off. There were a couple of wild bounces but Schilt and his suffering cargo were in the air. He made Ocotl, thirty miles away, where a big transport plane was waiting with stretchers.

He came back, fetching a new commanding officer to take the injured Livingston's place. On every other return trip he brought supplies. Ten times he made the round trip from Quilali to Ocotl and every one was a hot flirtation with death. The Sandino rifles were flaying him every mile of the way.

On the eighth landing in Quilali he smashed his tail but a few rough repairs were all he required. He got all the wounded out. The column was ready to advance on El Chipote. He is wearing the Congressional Medal of Honor for it now.

Then the orders came to let the foot

troops reorganize and send the airplanes against El Chipote.

Four new planes, heavy with fifty-pound demolition bombs, twenty-five-pound shrapnel bombs and machine-gun ammunition, swooped over Sandino's town. The Sandinistas put up a courageous but futile battle. Their rifle fire burned the air beneath us.

The Great Sandino Eludes Them

SINGLY and in unison the planes dived at El Chipote, blasting it with the big bombs and following them with shrapnel. They sprayed the town with searching fire from the machine guns. For forty minutes they smashed and blistered El Chipote. And then they withdrew to observe. El Chipote was silent. Sandino's men—or such of them who were able—had fled. El Chipote was smoldering. A thousand men had held the place. It was now deserted.

On the following day the planes went back to resume the bombardment; but El Chipote was ours if we wished to occupy it. Sandino was through with it. But we had wanted him.

Since then the mountains of Nicaragua have been quiet. Somewhere there lies Sandino. Perhaps he is gathering another army. The thing the Marines seek is that brown man himself. The sooner they get him—

Puttering Pencils

Isn't there anyone out on the fairways at all? My goodness, they can't all be on the club verandas and in the locker-rooms jotting down jingles in the Rough. Still, it looks like it. Those gold luck-pieces certainly seem to have turned the thoughts of our golfers from putters to pencils.

One of the charms of golf jingles is that it gives you a chance not only to turn a neat bit of rhyme but also to air your pet hates. Look at how Philip D. Catlin of Fort Snelling, Minn., gets even with a player who needs no introduction:

*A golfer I hate
Is old McNutt.
He takes five minutes
For every putt.*

And George Wilson, Jr., of St. Louis, Mo., thus chants his woes:

*Of all the sorrows of the game
There's nothing can compare
With swinging at the gosh-darn' ball
And missing by a hair.*

There's a bright side even to having a dub or two in the club, as Frederick J. Rowe of Great Neck, L. I., points out:

*On the fairway, in the rough,
He always finds the going tough.
Slicing, hooking—just a dub.
But—he supports the country club.*

C. E. Barber of Memphis, Tenn., lands smack on the green in one. This is it:

*Why should I snort?
My game ain't all wrong.
But my long shots are short
And my short shots too long.*

You've got to hand something to Roe C. Duffie of Chicago, for as he insists:

*Though I have never shattered par
(Curs't be this game you all call fun)
I still insist it takes a star
To slice into each trap in one.*

Surely your jingles won't be any more diabolical than these. Send some in to Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City, and if one of them lands, you'll get a handsome gold luck-piece with your initials engraved on it.

The Bride Wore a—

Continued from page 32

was devoted toward attaining this result!

"Veils made of tulle and old family lace, or completely of old family lace, are exquisitely beautiful. We make many of those. Very often the family of the bride has in its possession some real old lace. When it hasn't we make the lace here in France—by hand, of course—always from old models, Alençon as a rule. Anne of France wore a veil of old family lace, so did Muriel Vanderbilt.

"Many women prefer silver lace on their wedding veils. That too is beautiful, but, to me, not as beautiful as old lace.

"The question of jewels often arises. What jewels should the bride wear? The best thing is to wear none. Princess Anne of France wore none. The most a bride should permit herself is a simple necklace of tiny pearls, which in their own language tell the same story of girlhood simplicity. And when I say tiny pearls, I do not mean a long, heavy necklace of pearls the size of young onions.

"The less a bride carries the better. No handbag, of course, but a little white purse for her lace handkerchief. A little white prayer book, perhaps. Or a few simple flowers. No enormous bouquet. That is a bad mistake made by many brides. She doesn't have to advertise her parents' wealth and station. That is not what makes the day important.

"The LESS there is of embroidery, lace, jewels, flowers in the bride's costume, the lovelier she is.

Completing the Picture

"PROPERLY dressing the bridesmaids is just as important as dressing the bride," M. Worth continued. "They form the background for her. The best plan is to have the dresses of the bridesmaids of the same style as that of the bride, with variations, of course. That is, if the bride has a period gown, the dresses of the bridesmaids should harmonize with the same period. If the bride's gown is modern, the bridesmaids' dresses should be modern.

"In America and in England all bridesmaids, as a rule, wear gowns of the same color. Personally I like to make a palette of the bridesmaids, to dress four of them in rose of varying tints, for instance, and four in blue of varying tints. They thus create a semblance of a springtime garden, of youth, of freshness, of charm. If properly done, the effect is enchanting.

"On the other hand, one of the prettiest effects I have ever seen was an entourage of bridesmaids dressed in white and each wearing a large, drooping, cerise-colored hat.

The same rule of simplicity of accessories applies to the bridesmaids. No jewels, no ornate ornaments of any sort, nothing that smacks of sophistication, worldliness. Again, a simple necklace of pearls is permissible."

M. Worth paused for a few moments. "Equally important with the bride and bridesmaids are the bridegroom and ushers, of course. I am quite serious. Badly cut clothes and badly arranged clothes on the part of the males can spoil the best efforts at getting a perfect picture. When my brother married I insisted upon examining the men before I let them take part in the ceremony. I had seen too many poorly dressed men at important weddings, and I wasn't going to risk the same thing happening in my family.

"That completes the wedding picture, with the exception, of course, of the bride's parents. The bride's mother should wear a smart frock befitting her age and station. The bride's father needs the same attention in his clothes as do the groom and ushers."

"What about going-away clothes and the rest of the trousseau?"

"That again is a matter of personal taste and pocketbook. She wants a

traveling costume, of course, if she is traveling. She wants motoring clothes; morning and afternoon clothes; sports clothes, if she is interested in sports; party clothes. She wants, in a word, new clothes to begin a new life. But what they will be or in what quantity is not a matter of rule. That depends upon the bride and her fortune, or, perhaps, upon the bridegroom and his fortune.

"The bride of today, as a rule, does not buy very much. She is willing to wait until after the wedding, when she will have more time and more money to spend.

"In the matter of underwear she is usually very fastidious. She does not, of course, buy the kind of underwear that was included in trousseaus of former days: the high-necked, long-sleeved nightgown. Her grandmother may have worn such, but today even her grandmother wears the filmy sheer clothes of the present generation.

"The daughter of an American millionaire who was recently married bought twelve sets of real lace underwear; twelve nightgowns, also trimmed with real lace; twelve brassières; one pair of pajamas, and three dishabilles. That, I should say, is the usual order."

"And linens?" M. Worth was asked.

"Brides nowadays give little thought to linens. In the past a bride who came to us for her wedding dress also bought a complete outfit of bed and table linens. She told us what she wanted to spend, and we had a list made up for her. She had to have a certain number of tablecloths, a certain number of napkins, a certain number of sheets, pillow cases, bedspreads. It was all very formal and conventional.

"Today that no longer is true. The modern bride pays more attention to her personal charms, and less to her personal worldly possessions. Less to her hope chest, and more to her soap 'chest'—with its delicate array of subtle beauty secrets. Because, adage to the contrary notwithstanding, smart little wives know that there's more magnetism in silk stockings than in sour cream biscuits; that elusive feminine daintiness is more potent than domestic science in keeping a husband's eyes smiling faithfully across the home table. . . .

"If a bride today interests herself in table and bed linen, it is not because it is her duty, but because she finds it pleasurable.

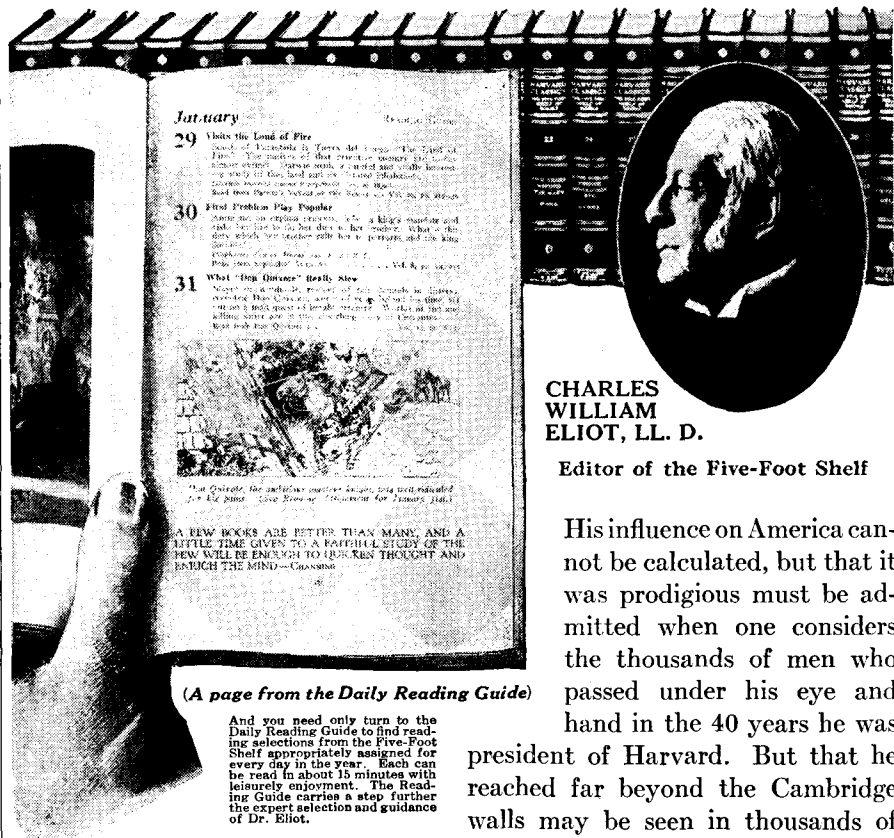
"The same young bride who bought the underwear I mentioned also asked to see some linen. She bought three sets of sheets and pillow cases made of fine linen and drawn-thread work for her twin beds, two bedspreads made of pink crêpe de chine worked with white crêpe de chine, one cushion and one table centerpiece. Brides go little farther, as a rule.

The Bridegroom Pays—and Pays

"A BRIDE today is not expected to bring linen to her household to last her a lifetime. Perhaps it is better so. There are fashions in everything, even in table linens and bed linens. Today, for instance, table linen for the evening as well as for the afternoon comes in pastel colors. That was unheard of in the old days when everything was spotlessly white. I do not say the old days were better. I find much charm in color."

Perhaps it is best that brides do not insist upon devoting too much of their time and money to the purchase of table linen or bed linen. Right now at Worth's there is a bed set priced at 87,000 francs. It consists of one crêpe de chine under sheet, hemstitched; one crêpe de chine top sheet, trimmed with a very wide border of Burandot lace; two pillow cases, and one bolster cover with lace trimming at each end. This is the sort of bed set that royalty bought in former days. Today the purchasers are Americans.

"It is the Daily Reading Guide which, in my judgment, makes the ownership of a set of The Harvard Classics the greatest single source of enjoyment, as well as the chiefest source of self-benefit, that anyone can possess."—GRANT OVERTON, Distinguished Author and Critic.



CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, LL. D.

Editor of the Five-Foot Shelf

His influence on America cannot be calculated, but that it was prodigious must be admitted when one considers the thousands of men who passed under his eye and hand in the 40 years he was president of Harvard. But that he reached far beyond the Cambridge walls may be seen in thousands of home libraries throughout the land. Many denied any other guidance have gained a speaking acquaintance with the world's classics through Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF

(The Harvard Classics)

Pleasure, self-satisfaction, entertainment and at the same time the delight of mental growth—these are the ideas behind the Harvard Classics.

In all the world there is no other such grouping of the few imperishable writings which picture the whole progress of civilization. Send for the free booklet which gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading and tells how he has put into the Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education."

Your reading problem solved

What are the few great books really worth reading? How shall a busy man or woman find them? This problem has been wonderfully solved for you by Dr. Charles W. Eliot from his lifetime of reading, study and teaching. He has made it possible for you, by reading little, still to be well read.

The Five-Foot Shelf of Books free you from the limitations of your age, of your country, of your personal experience; they give you access to all ages, to all countries, to all experience. They take you out of the rut of life in the town you live in and make you a citizen of the world.

They offer you the companionship of the most interesting and influential men and women who have ever lived; they make it possible for you to travel without leaving home, and to have vacations without taking time from your work. They offer you—if you will only accept it—friends, travel, the knowledge of life; they offer you education, the means of making your life what you want it to be.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

Since 1875, P. F. Collier & Son Company has published good books, and furthers the cause

of good reading by offering you the plan which enables you to pay for the books while you are enjoying them.



You owe it to yourself to act promptly!

P. F. Collier & Son Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also please advise how I may procure the books by small monthly payments.

Name (Please write plainly)

Address

The publishers cannot undertake to send this booklet free to children 6142-HCO-L

WISE MOTORISTS use this sturdy gauge regularly

VETERAN motorists know it pays to test their tires regularly—pays in increased tire mileage, lower tire costs. And they always use the dependable Schrader Gauge—built to withstand rough usage and still give reliable service.

Buy a Schrader Gauge today. Use it at least once a week. We suggest Friday as "tire-testing day," because most tires do their hardest work over the week end.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.

BROOKLYN

Chicago

Toronto

London



interests of his own system, but he had to respect the future of his rivals. For it was tacitly understood that, to meet the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the four systems would have to agree among themselves.

There were three key roads to New York to be had, and there were four systems wanting them. These key roads were the Central of New Jersey, the Lehigh Valley, and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western.

There is where the hardest struggle centered. More than once the conferences broke up because of the failure to agree.

Dual Alliance vs. Triple Entente

THE New York Central wanted the Jersey Central. Ownership of it would give the New York Central very valuable water-front property in New Jersey; and, through junction of the acquired line with a New York Central branch line, would provide a very short route to Chicago. But the Central of New Jersey was absolutely essential to the Baltimore & Ohio, if it was to be a system entering New York.

If the New York Central was not to have the Jersey Central, then it desired the Lehigh Valley. But the Pennsylvania desired the Lehigh Valley!

In the midst of this conflict, which seemed beyond adjustment, L. F. Loree, a pupil of E. H. Harriman, with a Western system of his own, stepped in and threw everything into further confusion.

He bought the Lehigh Valley and proposed to link it up with the Wabash, which he controlled, and thus form a fifth Eastern trunk-line system!

Thus there was a fifth rival claimant for the three key roads into New York. This for a time ended all negotiations.

But, however hopeless the deadlock seemed, the conferees were always driven back to their task.

The New York Central relinquished its claims to the road it so much desired, and PURCHASED the support of the Baltimore & Ohio by agreeing to let it have the Central of New Jersey.

The Van Sweringens, who had banking support allied to that of the New York Central, and who originally bought the Nickel Plate from the New York Central, were naturally friendly to the New York Central. So these three roads reached an agreement by which the New York Central was to have the Lehigh Valley, the Baltimore & Ohio the Jersey Central, and the Van Sweringens the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western.

This left the Pennsylvania without any alternate road to New York.

It was therefore natural, when Mr. Loree came into the situation, that the Pennsylvania should back his demands for a fifth system.

There existed thus a sort of dual alliance against a triple entente. Ultimately the triple entente saw the wisdom of making concessions to the Pennsylvania by way of weaning it away from the support of Mr. Loree. The original four reached an understanding. Mr. Loree was eliminated.

The three key roads to New York have now been allotted in this way: The Baltimore & Ohio gets the indispensable Central of New Jersey. The New York Central gets the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, instead of its going to the Van Sweringens. And the Pennsylvania and the Van Sweringen systems share equally in the Lehigh Valley.

Let us see what these changes mean. The Baltimore & Ohio, entering New York on the sure basis of owning its right of way, may contemplate the problem of adequate passenger terminals.

The New York Central can divert freight from Buffalo and points west, not intended for consumption on Manhattan Island or in the Bronx, to the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western at

Crossovers

Continued from page 13

Buffalo, thus relieving pressure on the Central's main lines and tending to segregate freight from passenger traffic.

The Pennsylvania can divert freight from middle-eastern Pennsylvania and northern New Jersey to the Lehigh Valley, which will have new tracks laid for this additional traffic.

And the Van Sweringens can segregate freight and passenger traffic somewhat, using both their own Erie road and the Lehigh Valley.

Also there is the problem of adequate terminals for passengers at New York. It is no longer to be solved by a railroad's acting individually: the costs are too great. For a long time it was questioned whether the Pennsylvania, powerful as it was, had not overexerted itself in digging its tunnels and erecting its great station on expensive Manhattan. There will be four systems equally great, all with similar problems at New York.

So there lies before us the prospect of two great union terminals on the Jersey shore, one for through passengers and one for commuters, and the joint use of freight terminals on the Jersey shore for the segregation of freight into classes, though the plans have not yet been worked out.

All four systems gain equal access to all coal fields. All the systems have access to each other's territory. The New York Central gets into Pittsburgh. The Pennsylvania gets into Buffalo. So the possibility of competition is really increased among them. The New York Central is now to be on a parity with the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore & Ohio in Pittsburgh. Nor will the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore & Ohio be on a parity with the New York Central and the Van Sweringens in the Lake Erie ports. Each system will reach branch lines, like arms, out into the other's territory.

But it is the opinion of railroad men that no system will rest until it is on an equality with the rival system in the rival's territory.

The Pennsylvania has pressed for the right to build a line paralleling the New York Central and the Nickel Plate through the lake ports or the right to use trackage over the Nickel Plate through those ports. This was one of the most hotly contested issues in the negotiations.

The New York Central and Van Sweringens retort that they should equally have similar rights through Pittsburgh. Perhaps the agreement signed will recognize similar rights for each side in the future.

Advantages to the Public

TO CONTINUE with what the four systems get out of the consolidations:

The Pennsylvania gets a straight line from Chicago to St. Louis, probably the Chicago & Alton. The Baltimore & Ohio gains greatly increased facilities in the industrial state of Michigan. All four systems gain many feeders; some of them to be used jointly by two, three, or even all four of the great new consolidated trunk lines. All four systems use jointly bridge roads to the Hudson River, where for the moment consolidations stop.

The proposed four-system plan covers only the roads included in the tentative consolidation plans for Eastern trunk-line mergers suggested by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Not yet dealt with are 300 Eastern short lines which the commission, in its sample consolidations, failed to allot to its proposed Eastern systems.

Now let us see what these proposed Eastern consolidations mean for the public. The Eastern consolidations, when they are completed, will take in all the weaker roads of the East under the wings of the four strong systems. This taking care of the weak roads may not, in the opinion of good judges of railroad economics, result in a reduction of freight rates. But it at least removes a reason for advances in freight

rates and both passengers and shippers will get more for their money in improved facilities at New York and at other places along the line.

Coöperation among the four systems at New York will greatly reduce the delays in shipping freight, which may be more than equivalent to rate reduction. Freight will tend to be routed by more direct routes. As it is now, freight is often routed in a roundabout way, in order to provide income to the roads billing it or to their allies. The temptation to do this will disappear as earnings go into the common treasury of a larger system.

To a certain extent actual distances are also shortened. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western is about forty miles shorter than the main line of the New York Central, which thus has a shorter route to and from Buffalo and points west. The B. & O. makes even greater gains in shortening its freight route. Over the Allegheny & Western from a point north of Pittsburgh and then over the Philadelphia & Reading and Jersey Central from the north-central part of Pennsylvania it may establish a new short line to Chicago, saving more than 100 miles.

Both these short lines, however—the New York Central's and the Baltimore & Ohio's—have grades in them which subtract from their advantages over present routes. But whenever it becomes worth while to eliminate the stiffest grades, two important new and shorter routes from New York to Chicago will be available—a great advantage to the traveling and shipping public.

May Stabilize Production

ANOTHER advantage to the public will be that many lesser cities not now on main lines will be put on main lines.

Here I come to the broader economic effects of the Eastern consolidations. As it is now, the separate railroads of the East contribute to industrial chaos. There are, I believe, about thirty-five important railroad executives in the Eastern trunk-line territory. They buy when the mood strikes them, throwing a peak load of production on factories at one period and leaving them half idle, perhaps, at another. It is the same way with coal buying, and coal mining is our most chaotic industry.

Moreover, no two chief engineers will agree on a question, so apparently simple as switch-frog designs, not to mention engine and car designs. The result is a chaos of patterns and types.

Now, in the East, if four systems are established, four executives will take the place of thirty-five. By coöperation orders for railroad supplies may be spread out intelligently over the year, reducing cost of manufacture and stabilizing the demand for labor. A certain measure of stability may even be imparted to coal mining.

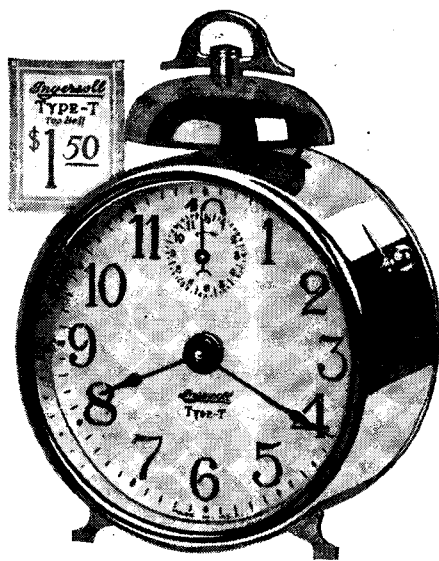
Similarly coöperation will reduce the number of types of railroad equipment and hence the overhead of manufacturing plants, with a resultant saving in costs; which saving in the end will be passed on to the public in the shape of improved facilities or low freight rates.

Doubtless there may be disadvantages in the consolidations. There is an air of finality about them, and with finality comes a certain stagnation. Henry Ford's experiences have shown how hard it is for a great organization to adjust itself to new conditions. Some gains have come from the very chaos that is ending, from the competition of many wits in railroad managing. And, moreover, systems may become too great for a single executive to manage.

But we cannot tear apart the various consolidations which have resulted in such existing trunk lines as the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, and go back to the little local railroads of the past. And we probably cannot go forward without further systematizing the discordant carrying facilities of the present.

The Thunder God

Continued from page 26



A Dependable Alarm Clock

for \$1.50

Strikingly good-looking, really dependable, able to stand the gaff of everyday use. Metal dial; knob alarm switch.

Fully guaranteed. A service department back of it where repairs, if needed, are made quickly and at nominal cost.

If not at your dealer's, sent postpaid. Other Ingersoll alarm clocks up to \$4.50. Ingersoll watches \$1.50 to \$6.00.

Ingersoll
TYPE-T

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York : Chicago : San Francisco
Service Dept: Waterbury, Conn.

DO YOU

WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees.—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Address

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

Put Extra \$\$\$



In Your Income

Mr. F. J. Persun of New Jersey wanted an extra income—an income which would net him \$25 to \$50 a month extra. So he joined the Crowell Subscription Staff and now clears over \$1,000 a year on his magazine business, working just in his spare time. You, too, may make \$1.50 to \$2.50 or more an hour by looking after the subscription interests of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE MENTOR and FARM AND FIRESIDE. Here's how to put extra Dollars in your income without experience or capital. Just give it a try by mailing the coupon TODAY!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C99,
The Crowell Publishing Company,
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me, without obligation, how to put extra Dollars in my income.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....
State.....

day with you, catch the Overland again that night for Salt Lake City, and take the O. R. N. over to Portland."

"Oh, that will be wonderful, Jake!" "By the way," he continued, "that tip you gave me about the railroad activity in the upper Columbia River basin looks more and more like stable information. I've had a wire from a man in Portland, asking me for a price on the Brander Timber Company's holdings. Evidently the news has leaked out in other quarters. I must get on the job promptly if I'm to clean up a fat wedding gift for you and expense money for our honeymoon. See you Wednesday morning, old dear. Good night!"

Late Tuesday night the operative Gloria Justin had engaged at Ben Whitton's order reported to her by telephone:

"Your man checked out of the hotel tonight. I followed him to the ferry and was behind him when he presented his ticket to the ticket chopper at the turnstile. He's gone to Portland, via Salt Lake City, with a stop-over of one day at Reno. I heard him discuss the trip with the ticket chopper in order to make certain of his connections, and I saw the ticket."

"Have him picked up at Reno and followed until he leaves," she answered. "Get the name and address of everybody he talks with or visits while in Reno, and report for further orders."

Immediately Gloria telephoned to the telegraph company a night letter to Ben Whitton, informing him of Jacob Brander's projected movements and of her action in arranging to have him shadowed in Reno. At the office next morning she found his laconic reply:

You are a good girl. Get my car from the garage and take your mother for a week-end somewhere, charging my expense. B. F. W.

ON WEDNESDAY morning Ben Whitton called again at the office of the timber broker David Dever.

"Well," he queried, "any news from the Brander Timber Company?"

"That timber is not for sale." "Still, I am not without hope," Whitton replied. "Brander is coming to Portland this week and may pay you a visit."

"Well, when he does, I'll work on him."

"In all probability I shall be absent from this city for a month, and it will be impossible for you to communicate with me," Whitton resumed. "However, that timber will keep. It isn't going to be sold in a hurry, and a little waiting on me may have a sound moral effect on the owners. What have you learned regarding that other timber?"

"The Hale-Robinson people have offered theirs at a dollar and fifty cents a

thousand. The Banning crowd wants two dollars, but will listen to an offer."

"I'll let them stew a while." As profound a mystery as he had been the day he first called, Whitton then left Dever, and an hour later he and Julie and their party, equipment and supplies were aboard a train bound up-country to the task that awaited them.

MR JACOB BRANDER, like so many of the sons of self-made multimillionaires, had inherited his father's ego and selfishness, but not that quality which had brought the old man from zero to five millions—a quality often referred to by golfers as "the follow through."

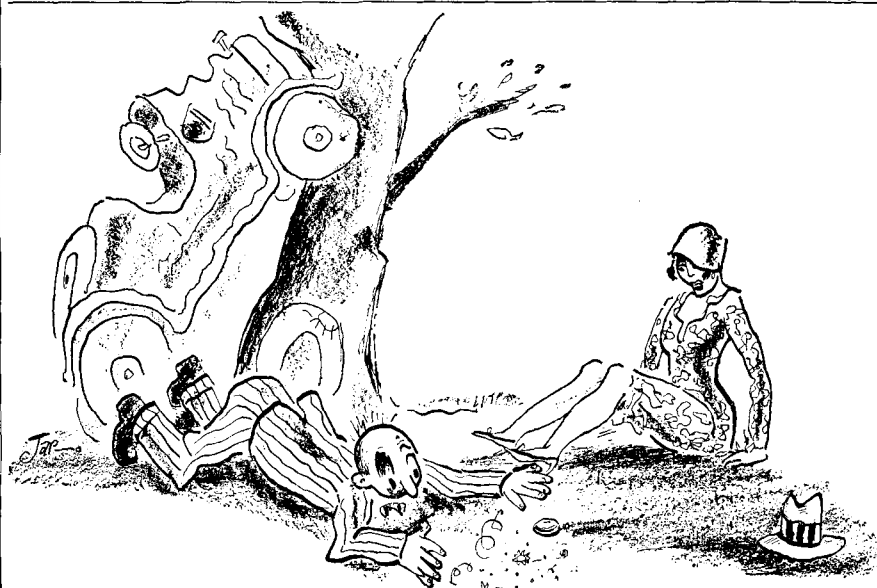
He preferred investments that did not have to be watched, which yielded fewer dividends but guaranteed them. Nevertheless, there was in him a strong streak of the gambler. His ego required pampering; as the son of a multimillionaire he believed that he could not, with dignity, quit this world without having added materially to the store he had inherited. He was fond of confiding to his intimates that he owed that to the old man.

Naturally his intimates had taken advantage of this information to induce him to invest in operations of a highly speculative nature; and many of these had not turned out a whit better than his three marriages, all of which had been very expensive indeed. For the last three years, therefore, he had been curbing his natural bent for demonstrating his shrewdness in business until, with the information furnished him by Mercedes Grannis anent the projected extension of the O. R. N. railroad into a district where the Brander Timber Company still held a big acreage of fir timber, he saw a splendid opportunity to recoup, in a year or two, all his previous losses; to emerge, probably, with a profit over and above those losses.

The idea captivated him, but since a burned child dreads the fire he moved cautiously. That timber, far out toward the head of the Columbia River basin, had been the one bad investment of the senior Brander's career as a lumberman, although, to do him justice, he had never regarded it as such.

He had purchased it because it was very cheap, and he knew he could afford to hold it indefinitely on the even chance that one day it would become accessible and consequently valuable. Also, he realized it would be one asset his son could not dispose of very readily; if the worst should ever come to the worst, the boy would have this one asset unencumbered, since it was not one any bank would care to loan money on. He assumed that this tract could

(Continued on page 50)



"A man who's as careless as you are shouldn't have a watch!"

Before Shaving HINDS CREAM



Right next to me
In a barber's chair
Sat another man
Who had awful nerve.
He had his hair cut
But refused to be shaved—
The one thing he needed
In the worst kind of way.
"A piker?" said I
To Tony the boss.
And Tony said, "No-o!
Dis man he all right,
He lika da shave better
When he do it himself
Wid plenty Hinds Cream
Before he put on da lather."



Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!



After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving HINDS CREAM



© L. & F. INC., 1928

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Sole Distributors

Dept. 1128
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

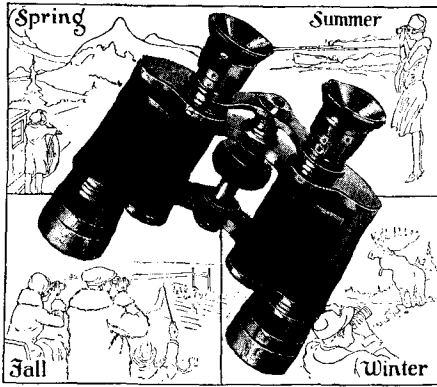
Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after June, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

Don't miss the Pleasures these BINOCULARS give



For every Season of the year!

PIERCE the Horizon! Bring people, scenes, ships, sports, wild game, to your feet. New worlds will open for you with these Powerful Binoculars. All your life—they will be a prized possession.

Final Offering! FREE Trial!

GENUINE imported Binoculars, famous *Premiere Qualité* lenses—not 6, not 8, but 10-POWER (10 times magnification). Exquisite illumination. Suited for long distance observation. Thousands sold to Army and Navy Officers, Commanders, Explorers, Big Game Hunters, Sportsmen. Indispensable for races, sports, hunting, football, motorizing, voyaging, etc. Leather case, neck and shoulder straps. Usually sold for \$45.00 to \$55.00. Our final offering at \$27.50 \$27.50. Don't miss this great value.

Our Plan is Different!

It's arousing a nation wide comment! We ask for NO Money in advance! NOTHING on Delivery. BINOCULARS are sent for 10 Days' Trial ABSOLUTELY FREE.

If pleased you may pay on Budget Plan: \$6.00 MONTHLY \$25.50 or if you prefer to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct \$2.00 and send Check or Money Order for \$25.50 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return them. Order NOW at this Special Price!

SEEVER-WILLIAMS CO.

Importers, Exporters, International Mail Order House
12 Generations of Honorable Dealings
365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Largest Retailers of Binoculars in the World
GENTLEMEN:—Send me the 10-POWER BINOCULARS, \$27.50, for 10 Days' FREE trial on your "NO Money in Advance—NO Money on Delivery" Plan.

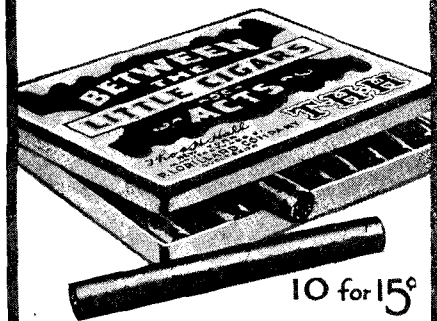
Name
Address
Clip and mail NOW! If a new customer, please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU. Collier's 6-23-28



The finest little smoke ever produced . . . in the handiest pocket package ever devised

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS



10 for 15¢

Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail us 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

The Thunder God

Continued from page 49

not remain inaccessible more than thirty years, and that, when it did become accessible, it would be worth more to the Brander dynasty than the appraised value of the old man's total estate.

While Jacob Brander, Junior, was studying the maps of other large holdings contiguous to those of the Brander Timber Company (of which he was the sole owner) he studied also the reports of the stumpage, made by his father's trusted cruisers twenty years previous.

He pondered. Some five years before the Hale-Robinson people had approached him with an offer of their smaller acreage of timber equally good, and the price they asked then had been a dollar a thousand. It had cost them twenty-five cents, but what with taxes, fire losses and interest on the investment, a dollar would get them out even, and they were willing to sell to him on very favorable terms. Brander wondered now if they were still minded to sell, and he decided to write them.

Before he could do so, however, he received a communication which interested him mightily. A Portland, Ore., timber broker wired, asking if the holdings of the Brander Timber Company in the upper Columbia River basin were for sale, and requesting a price, subject to the customary 5 per cent commission in the event of a sale. The broker added that he had high hopes of effecting such a sale, provided Mr. Brander was willing to part with the property and provided, of course, the price quoted should not be prohibitive—not more than a dollar and a quarter per thousand, which the broker regarded as rather steep in view of the inaccessibility of the timber.

"I smell a rat," Jacob Brander murmured. "Mercedes' information came direct, and this appears to confirm it. There is something doing in that country. Hum-m-m! Since the day Dad bought that timber we have never had an offer on it, and I know the Banning and Hale-Robinson people are still hanging on to theirs. I'll have to go to Portland, see old man Robinson and nose around generally."

IMMEDIATELY upon his arrival in Portland he called at the Hale-Robinson office. Robinson, the surviving partner, a man now well past three-score and ten, received him with an alert interest which was not lost on his visitor. Following the interchange of commonplaces, Brander referred to the letter Robinson had written him some years before, and ventured to inquire if the Hale-Robinson timber in the upper Columbia River basin was still for sale.

"Anything we have is for sale—at a price!" the shrewd old man assured him. Privately he thought: "Is this fellow here to trade with me? I must be careful. Second feeler I've had in a week. Must be something doing in that country."

"I'm willing to buy it if your old price and the old terms still hold."

"Sorry. The price has gone up, and the terms are stiffer. Lots of inquiry for timber in that country now. Fellow sent a broker to me last week with an offer, and I'm expecting him back with a counter proposition right soon. No, my son. The price of the Hale-Robinson timber today is two dollars a thousand, and the terms are one quarter cash and one quarter each year for three years thereafter, with interest on the deferred payments at 6 per cent."

"Much too much!" Brander protested blusteringly. "What do you think I am? The United States Treasury?"

"Well, after you've paid 60 per cent of the purchase price, we might consent to carry you on mortgage for, say, ten years on the balance at 6 per cent. Might as well keep our money working, Brander."

"If it's a fair question, what was the name of the broker who approached you?"

"I have no objection to telling you."

His name is David Dever, and he has an office in the Lumbermen's Building in this city."

"I don't know him. Well, I'm dealing direct, and if a deal results I'll save you a 5 per cent commission. Is two dollars absolutely your lowest price, Mr. Robinson?"

"You couldn't buy that timber for a dollar and ninety-nine cents, Brander. That is my last word."

"What will a six months' option cost me?"

"Fifty thousand dollars, to be applied on the purchase price, of course, in the event you exercise your option."

The instinct of the gambler in Jacob Brander conquered him, and his selfishness helped. He wanted the Hale-Robinson timber. Somebody else wanted it too.

"I'll think this over," he informed old man Robinson. "I have a feeling I'll take an option. Will you give me a verbal option until noon tomorrow?"

"Glad to—free gratis!" The thought of obtaining even fifty thousand dollars on account of the expense of maintaining his white elephant made the old man almost human. Indeed, the moment Jacob Brander left his office the canny old man telephoned his attorney to draw up the option and send it over immediately.

Straight to the offices of the Banning interests Jacob Brander went, but a telephone message from Robinson to the president of the latter company preceded him.

"Hey, Jim," Old Robinson cackled, "that fat-headed fool of a son of old Jake Brander is headed for your office. That is, I think he is. I know I would be if I stood in his shoes. He's just been in to see me to get a price on our timber holdings in the upper Columbia River basin. I asked him two dollars, and he has practically assured me that he will take an option for six months so I gave him, at his request, a verbal option until noon tomorrow. For Heaven's sake, Jim, don't undercut my price. In fact, raise yours to two and a half; then we might both get together and saw off our stuff on him for two dollars."

"Two dollars would be a gift," the other replied, "if the O. R. N. ever built into that country. And they have just sent up an engineer to make a preliminary report of the probable route."

"Yes, I know that. But I'm too old, Jim, to take on new responsibilities at my age, and Hale's heirs have all the

money they want. They don't know how to operate a sawmill, anyhow. You're no spring chicken yourself, Jim, and neither is your brother or sister. Two dollars a thousand would get us both out with a profit."

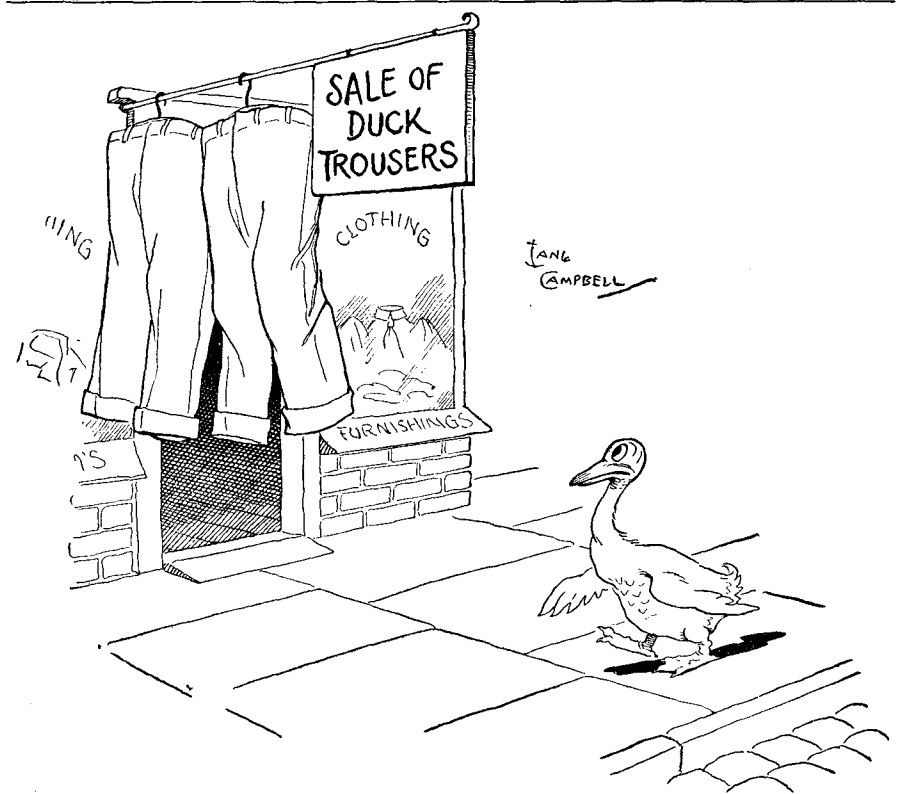
"Very well, I'll play ball with you." An hour after entering the Banning office Jacob Brander, his worst fears confirmed, departed with Banning's assurance that he would have an option drawn up at once, and be prepared to sign it immediately upon receipt of the Brander Timber Company's check for \$50,000.

What a blessing a clever woman was to a clever man, Brander reflected. Mercedes was out of place as the wife of a pedant like Julian Grannis. Thanks to her information (which Brander believed he could rely upon, considering its source), and the speed with which he had acted, he had beaten some other crowd to the punch. He knew these old timber operators with whom he had just been in session. Their word once passed, it was their bond. He would formally close both deals in the morning, then casually drop in on the broker, Dever, and inform him that not only was he not interested in disposing of the holdings of the Brander Timber Company, but that he had recently secured a six months' option on the Banning and Hale-Robinson stumpage, and that he would exercise his option too.

NO HARM in being a bit talkative. Dever would promptly communicate this information to his principal. Then, if the principal was unduly interested, Dever might attempt to negotiate for him the sale of all three bodies of timber at a nice quick profit.

Well, he had six months in which to formulate his plans, and the report of the engineers would be in within three months. Then the railroad people would call him into conference, in order to secure his assurance that he would erect sawmills to provide them with the freight which is the lifeblood of a railroad. Of course, to exercise his option personally would constitute a mouthful larger than he could chew, but in a pinch he could incorporate a company and share the good thing with others, and still emerge with a huge profit.

He was jubilant. Of course, he had entered upon another gamble, but (he told himself) one could scarcely call it that in view of the fact that other people were after the same holdings. And



Duck: "Isn't that ridiculous!"

he had beaten them to the prize! It was conceivable that he might unload his options and his own timber on them at a handsome profit! . . . Well, he had the most of the timber in that country cornered . . . the railroad people would have to talk to him now . . . conversely, he would have to talk to them; and when he did so the cards would have to be on the table.

Having optioned their holdings to him for six months, the Banning and Hale-Robinson people could not assure the railroad people that they would erect sawmills to provide lumber freight, and unless that assurance was forthcoming, naturally the railroad would not be built; in which event Jacob Brander would be left with not one white elephant on his hands but three! . . . Well, suppose he did lose the \$100,000 he had paid for his options? He could afford the loss . . . this was to be his last gamble . . . absolutely. But he must play his hand carefully . . . there seemed no necessity for losing.

He paid a visit to Dever and filled the broker with information. A month later Dever called him up at Los Angeles and, on behalf of a client, offered him \$2,500 a thousand for all of the holdings he now owned and, for six months, controlled.

He refused to consider the offer. Foolish, he argued with himself, to snatch at the first bait cast. But he was trembling with the gambler's ague as he hung up; he could not refrain from a contemplation of his chickens before they were hatched any more than he could stifle a cheer before he was out of the woods. He wired Mercedes Granis at Reno, Nev.:

Just refused million profit on timber deal, made on strength your tip. Love. JAKE.

With a light heart Jacob Brander sent in his card to E. M. Gruber, first vice president and general manager of the O. R. N. in Chicago. Mr. Gruber was the type of executive whom one can readily visualize as sitting behind an expensive desk and saying "No!" with singular bluntness and directness. He looked up at Jacob Brander, when, after a wait of an hour, the latter gained access to him, and said coldly:

"What can I do for you, Mr. Brander?"

"You know who I am?"

"You're old Jake Brander's son, I take it."

Jacob Brander bowed.

"You don't look like your father," Gruber went on. "I knew him very well. He used to assault us about twice a year. Wanted us to build a line into some timber he owned up at the head of the Columbia River basin."

"Father's dead, but I inherited the habit," Brander rejoined. He had a very pleasant approach toward those he feared or respected. "I also inherited that timber."

MR. GRUBER seemed to withdraw an infinitesimal distance into himself, and waited for Brander to continue.

"I heard my dad's assaults are at last beginning to bear fruit, Mr. Gruber, and that the O. R. N. is very seriously considering the building of a road to tap that area."

"We are always considering tapping some new freight area, Mr. Brander. New business is the lifeblood of a railroad. However, few of the areas we consider are ever exploited. There's always a catch in them."

Mr. Gruber was apparently unwilling to admit anything; and since this was not to Brander's liking, the latter continued the attack.

"I understand you have an engineering crew in that country now, making a survey of a route?"

"The Portland office must have sent them out if that is so, Mr. Brander."

"Well, they're there, Mr. Gruber."

"I wonder why?" Gruber was mildly interested.

"Probably because the freight business is there waiting for the road to be built. Not a bad reason, I take it, Mr. Gruber. And I might add," Brander went on, "that if I had any tangible reason to believe that your people are in earnest about building into that

country, I would begin to consider very seriously the erection of three of the finest and largest sawmills in the Northwest. And that would mean three sawmill towns, three large pay rolls and quite a lot of collateral freight and passenger business."

"What would be your daily cut?" Gruber had withdrawn from himself a little; Brander saw that he was interested now.

"Oh, quit fencing with me, Gruber. Our interests in this matter are mutual. Your people will not build the road until you have the right assurances of sufficient lumbering operations to make the investment worth while; nor will I consider operating in that timber until I have the right assurances that I can freight my output to market. My daily cut would be not less than 500,000 feet daily per mill, under average market conditions."

"I have had some conversation with other large timber owners in that district," Gruber admitted, as if loath to disclose a secret, "and I had intended sounding you out as to your intentions. I am glad you called, Mr. Brander."

"WELL, you know my intentions. Naturally I don't care to leave that timber stand indefinitely if I can possibly start lumbering operations. There are a number of smaller holders in that country who have timber enough to last from ten to twenty years, and I imagine many of them will be inspired to operate also."

"I've canvassed them all and know what each one will do, or rather what each one thinks he will do." Gruber was reluctantly coming down to brass tacks, now that he had felt out his ground. "There was some talk of sending an engineering crew in there to make a preliminary report; and if your information is correct and we have such a crew in there, I imagine the report will be in my hands within sixty days. If it is favorable, I have every faith that we will proceed promptly to do our share." He pondered a moment and added: "I hear the Banning people and the Hale-Robinson outfit have given an option on their holdings to somebody."

"I have options on both parcels of timber, Mr. Gruber."

"Biting off quite a mouthful, are you not, Brander?"

"Quite—but I can chew it, if I elect to exercise my options."

Gruber considered this: "Well, if you do not exercise them, I imagine you can sell them, and if you do not do that and forfeit your options the present owners will go ahead, anyhow. The building of our line will make that timber too valuable to permit of its standing uncut." He commenced rearranging a pile of papers on his desk, an infallible sign on the part of a busy executive that an interview is ended. "Drop around in about sixty days," he suggested. "I'll probably have something definite to tell you then."

"I'll come whenever you wire me, Mr. Gruber. However, you can readily understand that speed is the essence of my plans. If I am going to exercise my options, I must have a little time to provide for some major financing. I will have a number of prominent Middle-West lumbermen associated with me—men with sufficient capital to attempt this gigantic enterprise and carry it through to a successful conclusion. This is to be no small operation."

"I understand. Well, I'll wire you. Good day."

As the door closed behind Jacob Brander, the railroad executive's cold face grew a shade colder. "Only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves!" he soliloquized. "That man Brander is a bigger man than he seems to be, or a bigger fool than appears possible. He's a gambler, but this time he's gambling on a red-hot tip. Wonder where he got his information? Not from Whitton, I'll guarantee that. A game devil—taking on options like that in the present state of overproduction of the lumber market. Nevertheless, if Whitton's preliminary report is favorable, I wouldn't be surprised if that fat bird picks up a few easy millions."

(To be continued next week)

Getting your MONEY'S WORTH

out of your

Vacation

DO YOU know how this man used to spend his vacation? Believing he should get a complete change, he'd pick out some nice place in the mountains.

Then he'd spend the whole two weeks trying to get his system adjusted to the change of water, air, food, and routine. And then when he got back home he had to get re-adjusted all over again. Often he didn't feel as well as before he left.

This year, though, he came back feeling like a million dollars. "The first real vacation I have had in years," he declared enthusiastically. "And the others might all have been just as good as this! Believe me, if I were running a tourist agency, I'd recommend Nujol as part of a person's equipment for any vacation trip. It certainly does the trick. I'm so sold on it that I'm going to keep it up the year round."

Nujol keeps the body functioning normally under all conditions. It works so easily and naturally that it has no



upsetting effects. It can't possibly hurt you or disagree with you because it is a pure substance that contains no drug or medicine. It not only keeps any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but aids in their removal.

When you go on your vacation this summer, pack a bottle of Nujol. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). It will do you more good than the extra two days you'd like to sneak. And if you want to prove to yourself what it will do try it out now, before you start. Be sure you get the genuine.

SPARE TIME CASH

for taking care of your own neighbors' new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Full instructions and free outfit sent on request. WRITE NOW!

JOHN DUNCANSON, Desk C98
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Ave. New York, N. Y.

C. M. Smyth says: "You Taught Me How to Make Big Money"



in Detroit with your wonderful merchandise and splendid co-operation." We paid Smyth \$4000.00 in 1926 and \$7000.00 in 1927 and will show honest and energetic full or part time men and women everywhere how to make large and steady earnings selling our nationally known Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, Commercial and Personal Stationery, etc., to friends, also to banks, business houses, professional people and individuals. We pay large commission in cash every day with liberal monthly bonus. Don't wait till tomorrow but write me personally today for full details, territory and magnificent free sample equipment.

Manager Dept. K
THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., INC.
Troy at 21st Street Chicago, Illinois

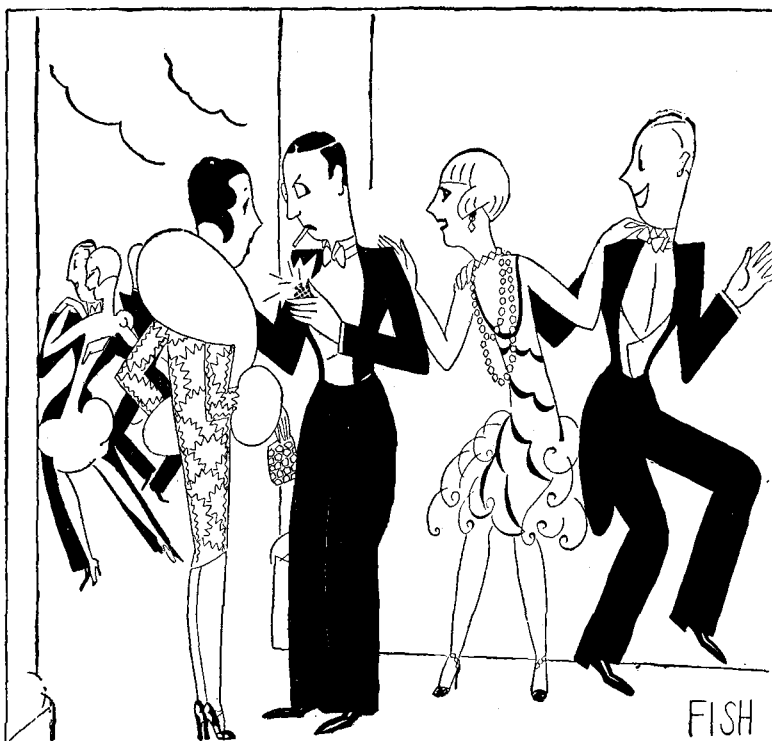
HAY FEVER Sufferers! Act Now For Real RELIEF

Don't delay ordering POLLEN-AIR, the electrically operated air filter that removes the cause of Hay Fever and Pollen Asthma. We may not be able to fill your order at the last minute before Hay Fever starts. Better reserve your POLLEN-AIR now, by telegraph and your check for \$25, applicable on full purchase price. POLLEN-AIR has the highest professional endorsement.

Write for full information

Pollenair, INC.

Room 607, Hickox Building
Cleveland, Ohio



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you tell the wife that you've never been in this supper club before and the hostess greets you with a friendly "hello, Al" . . . be nonchalant . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

How Good a Parent are YOU?

Read this letter from a mother:

"Why can't someone do for children what Dr. Eliot has done for adults in the Five-Foot Shelf of Books?" she writes. "My children are hungry for reading. Must they fall prey to foolish animal books and the Sunday comics?"

"Why can't someone gather together all that is best in children's literature and give it to us in one set of books?"

How many thousands of parents have been faced with the same problem. And now the problem is solved—wonderfully solved—by

THE YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF of BOOKS

THE JUNIOR CLASSICS

Introduction by Dr. Eliot
Reading Courses by President Neilson of Smith College

If you have children under 16 years of age, you owe it to yourself and them to know something about these wonderful "Junior Classics."

For here are the great stories and poems—from "Aladdin," "Robin Hood" and "The Man Without a Country" to "Barbara Frietche," "The Pied Piper" and "The Eve of Waterloo." For your children they

Parents, clip this coupon

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Send me, without obligating me in any way, the free book which describes in detail the YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS (Junior Classics). Also please give full particulars as to how I may procure these books by small monthly payments.

Name { Mr. _____
Mrs. _____

Address _____

(The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children.) 6145-JCO-L



What do your children read? Are you as careful of their minds as you are of their bodies?

The free book is worth a serious half-hour of YOUR time.

mean not only the finest entertainment. More than that, they are the sort of reading that develops a growing mind in the right direction.

"These," says Dr. Eliot in his splendid introduction, "are the real elements which should enter into the education of every English-speaking child." In these pages your boy and girl meet the great figures of history; here they learn courage from the courageous; truth from the truthful; heroism from the heroic.

You simply must find out all there is to know about these books that can mean so much to your children. The interesting Free booklet tells how they may be yours on the easiest of partial payments.

Servin' and Observin'

Continued from page 10

Daniel Henry takes pleasure in assuring you, was Presbyterian "of such religious qualities that the Baptists and the Methodists couldn't find nothing on him to take hold of."

"General Jackson was beholden to no man in the discoursin' of religious subject matter. I have absorbed a deal of preachin' in my time and have given ear to preachers who had their short-comin's. I helped sit in on one brother who was bearin' up under the accusation of bein' unsound on Isaiah. But General Jackson was a rounded-out man on all points of contact with the Bible.

"The General Was Mollified"

"HE WAS head of the Virginia Military Institute and as such held Sunday-school for colored of all manner of ages every Sunday afternoon at three. I had the distinction, suh, of bein' bell ringer. It was a honor bestowed upon me by General Jackson because of my ability in stature and strict attendin' to a faithful dischargin' of promptitude. I was the biggest boy in the class.

"I would establish myself at the door and intone the bell which was a warnin' that the general was about to hold forth. I was instructed, suh, to whang the bell seven times and fell from grace just once as I was filled with a zeal for which there was no accountin' except it come from on high.

"Daniel," says the general on that occasion, 'there is no occasion for arousin' the whole state of Virginia with that bell. Seven intonatin's is sufficien'."

"You see, suh," explained Daniel Henry, "I was carryin' out instructions to seven times seven accordin' to Leviticus. The general was mollified, but likewise set considerable store by discipline."

The talk turned to funerals, which Daniel Henry had made an avocation. Early in life he had manifested outstanding talents at "solacin' the departin' and sustainin' the bereaved." He had taken prominent parts in last rites too.

"General Lee departed this life in 1870 in Lexington," he said. "I laid my petition before Miss Sally Moore, who spoke to Miss Mildred Lee, the general's daughter, which bore much good fruit, namely, that I led the general's iron-gray horse, Traveler, in the procession to the church whilst John Shaw, the general's servant at the time, followed the hearse.

"For two hours Traveler and me, we stood outside the church whilst the services were proceedin' within, and nothin' more exasperatin' than a slight trompin' on my foot by Traveler, who was understandin' but unused to funerals, come to pass."

Chicken Gumbo with a Soul

IT WAS not until Daniel Henry McDowell accomplished his delayed pilgrimage to the North that his genius at serving blossom and attracted national admiration.

"I was always a hand at inflatin' the appetite," he said modestly. "A man never mislays his appetite. What comes to pass is as follows: A gentleman's appetite is like a boy with loose feet and a yearnin' for additional scenery, so to speak. Mistreat him with violence and a lackin' of understandin' and he absconds—ain't there any more. Only way to fetch him in from his wanderin' is to bait him in with gentle words and enticements.

"In Washington I waited on General Grant and General Phil Sheridan and General Nelson Miles, President Harrison and Samuel J. Tilden and a gradin' of men down to Snapper Garrison, the jockey, and other consequentials. Let me stop for a considerin' of personal history. . . . Let me see.

"Yes, suh, there is John G. Carlisle, Speaker of the House, from Kentucky. There was a statesman who relished his gumbo with genuwine lip-smackin's.

Take a large chicken and dissect it into large pieces to begin with. Fry them with feelin' and place upon the stove in one gallon of water. You fry three onions, two slices of breakfast bacon which you contribute by addin' to the chicken.

"Let this boil for two hours, suh, and then selectin' one quart of okra cut it into smallish pieces and stew one quart of tomatoes which you add to the boilin' with the okra. Boil some more for one hour, add a little sugar and thicken with browned flour.

"Suh, that's gumbo with a soul. Mr. Carlisle relished it.

"Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard was filled with solicitude for terrapin, which he would prepare with a tremblin' in his voice. He would apprehend two counts—terrapins, suh—and boil in the original shell, after which he would permit them to cool, with the result that he would remove the shell, extract the gall bladder and carve the remainder into good-sized pieces. You put them into a chafing dish, add a small cupful of rich cream, half a pound of butter and a couple of glasses of sherry or Madeira. The sincere epicure prefers the Madeira on account of its grandeur of flavor. You partake of the result once and you become a hankerer for terrapin.

"Satisfyin', Suh, Satisfyin'"

"I WAS servin' and observin', which I never detracted from the outcome of the man who practiced it. One evenin' I waited on President Grover Cleveland and Mr. Walter Q. Gresham, who was Secretary of State too after Mr. Bayard relinquished, and Mr. Richard Olney, who likewise was Secretary of State. Nothin' but Secretaries of State there as far as I develop the recollection. Mr. Bayard solicited with terrapin. It provoked oratory.

"President Harrison was a cold gentleman, leanin' toward the uncompromisin', but Mrs. McKee, his daughter, could embrace him with scalloped oysters so that he was downright genial. Boil your macaroni soft and place a layer thereof into a bakin' dish and cover with oysters which you pepper and salt and butter. Then another layer of macaroni and a recurrence of the oysters on top of that. You persist in this until the dish is replete and you culminate with bakin'."

"I could continue this plentiful discourse with abandon and tell you how Thomas Brackett Reed, Speaker of the House, relished baked chicken and Mr. Roger Q. Mills of Texas dissolved to barbecued mutton, and the way Governor Campbell of Ohio engrossed roasted ortolans in bread crumbs with a large mobjack oyster in its interior.

"Senator Quay of Pennsylvania could overcome himself back to tranquillity with a special deviled crab with bread crumbs, melted butter, olive oil and chopped parsley, and Mr. John Wanamaker, the Postmaster General, would linger with amazin' frequency on lobster salad served hot with Madeira wine of proved vintage. Permit me to subside whilst I recall the details observed by me in servin' the same.

"You disintegrate two new-boiled lobsters by way of originatin'. You extract the meat, which you cut into pieces about one inch in extent. Lay these in a saucepan on a hot stove with one chunk of spreadin' butter. A pinch of pepper and a very small spoon of red pepper and two middlin'-size truffles cut small follow. Cook for five minutes and add the Madeira, slowly stirrin' solicitously. Then cook it three minutes more, which reduces it to toothsome consistency. Have three egg yolks and a half pint of sweet cream and whip them to interminglin' and add to the lobster. With extreme affection you shuffle the mixture for two or three minutes until a noticeable thickenin' and then deliver it in its entirety into a hot tureen and engulf whilst warm. Satisfyin', suh, satisfyin'."

"Mr. Gibson, representative from Maryland, was a eater of Cardinal Richelieu pudding, and it was ingratiating to serve curried mutton chops to Mr. Joe Washington of Tennessee. Mississippi baked hash removed rancor from the heart of mankind in the estimation of Senator George of Mississippi, who was extremely thoughtful of boiled beef collar likewise, and Mr. Joe Blackburn, senator from Kentucky, never was sufficiently provided with Swedish timbales, the makin' of which required a light hand and deep perception.

Not Worth a Bookful

"I COULD progress with ease and affinity and discourse upon the fondness of Mr. Roswell Flower of New York, Mr. Fernandez Wood of similar location, Mr. Nelson Dingley of Maine, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, Senator John J. Ingalls, who was precociously fond of roast duck, usin' two and deletin' the wings."

"I suppose," I said, "that you learned much about politics—listening to the talk at the dinner table?"

"No, suh," replied Daniel Henry. "Those were eras when the food was fit to discuss and gentlemen collaborated with the mind and stomach. In that age food alleviated the mentality and was partaken of as a surcease. Yes, suh. Gentlemen came in from a hard day's wranglin' with the tariff and digested themselves into an equitable frame of

reason in order that on the morrow they could devote themselves to contendin' again. No, suh, victuals were of a nature conducive to tranquillity, and the gentlemen compared viands and not politics.

"Mr. Uncle Joe Cannon would say to me: 'Stonewall, Stonewall'—he always called me Stonewall on account of my affections toward the general—'Stonewall, fetch me my lunch.' I would respond with oysters, steak tenderloin, lettuce salad and black coffee.

"Now, Stonewall," he would say, 'proceed with the eventual flourish.'

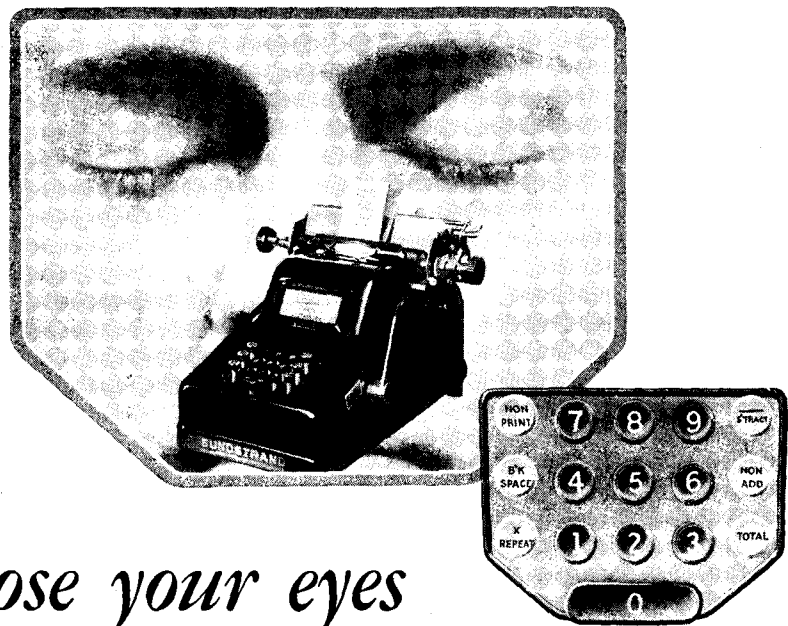
"That meant a black cigar and two fingers of liquor.

"Not my fingers, Stonewall," he would declare. 'Your fingers. They are broader than mine.'

"Yes, suh, servin' and observin' and lettin' knowledge trickle in and trickle out, not wastin' any and not withholdin'. I been a long time travelin' here below, and whilst my feet rebelled into inadequacy the soul is proceedin' on rubber tires.

"For many a day I have deliberated with anxiety on the settin' forth of my reminiscences, and this occasion supplies that missin' deficiency. It ain't a bookful, but it ain't worth a bookful, which is an observation I have absorbed in reading the lives of gentlemen who devoted too much time to devastatin' the stomach with unfit viands.

"I bid you good day, suh, with gratitude for assistance in this collaboratin'. Yes, suh."



Close your eyes and operate it

The simplest system on earth for all your business figuring

OVER the keys of the Sundstrand fingers fly with amazing speed... adding, subtracting, multiplying. Figuring invoices, adding debits, and subtracting credits...balancing accounts. No need to keep your eyes on the keys. You can even close them when someone is calling the figures.

The Sundstrand has only ten numeral keys, and these are logically arranged for quick development of the touch system. Control is right under the finger tips of the one hand. In ten minutes the most inexperienced operator has memorized their location. No wide area to cover. No hesitation in the selection of the proper column. You press the keys just as you would write down

the numbers. The figures of each item appear in the correct columns automatically. All this puts speed into business figuring that no other machine approximates.

What you can do with the Sundstrand is astonishing... positively uncanny. It not only adds, subtracts directly, and multiplies quicker than you ever believed it could be done, but it literally carries the most complicated transactions in its head. The Sundstrand Credit Balance Feature enables you to subtract credits in excess of debits and get the answer—directly.

The Sundstrand is priced as low as \$100. Use the coupon for descriptive booklet describing the Sundstrand line.

In this Issue

THE LAW BEATERS

By Richard Connell.

A short story . . . Page 5

\$25,000 A SHOT

By Grantland Rice . . . Page 7

THE MARINES TAKE WINGS

By Major E. H. Brainard,
U. S. M. C.

The commander of the first
air battle of the United
States Marines tells the
story for the first time. Page 8

SERVIN' AND OBSERVIN'. By Walter Davenport . . . Page 10

PRECIOUS STONES. By Warwick Deeping.
A short story of a prince in disguise . . . Page 11

CROSSOVERS. By Clinton W. Gilbert . . . Page 13

THE FLYCATCHER. By Lucian Cary . . . Page 14

IT'S NEVER TOO EARLY. In pictures . . . Page 16

LAUGH, CLOWN! By Ring Lardner . . . Page 18

THE OLD DUD. By Llewellyn Hughes.
A war story with a humorous side . . . Page 20

THE BLUE LAMP. By William Dudley Pelley.
A mystery story with synopsis . . . Page 22

THE THUNDER GOD. By Peter B. Kyne.
A new novel by the author of Jim the Conqueror . . . Page 25

A MEAN JOKE
A short short story by Don Marquis . . . Page 31

THE BRIDE WORE A— By Rose C. Feld.
A famous designer tells what the bride should wear. Page 32

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? By Milton C. Work . . . Page 34

THE LESSER HALF
By The Gentleman at the Keyhole . . . Page 36

A MODERN TROUBADOUR. By Jack Binns . . . Page 38

HELPING LADY LUCK
By Edwin E. Slosson . . . Page 40

NAMEOGRAPHS . . . Page 44

EDITORIALS . . . Page 54

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2

Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck, President
William P. Larkin, Vice President

George J. Kennedy, Vice President
Albert E. Winger, Treasurer

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. However, the publisher can accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Sundstrand

ADDING, FIGURING, BOOKKEEPING MACHINES AND CASH REGISTERS
Product of

General Office Equipment Corporation

342 MADISON AVENUE - NEW YORK CITY

ALSO MAKERS OF ELLIOTT-FISHER FLAT SURFACE
ACCOUNTING-WRITING MACHINES

GENERAL OFFICE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

342 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me your illustrated booklet, "Under Your Finger Tips."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Thomas H. Beck
Editorial Director

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

William L. Chenery, Editor



Charles Colebaugh
Managing Editor

Air-Minded Now

EVERY Saturday afternoon a business man in Springfield, Ohio, flies to Texas to spend the weekend with his wife, who is seeking health in the dry climate of the Southwest.

It is a routine now, as simple as a day's drive in a motor car.

The other day an airman visiting the airport at Tulsa, Okla., remarked the number of planes about at noon.

He was told that oil men were coming in for lunch. These men travel 50 to 70 miles to keep a luncheon appointment and think nothing of it.

A New York broker uses a plane to commute to his farm in Virginia.

As a nation we are becoming air-minded.

The great transcontinental routes of the mail flyers are lighted at night now. We have built a new kind of highway for a new age, air avenues as characteristic of our times as Cæsar's military roads were typical of imperial Rome.

Listen to Secretary Hoover:

"Today we have 6,000 miles of airways—a further 3,000 under construction. By the end of this year we shall have 9,000 miles of definite airways spanning our country. . . . Today we have 20,000 miles of commercial flying daily . . . by the end of this year we shall have 30,000. . . . We have today 4,000 commercial airplanes, and judging by the orders now in the factories we shall have 9,000 by the end of this year. . . ."

Today you can cross the continent in 30 hours at a cost of \$400.

The air mail is a permanent utility, expanding steadily in extent, gaining in appreciation. Two days and ten cents take a letter 3,000 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Air Travel is Safe

WE HAVE 1,075 airports in regular commercial use. Germany, thought of as the most advanced flying country, possesses only 62 fields, few with night landing facilities.

Air travel in sound planes with licensed pilots is safe. Last year a record of 1,413,381 passenger miles in the government mail service was made with but one fatality.

In general air transport service, in a count of 8,485,980 passenger miles, there were but six fatalities.

A total of 39,002,477 miles were covered in our entire aerial activity (not including ocean flights, testing, etc.) with 139 accidents and 108 deaths. Of our total fatalities 80 per cent were in unlicensed planes.

Accidents occurred where inexperienced pilots took up poor planes. Don't risk a ride in an ancient airplane remodeled by some amateur.

Maurice Graham, champion air-mail



International
Maurice Graham, champion air-mail flyer

flyer, has flown 213,931 miles in 2,220 hours, a distance more than eight times the circumference of the earth, without a single forced landing.

The development of air travel is merely beginning.

The names of towns should be marked plainly on roofs. More lights should be provided. Airports nearer the center of great cities are essential. Unlicensed pilots, unsafe planes, must be kept out of the air.

Mastery of the air will change our way of life as fundamentally as did the motor car. The commuting zone will be extended perhaps 300 miles. Civilization leaps ahead as transportation facilities increase. The most speedy and spectacular of all vehicles is being made ready for general use.

Go South

SOME of the Northern delegates to the Houston convention will learn something more important than politics. They will learn that there is a new South.

The older South, despite its charm and its romance, was still suffering until very recently from the economic and social effects of the Civil War.

Now the tide has turned. The old charm is still there but the newer South shows itself in the tall buildings, the well-paved streets, the garden suburbs, the excellent schools, the libraries, the art museums of such cities as Houston. Oil made Houston; coal and iron are making Birmingham; the increase in railway traffic renders Atlanta more and more important; Mississippi River improvements will stimulate the already vigorous commerce of New Orleans.

The new South does not sit on a veranda all day long and drink mint juleps. It hasn't time. It is just as energetic, modern and ambitious as the North. There are vast opportunities south of the Mason and Dixon line for those who know how to find them.

Horace Greeley's famous advice to the rising generation needs to be restated every now and then. If he were alive today, he would probably say, "Young man, go South."

Hobbled Money

SPEED up social betterment. That is the rule laid down by Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, who has established a foundation of \$20,000,000, to be administered by trustees.

Within twenty-five years after he is dead all of the principal, as well as the income from it, must have been used to aid projects that promise greater comfort and increased happiness for the people.

Permanent endowments for broad purposes, such as education, are desirable and will continue to exist. But it is unwise, as so many well-intentioned benefactors have done, to put so many hobbles on funds that their use, in promptly serving intelligent vision, is curtailed drastically.

A doctor in a New England village provided in his will that annually there should be available to the residents one mile of shirting flannel without cost to them.

That was two generations ago. Now much of the free flannel goes begging. Petticoats and chest protectors are not the vogue they once were.

The doctor couldn't foresee the development of rayon or the reign of silk. He thought the styles, customs and needs of his own period were permanent.

Don't discount the opportunities for making money perform humanitarian tasks today. But guard against the idea that those living in the distant tomorrow may require the same kind of assistance.



ENTRANCE TO A CONTINUOUS HEATING FURNACE IN THE ARMCO MILLS

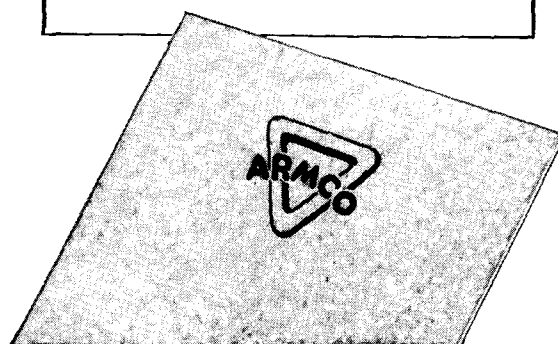
Protecting Industry Against Rust-Fire*

DAY in and day out, an unseen fire takes its toll from American business. This fire is rust . . . more treacherous than flames because it gives no warning. The loss from rust-fire runs into millions of dollars. It includes expensive shut-downs, needless repairs and depreciation figures that might have been profits.

Thousands of industrial executives are protecting their huge equipment investments this way: they specify *Armco* ingot iron for all sheet metal work. This iron—the purest made commercially—is practically free from the elements that hasten rust in steels and other irons. No other metal gives such long-time, low-cost service . . . on the roof and in the walls of factory buildings and warehouses, in tanks, stacks, boilers, and in other equipment exposed to conditions that invite rust. Moreover, *Armco* ingot iron is unusually ductile and easy to work.

To meet the growing demand for this rust-resisting iron, new manufacturing methods have been worked out in the *Armco* mills. These important developments mark a new era in the iron and steel industry;

ARMCO
INGOT IRON
RESISTS RUST



they have increased the production of *Armco* ingot iron by thousands of tons.

Whether you are going to build or repair, keep rust-fire out of your plant with *Armco* ingot iron. Look for the *Armco* Triangle on each sheet . . . it is put there for your protection.

And in the HOME Home owners and builders, too, are saving the cost and annoyance of frequent repairs. They are insisting on galvanized *Armco* ingot iron for gutters, downspouts, metal lath . . . and other metal parts about a house. When you build or repair, look for the sheet metal shop that displays the *Armco* sign.

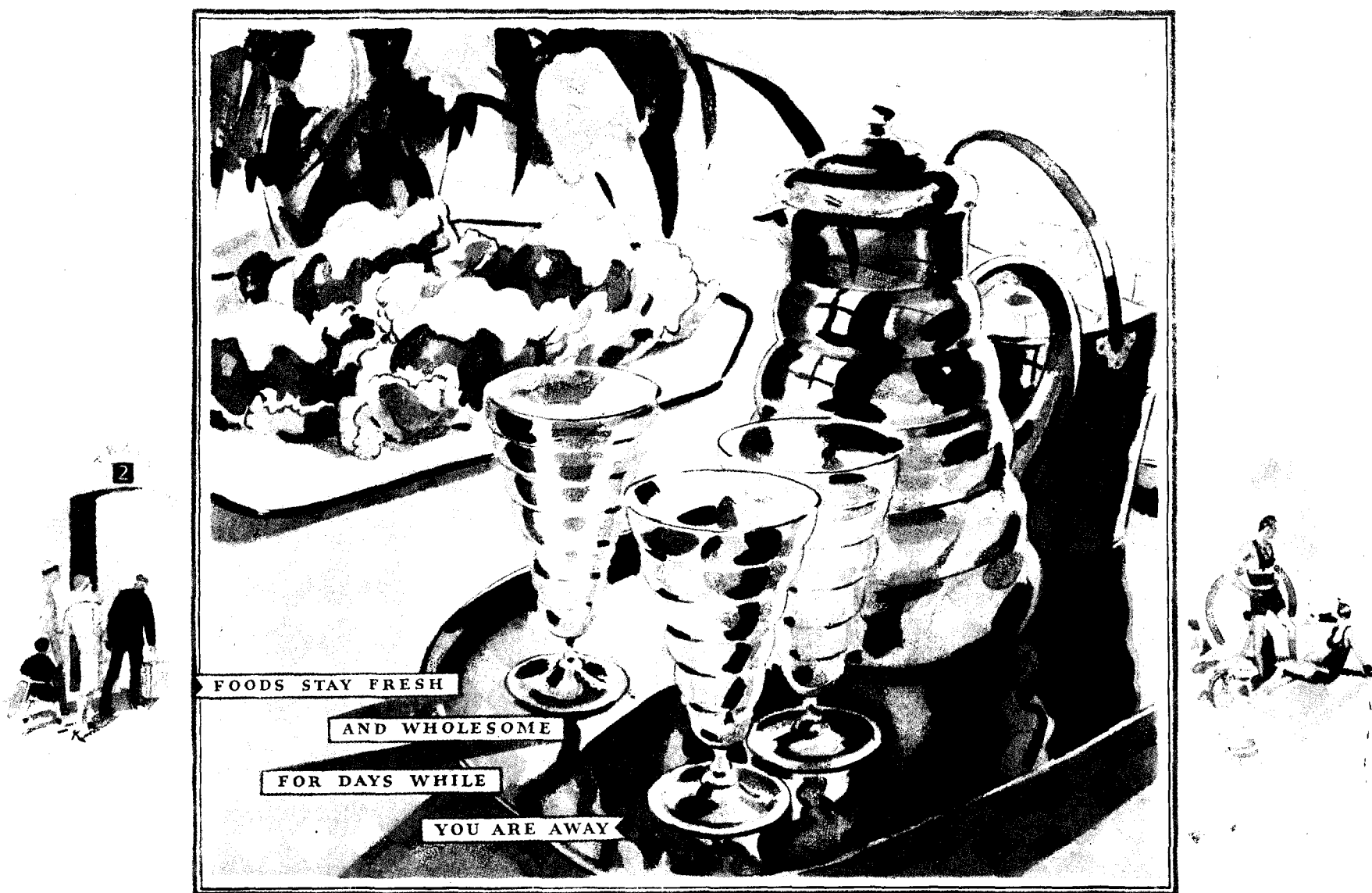
AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
*Export—*The *Armco* International Corp.
Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"

* **RUST-FIRE!** *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the "ash" of this fire.*

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SPECIAL ANALYSIS IRON AND STEEL SHEETS

FRIGIDAIRE

THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY



ICE CUBES! Frozen desserts and salads! Automatic, electric refrigeration that safeguards your foods day and night... whether you are at home or away! Constant protection to health! These are some of the advantages that Frigidaire brings to your home... advantages that have already won more users than have all other electric refrigerators combined. Frigidaire prices are low, and payments can be arranged to suit your convenience. Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS